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St. Nicholas

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Part Two

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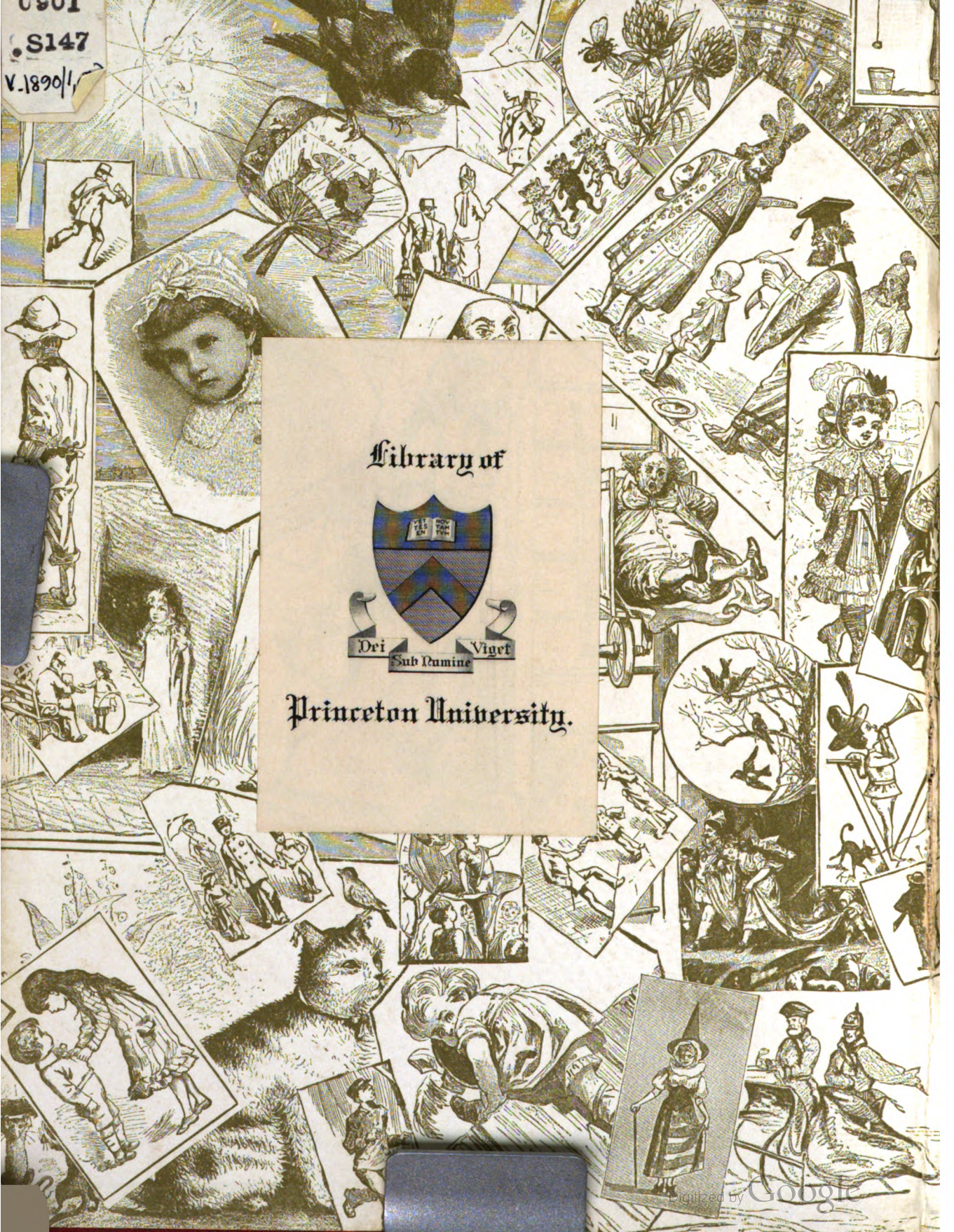

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Sarah E. Richards
From Mother Christmas
1891

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XVIII.

PART II., MAY, 1891, TO OCTOBER, 1891.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVIII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1891, TO OCTOBER, 1891.

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SPRING BLOSSOMS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1891. No. 7.

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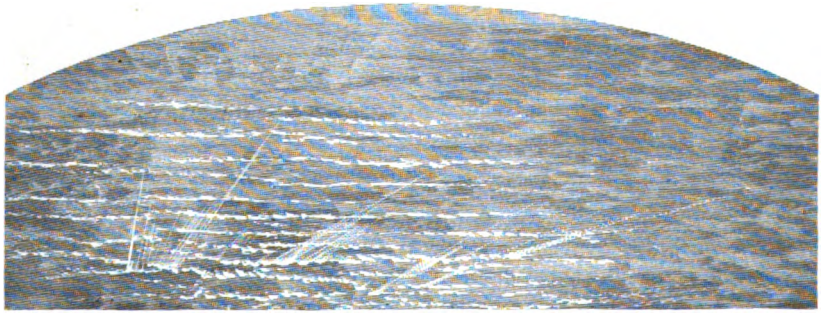

MORNING.

BY EMILY DICKINSON.

WILL there really be a morning?
  Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
  If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
  Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
  Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
  Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
  Where the place called morning lies!

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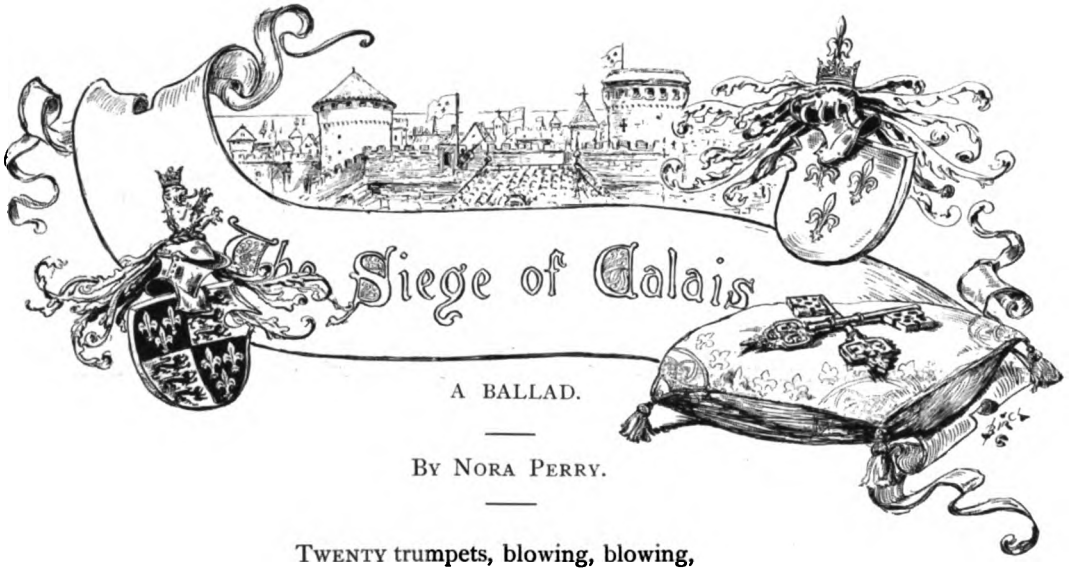

The Siege of Calais

A BALLAD.

By Nora Perry.

Twenty trumpets, blowing, blowing,
Fifers playing, drums a-going,
Bugles calling to the fray,
When King Edward took his way
To the city of Calais.

Down he rode with banners streaming,
Sabers shining, lances gleaming,
Down he rode, the kingly head
Of the glittering line he led,
Rode into the sunset red,

Westward, where in bold defying
Fifty Calais flags were flying.
Watching from the turret heights
Laughed aloud the Calais knights,
Soldiers known in famous fights.

As they laughed, still near and nearer
Rode the king, and clear and clearer
Just beyond the guarded moat
Trumpet-call and bugle-note
On the evening air did float.

Then, with splendid pennons streaming,
Golden lions and lilies gleaming
On the royal standards there,
Forth there rode a herald fair
With a confident bold air.

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Swift he rode, with pace unfaltering,
Not a sign of doubt or paltering;
Swift he rode, as sped by fate,
Straight unto the Calais gate,
Clothed about with royal state.

"In the king's name, open straightway!"
Called he there before the gateway.
From their fortress strong and high,
Scornfully they made reply,
"In the king's name, we defy

"British greed and British power.
Here in fortress and in tower,
France shall keep and hold her own,
Over Calais reign alone,
With her king upon his throne!"

But alas for Calais, lying
Month by month there, starving, dying,
In her melancholy plight
Held in siege by England's might
With her armied force in sight:

Month by month, until despairing,
Forth they sent a warder bearing
This frank message—they would fling
Open wide their gates, and bring
Straight unto the English king

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The keys of Calais, if in pity
He would pass from out the city
All the people young and old—
Nobles, merchants, soldiers bold,
All the populace, full told.

"To the English crown shall render
Unconditional surrender,
Shall be subject unto me,
Or for ransom or for fee,
Ere the siege shall lifted be!"

"IN THE KING'S NAME, OPEN STRAIGHTWAY!"

Hot with wrath, the king made answer,—
"Tell your lords that every man, sir,
All the people young and old,
Nobles, merchants, soldiers bold,
All the populace, full told,

When returned the Calais warder
With this message, flushed with ardor,
With their French blood mounting high,
Swift the lords did make reply,
"Tell the king that we can die!

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"HELD IN SIEGE BY ENGLAND'S MIGHT."

"Bravely starve without his pity
Shut within our guarded city,
But to turn so late, so late,
Cowards at the very gate—
Send unto this blindfold fate

"Comrades who have starved together,
Through a twelvemonth's varied weather;
Shall a Frenchman stoop so low,
Yield like this unto a foe,
Faithless, heartless? No,—ah, no!"

Stirred with something like relenting
At this courage, half repenting
Of his tyrannous decree,
Edward cried impatiently,
"Tell these Frenchmen now from me,

"If as ransom they will straightway
Send me by the city gateway
Six chief merchants of the town,
Citizens of high renown,
Swift my herald shall ride down

"Into Calais, and proclaim there
Peace and pardon in my name there;
Peace and pardon full and fain,
Unto those who do remain
Subject to my sovereign reign."

"Never! never!" rose the bitter
Cry of Calais. "It were fitter
We should die together here
Than to buy our lives so dear!"
But at this, a voice rose clear,

Saying, "Friends, it were a pity
Thus to doom to death a city;
Are there not at this sore need
Men of high renown and deed
Who will follow where I lead?"

Then forth stept with gallant bearing
Six brave men whose noble daring
Was to save the city there
From the doom of slow despair:
Forth they stept while sob and prayer

Broke the cheers that were ascending
In a pitiful strange blending;
For alas!—what cruel fate
Lurked behind that iron gate
Where King Edward held his state!

Hopeless then of English pity,
Forth they went from out the city,
Bare of foot and bare of head,
And by halters meanly led,
As the king had grimly said.

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When before him in this fashion,
They were brought, with sudden passion
Loud he thundered, "Let them die!"
Then arose a tender cry:
"O my liege, my lord, put by

"In this hour war's cruel measure!
Calais yields her life and treasure
To your mercy, O my king!
Give her then unreckoning
Mercy that befits a king."

In a moment's breathless span there,
Joyfully from man to man there
Ran the whisper low yet keen,
"'T is Philippa; 't is the queen!"
Startled from his warlike mien,
Flushed King Edward as he listened,
As he saw the eyes that glistened.
Then, with voice that vainly tried
To be fierce with wrath and pride,
"Dame, my dame!" he sharply cried.

But, before him straightway kneeling,
Spake the Queen in soft appealing:
"For my sake!" she sweetly said,
Lifting up her drooping head,
In her face both love and dread.

For her sake! The stern lips parted;
There he stood, this lion-hearted
Soldier, conqueror, and king,
For her sake considering
Mercy that befits a king!

"THEN FORTH STEPT WITH GALLANT BEARING SIX BRAVE MEN."

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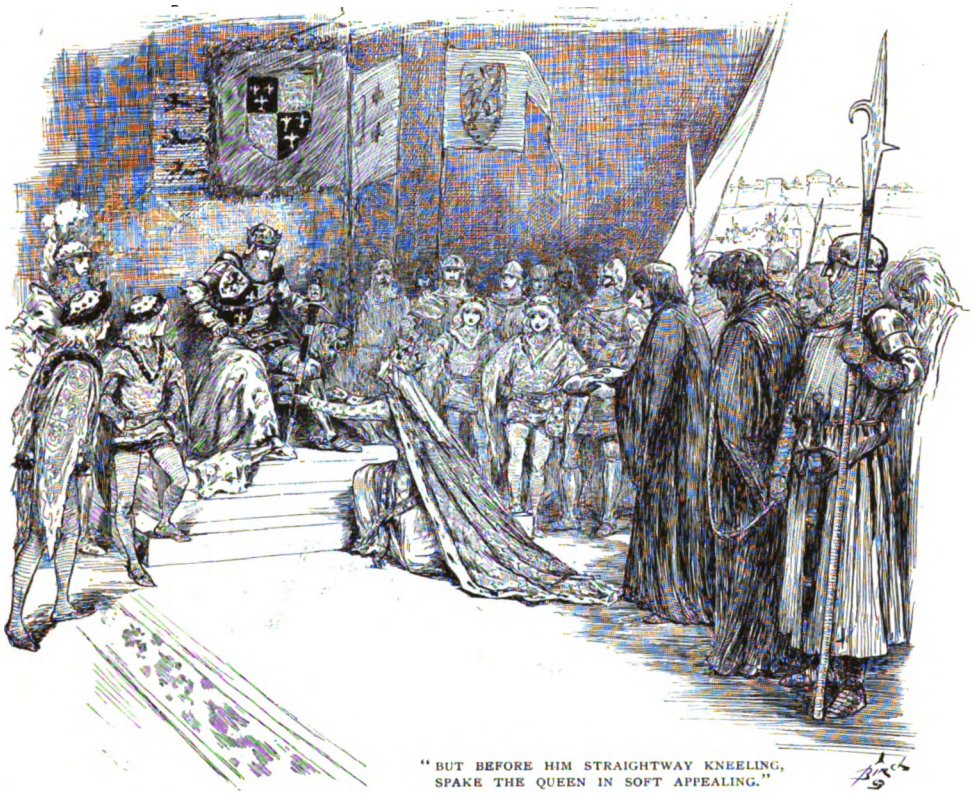

"BUT BEFORE HIM STRAIGHTWAY KNEELING,
SPAKE THE QUEEN IN SOFT APPEALING."

For her sake! Yet, when assenting
Turned he there with swift relenting,
Who that looked upon his face,
Merciful with pardoning grace,
Failed the glad relief to trace?

So at last the grand old story
Ends in conquered Calais' glory;
For not Edward's might and skill,
Nor Philippa's gracious will,
Through the centuries doth thrill,

But that deed so great and tender,
Where in noble self-surrender
Six brave men in solemn state
Passed beyond that iron gate,
Halter led, to meet their fate!

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THE BIRTHDAY CUP.

THE LAND OF PLUCK.

SECOND PAPER.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

IN the old, old time, when many who now are called the heroes of antiquity were cutting their baby-teeth, men commenced quarreling for the possession of the country which is now known as Holland; and in one form or another, the contest has been going on nearly ever since. Why any should have wanted it is a mystery to me. It was then only a low tract of spongy marsh, a network of queer rivers that seemed never to know where they belonged, but insisted every spring upon paying unwelcome visits to the inland — hiding here, running into each other there, and falling asleep in pleasant places. It was a great land-and-water kaleidoscope, girt about with a rim of gloomy forest; or a sort of dissected puzzle, with half of the pieces in soak; and its owners were a scanty, savage, fish-eating tribe, living, like beavers, on mounds of their own raising.

What could have been the attraction? What, indeed, unless it were the same feeling that often makes a small boy holding either a kaleidoscope, or a puzzle, an object of persecution to all the big boys around him.

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"Let *me* take a look!" they cry; "I want *my* turn"; or, "Give *me* the puzzle! Let 's see what I can make out of it!"

You know how it is too apt to be. First, their attention is arrested by seeing the small boy peculiarly happy and absorbed. They begin to nudge, then to bully him. Small boy shakes his head and tries to enjoy himself in peace and quietness. Bullying increases — the nudges become dangerous. In despair he soon gives in, or, rather, gives up, and the big boys slide into easy possession.

But suppose the small boy is plucky, and will not give up? Suppose he would see the puzzle crushed to atoms first? Suppose only positive big-boy power can overcome his as positive resistance? What then?

So commenced the history of Holland.

The first who held possession of Dutch soil — not the first who ever had lived upon it, but the first who had persistently enjoyed the kaleidoscope, and busied themselves with the puzzle — were a branch of the great German race. Driven by circumstances from their old home, they had settled upon an empty island in the river Rhine, which, you know, after leaving its pleasant southern country, straggles through Holland in a bewildered search for the sea. This island they called Betauw, or "Good Meadow," and so, in time, themselves came to be called Batavii, or Batavians.

Other portions of the country were held by various tribes living upon and beyond a great tract of land which afterward, in true Holland style, was turned into a sea.* Most of these tribes were sturdy and brave, but the Batavii were braver than any. Fierce, stanch, and defiant, they taught even their little children only the law of might; and their children grew up to be mightier than they. The blessed Teacher had not yet brought the world his lesson of mercy and love. "Conquer one another" had stronger claims to their consideration than "Love one another."

Their votes in council were given by the clashing of arms; and often their wives and mothers stood by with shouts and cries of encouragement wherever the fight was thickest. "Others go to battle," said the historian Tacitus; "these go to war."

Soon the all-conquering Romans, who, with Julius Cæsar at their head, had trampled surrounding nations into subjection, discovered that the Batavii were not to be vanquished — that their friendship was worth far more than the wretched country they inhabited. An alliance was soon formed, and the Batavii were declared to be exempt from the annual tax or tribute which all others were forced to pay to the Romans. Cæsar himself was not ashamed to extol their skill in arms, nor to send their already famous warriors to fight his battles and strike terror to the hearts of his foes.

The Batavian cavalry could swim across wide and deep rivers without breaking their ranks, and their infantry were excelled by none in drill, in archery, and wonderful powers of endurance. They had fought too long with the elements in holding their "Good Meadow" to be dismayed in battle by any amount of danger and fatigue.

The Romans called them "friends," but the Batavians soon discovered that they were being used merely as a cat's-paw. After a while, as cat's-paws will, they turned and scratched. A contest, stubborn and tedious, between the Romans and Batavians followed. At length both parties were glad to make terms of peace, which prevailed, with few interruptions, until the decline of the Roman Empire.

After that, hordes of barbarians overran Europe; and Holland, with the rest, had a hard time of it. Man to man, the Batavian could hold his own against any mortal foe, but he was not always proof against numbers. The "Good Meadow," grown larger and more valuable, was conquered and held in turn by several of the "big boys" among the savage tribes, but not until Batavian pluck stood recorded in many a fearful tale passed from father to son.

Later, each of the surrounding nations, as it grew more powerful, tried to wrest Holland from the holders of her soil. Some succeeded, some failed; but always, and every time, the Dutch gathered their strength for the contest and went not to battle, but to war. As, in later

* The Zuyder Zee, formed by successive inundations during the thirteenth century. In the last of these inundations — in 1287 — nearly eighty thousand persons were drowned.

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history, the Russians burnt Moscow to prevent it from falling into the hands of Napoleon, so this stanch people always stood ready, at the worst, to drown Holland rather than yield her to the foe. Often they let in the waters they had so laboriously shut out, laying waste hundreds of fertile acres, that an avenging sea might suddenly confound the invaders. Often they faced famine and pestilence, men, women, and little wonder-stricken children perishing in the streets of their beleaguered cities — all who had breath to say it, still fiercely refusing to surrender. Wherever the strong arm of the enemy succeeded in mowing these people down, a stronger, sturdier growth was sure to spring from the stubble. Sometimes defeated, never subdued, they were patient under subjection only until they were again ready to rise as one man and throw off the yoke. Now and then, it is true, under promise of peace and increased prosperity, they formed a friendly union with a one-time enemy. But woe to the other side if it carried aggression and a trust in might too far. Treachery, oppression, breach of faith were sure, sooner or later, to arouse Dutch pluck; and Dutch pluck, in the end, has always beaten.

And so, though Roman, Saxon, Austrian, Spaniard, Belgian, Englishman, and Frenchman in turn flourished a scepter over them, it comes, after all, to be true, that only "the Dutch have really taken Holland." It is theirs by every right of inheritance and strife — theirs to hold, to drain, and to pump, for ever and ever. They wrested it from the sea, not in a day, but through long years of patient toil, through dreary years of suffering and sorrow. They have counted their dead, in their war with the ocean alone, by hundreds of thousands. Industry, hardihood, and thrift have been their allies in a better sense than their old Batavian forces were allied to the haughty Cæsar.

BATAVIANS IN COUNCIL.—"DEATH TO THE INVADER!"

For ages, it seems, Holland could not have known a leisure moment. Frugal, hardy, painstaking, and persevering, her spirit was ever equal to great enterprises. With them every difficulty was a challenge. Obstacles that would have discouraged others, inspired the

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Dutch with increased energy. Their land was only a marsh threatened by the sea. What of that? So much the more need of labor and skill to make it a hailing-place among nations. It was barren and bleak. "Why, then," said they, "so much the more need we should become masters in tilling the soil." It was a very little place, scarcely worth giving a name on the maps. "So much the more need," said plucky Holland, "that we extend our possessions, own lands in every corner of the earth, and send our ships far and near, until every nation shall unconsciously pay us tribute."

"Such is the industry of the people and the trade they drive," said a writer of the sixteenth century, "that, having little or no corn of their own growth, they do provide themselves elsewhere, not only sufficient for their own spending, but wherewith to supply their neighbors. Having no timber of their own, they spend more timber in building ships and fencing their water-courses than any country in the world. . . . And finally, having neither flax nor wool, they make more cloth of both sorts than in all the countries of the world, except France and England."

Of some things they soon began to have a surplus. There was not half, nor a quarter enough persons in frugal Holland to drink all the milk of their herds. Forthwith Dutch butter and cheese came to be sent all over Christendom. The herring-fisheries were enormous. More fish came to their nets than would satisfy every man, woman, and child in Holland. England had enough herring of her own. Ships were too slow in those days to make fresh fish a desirable article of export. Here was trouble! Not so. Up rose a Dutchman named William Beukles, and invented the curing and pickling of herring. From that hour the fish trade made Holland richer and more prosperous than ever. A monument was raised to the memory of Beukles, for was he not a national benefactor?

The Dutch delight in honoring their heroes, their statesmen, and inventors. You cannot be long among them without hearing of one Laurens Janzoon Koster, to whom, they insist, the world owes the art of printing with movable types—the most important of human inventions. Their cities are rich in memorials and monuments of those whose wisdom and skill have proved a boon to mankind. All along the paths of human progress we can find Dutch footprints. In education, science, and political economy, they have, many a time, led the way.

The boys and girls of Holland are citizens in a high sense of the word. They soon learn to love their country, and to recognize the fatherly care of its government. A sense of common danger, of the necessity of all acting together in common defense, has served to knit the affections of the people. In truth it may be said, for history has proved it, that in every Dutch arm you can feel the pulse of Holland. Throughout her early struggles, in the palmy, glorious days of the republic, as well as now in her cautious constitutional monarchy, the Dutch have been patriots—mistaken and short-sighted at times, but always true to their beloved "Good Meadow." Hollow-land, Low-land, or Nether-land, whatever men may call it, their country stands high in their hearts. They love it with more than the love of a mountaineer for his native hills.

To be sure there have been riots and outbreaks there, as in all other thickly settled parts of the world—perhaps more than elsewhere, for Dutch indignation, though slow in kindling, makes a prodigious blaze when once fairly afire. Some of these disturbances have arisen only after a long endurance of serious wrongs; and some seem to have been started at once by that queer friction-match in human nature, which, if left unguarded, is sure to be nibbled at, and so ignited, by the first little mouse of discontent that finds it.

There was a curious origin to one of these domestic quarrels. On a certain occasion a banquet was given, at which were present two noted Dutch noblemen, rivals in power, who had several old grudges to settle. The conversation turning on the codfishery, one of the two remarked upon the manner in which the hook (*hoek*) took the codfish, or *kabbeljaauw*, as the Dutch call it.

"The hook take the codfish!" exclaimed the other in no very civil tone; "it would be better sense to say that the codfish takes the hook."

The grim jest was taken up in bitter earnest.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE CODFISH WAR. "THE GRIM JEST WAS TAKEN UP IN BITTER EARNEST."

High words passed, and the chieftains rose from the table enemies for life.

They proceeded to organize war against each other; a bitter war it proved to Holland, for it lasted one hundred and fifty years, and was fought out with all the stubbornness of family feuds. The opposing parties took the names of "hoeks" and "kabbeljaauws," and men of all classes enlisted in their respective ranks. In many instances fathers, brothers, sons, and old-time friends forgot their ties, and knew each other only as foes. The feud (being Dutch!) raged hotter and stronger in proportion as men had time coolly to consider the question. A thicket of mutual wrongs, real or imaginary, sprang up to further entangle the opposing parties; families were divided, miles of smiling country laid in ruin, and tens of thousands of men slain—for what?

Those who fought, and those who looked on, longing for peace, are alike silent now. History cannot quite clear up the mystery. I know how hard it must have been to settle the knotty question whether hooks or codfish can more properly be said to be "taken," and how dangerous the littlest thorns of anger and jealousy become if not plucked out at the onset. It is certain, too, that the hoeks and kabbeliaauws were terribly in earnest:

> "But what they killed each other for
> I never could make out."

The kabbeljaauws had one advantage. When a public dinner was given by their party, the first dish brought in by the seneschal (or steward) was a huge plate of codfish elaborately decorated with flowers; something not ornamental only, but substantial and satisfactory; while the corresponding dish at a hoek festival contained nothing but a gigantic hook encircled by a flowery wreath.

All through Dutch history you will find quaint words and phrases that have a terrible record folded within their quaintness. The Casenbrotspel, or Bread and Cheese war, was not funny when it came to blight the last ten years of the fifteenth century, though it sounds so lightly now. And the Gueux, or "Beggars," who, nearly a century later, come forth on the blood-stained page, were something more than beggars, as King Philip and the wicked Duke of Alva found to their cost.

Ah, those Beggars! Watch for them when you read Dutch history. They will soon appear, with their wallets and wooden bowls, their doublets of ashen gray,—brave, reckless, desperate men, whose deeds struck terror over land and sea. When once they come in sight, turn as you may, you will meet them; you will hear their wild cry, "Long live the Beggars!" ringing amid the blaze and carnage of many a terrible day. There are princes and nobles among them. They will grow bolder and fiercer, more reckless

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and desperate, until their country's persecutor, Philip of Spain, has withdrawn the last man of all his butchering hosts from their soil; until the Duke of Alva, one of the blackest characters in all history, has cowered before the wrath of Holland!

Ah! my light-hearted boys and girls, if there were not lessons to be learned from these things, it would be well to blot them from human memory. But would it be well to forget the heroism, the majestic patience, the trust in God, that shine forth resplendent from these darkest pages of Dutch history? Can we afford to lose such examples of human grandeur under suffering as come to us from the beleaguered cities of Naarden, Haarlem, and Leyden? When you learn their stories, if you do not know them already, you will understand Dutch pluck in all its fullness, and be glad that, in the end, it proved victorious over every foe.

But, as you already have been told, it is not only amid the din of war that Holland has shown her pluck; nor is hers the boisterous, bragging quality that offends at every turn. A simpler, steadier, more peacefully inclined people it would be hard to find; but somehow they have an odd way of being actively concerned in the history of other nations. Possibly this is due to the fact that their peculiar simplicity and love of quiet have proved a sort of standing invitation to make war upon them; possibly it is because of their great commercial enterprise, and their tempting stores; but, to my mind, their peculiarly far-seeing, though seemingly sleepy, way of looking at things has had much to do with their history.

The story of Dutch patriotism could be written out in symbols, or pictures, more eloquently than that of any other nation. There would be battleships and fortresses, shields, and arrows, and spears, and all the paraphernalia of war, ancient and modern. But beside these, and having a sterner significance, would be the tools and implements of artisans, the windmills, the dykes, the canals; the sluice-gates, the locks, the piles that hold up their cities. How much could be told by the great, white-sailed merchantmen bound for every sea; by the mammoth docks, and by the wonderful cargoes coming and going! How the great buildings would loom up, each telling its story — the factories, warehouses, schools, colleges, museums, legislative halls, the hospitals, asylums, and churches!

THE GUEUX, OR BEGGARS.

There would be more than these: there would be libraries, art-galleries, and holy places, bat-

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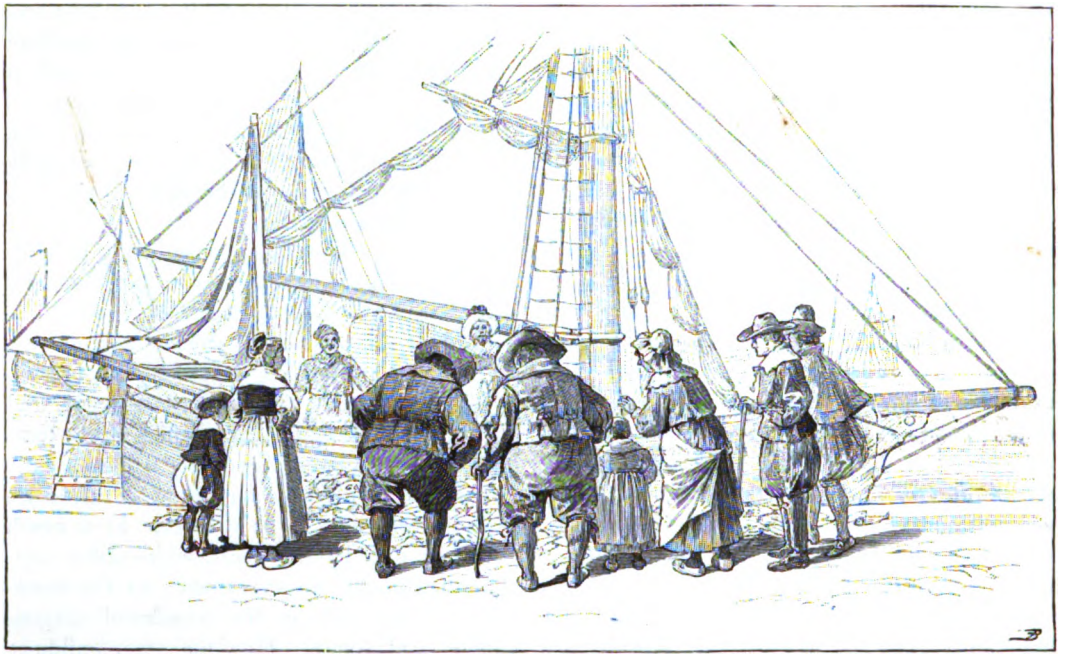

"A FINE CATCH OF HERRING!"

tered and broken. There would be monuments and relics, and church organs with sweet yet terrible voices. There would be boats manned by rough heroes trying to save thousands of drowning fellow-creatures whose homes had been swept away by the waves. We should see the noblest public parks of their time; gardens, too, wonderful in their blooming; and, over all, a picture of the bells, the carillons that for ages have sent down messages, more or less musical, upon the people.

A DUTCH WINDMILL.

Dutch pluck has sailed all over the world. It has put its stamp on commerce, science, and manufactures. It has set its seal on every quarter of the earth. Dutchmen were at home in Japan before either the Americans or English had dared to venture upon those inhospitable shores. There were great obstacles to encounter in any attempt at trading or becoming acquainted with that strange hermit of an empire in the east. She had enough of her own,

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she said, and asked no favors of the outside barbarians. Would they be kind enough to stay away? Most of the world gave an unwilling assent; but Holland undertook to show Japan the folly of rejecting the benefits of commerce; and in time, and after many a hard struggle, succeeded in establishing a Japanese trade.

Talking of ships, where did that ship sail from that brought the good Fathers of New England safely across the sea? And, for months before, what country had sheltered them from the persecution that threatened them in their native land? Ask the books these questions, if need be, and ask yourselves whether to shelter the oppressed, to offer an asylum to hunted fugitives from every clime, is not a noble work for pluck to do.

Whence, too, did some of our New York oddities come? Why are you, little New Yorkers, so fond of waffles, krullers, and doughnuts, and New Year's cake? Dutch inventions every one of them. Why do you expectantly honor the good St. Nicholas, the patron saint of New York? Why is this city turned topsy-turvy in a general "moving" whenever the first of May comes round? Why, until very lately, did your fathers and uncles on the first day of January, from morning till night, pay visits from house to house, wishing the ladies a "Happy New Year"? Simply because these were Holland customs; they were following the example set by Dutch ancestors.

Hendrick Hudson, the first white man who explored our noble North River, was a Dutchman. He modestly called it De Groote (or the Great) river, little thinking that for all time after it would bear his own name, and that you would call it the Hudson. Staten (or States) Island was named by him in honor of his home government, the States General. Some say he called the dangerous passage between Long and Manhattan islands (which only five years ago yielded its most dangerous reef to the persuasions of science and dynamite), Helle Gat, or Beautiful Pass. Look at the names of many down-town streets of New York, once called New Amsterdam — The Bowery (Bouerie), Cortlandt, Vandam, Roosevelt, Stuyvesant, and scores of others all named after good Dutchmen. Not only New York, but Brooklyn, Albany, and other cities have streets that lead one directly into the

A FIRESIDE IN OLD NEW YORK.

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Netherlands, so to speak. Indeed, Dutch names lie sprinkled very thickly in every direction within a hundred miles of the Fifth Avenue.

It may not be out of place for the writer to allude here to a story of Dutch life which possibly is known to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS. It is the story of "Hans Brinker; or the Silver Skates." If that book has interested you, it will have only half done its work unless it also has aroused in you an admiration of the Dutch character and a desire to know more of Dutch history. To gain this knowledge, a boy or girl, old enough to pursue special studies by reading, cannot do better than to take up the works of our American author, John Lothrop Motley, the great historian of Holland. His "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "The History of the United Netherlands," are two of the manliest, most thorough, most eloquent works of history ever written.

Holland is stanch, true, and plucky, but it *is* Holland; and, lest you forget that it still is the oddest country in Christendom, I must tell you that within a few months a new king has succeeded to the throne of Holland—and this new king is a bright little girl barely eleven years of age! Yes, the High Council of Holland has solemnly decreed that in taking the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign the title "King" shall be used. On another page in this number of ST. NICHOLAS you will find a brief letter about the little lady and the career that lies before her; but why this little girl should be called King Wilhelmina no one but a Dutchman can tell!

THREE INTO ONE WON'T GO.

By Jessie B. McClure.

Little Tommy Gray has a very
empty pate,
Dearly loves to play,
but he hates his
book and slate;
He is puzzled now,
over what he
ought to know,
"Three into one won't
go!"

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THE BOY SETTLERS.

By Noah Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XIV.

MORE HOUSE-BUILDING.

It was an anxious and wondering household that Sandy burst in upon, next morning, when he had reached the cabin, escorted to the divide above Younkins's place by his kind-hearted host of the night before. It was Sunday morning, bright and beautiful; but truly never had any home looked so pleasant to his eyes as did the homely and weather-beaten log-cabin which they called their own while they lived in it. He had left his borrowed horse with its owner, and, shouldering his meal-sack with its dearly bought contents, he had taken a short cut to the cabin, avoiding the usual trail in order that as he approached he might not be seen from the window looking down the river.

"Oh, Sandy 's all right," he heard his brother Charlie say. "I 'll stake my life that he will come home with flying colors, if you only give him time. He 's lost the trail somehow, and had to put up at some cabin all night. Don't you worry about Sandy."

"But these Indian stories; I don't like them," said his father, with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Sandy could bear no more; so, flinging down his burden, he bounced into the cabin with, "Oh, I 'm all right! Safe and sound, but as hungry as a bear."

The little party rushed to embrace the young adventurer, and, in their first flush of surprise, nobody remembered to be severe with him for his carelessness. Quite the hero of the hour, the lad sat on the table and told them his tale, how he had lost his way, and how hospitably and well he had been cared for at Fuller's.

"Fuller's!" exclaimed his uncle. "What in the world took you so far off your track as Fuller's? You must have gone at least ten miles out of your way."

"Yes, Uncle Charlie," said the boy, "it 's just as easy to travel ten miles out of the way as it is to go one. All you have to do is to get your face in the wrong way, and all the rest is easy. Just keep a-going; that 's what I did. I turned to the right instead of to the left, and for once I found that the right was wrong."

A burst of laughter from Oscar, who had been opening the sack that held Sandy's purchases, interrupted the story.

"Just see what a hodgepodge of a mess Sandy has brought home! Tobacco, biscuits, ginger, and I don't know what not, all in a pudding. It only lacks milk and eggs to make it a cracker pudding flavored with ginger and smoking-tobacco!" And everybody joined in the laugh that a glance at Sandy's load called forth.

"Yes," said the blushing boy, "I forgot to tie the bag at both ends, and the jouncing up and down of Younkins's old horse (dear me! was n't he a hard trotter!) must have made a mash of everything in the bag. The paper of tobacco burst, and then I suppose the ginger followed; the jolting of poor old 'Dobbin' did the rest. Ruined, daddy? Nothing worth saving?"

Mr. Howell ruefully acknowledged that the mixture was not good to eat, nor yet to smoke, and certainly not to make gingerbread of. So, after picking out some of the larger pieces of the biscuits, the rest was thrown away, greatly to Sandy's mortification.

"All of my journey gone for nothing," he said with a sigh.

"Never mind, my boy," said his father, fondly; "since you have come back alive and well, let the rest of the business care for itself. As long as you are alive and the redskins have not captured you, I am satisfied."

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Such was Sandy's welcome home.

With the following Monday morning came hard work,—harder work, so Sandy thought, than miserably trying to find one's way in the darkness of a strange region of country. For another log-house, this time on the prairie claim, was to be begun at once. They might be called on at any time to give up the cabin in which they were simply tenants at will, and it was necessary that a house of some sort be put on the claim that they had staked out and planted. The corn was up and doing well. Sun and rain had contributed to hasten on the corn-field, and the vines of the melons were vigorously pushing their way up and down the hills of grain. Charlie wondered what they would do with so many watermelons when they ripened; there would be hundreds of them; and the mouths that were to eat them, although now watering for the delicious fruit, were not numerous enough to make away with a hundredth part of what would be ripe very soon. There was no market nearer than the post, and there were many melon-patches between Whittier's and the fort.

But the new log-house, taken hold of with energy, was soon built up to the height where the roof was to be put on. At this juncture, Younkins advised them to roof over the cabin slightly, make a corn-bin of it, and wait for developments. For, he argued, if there should be any rush of emigrants and settlers to that part of the country, so that their claims were in danger of dispute, they would have ample warning, and could make ready for an immediate occupation of the place. If nobody came, then the corn-house, or bin, would be all they wanted of the structure.

But Mr. Howell, who took the lead in all such matters, shook his head doubtfully. He was not in favor of evading the land laws; he was more afraid of the claim being jumped. If they were to come home from a hunting trip, some time, and find their log-cabin occupied by a "claim-jumper," or "squatter," as these interlopers were called, and their farm in the possession of strangers, would n't they feel cheap? He thought so.

"Say, Uncle Aleck," said Oscar, "why not finish it off as a cabin to live in, put in the corn when it ripens, and then we shall have the concern as a dwelling, in case there is any danger of the claim being jumped?"

"Great head, Oscar," said his uncle admiringly. "That is the best notion yet. We will complete the cabin just as if we were to move into it, and if anybody who looks like an intending claim-jumper comes prowling around, we will take the alarm and move in. But so far, I 'm sure, there has been no rush to these parts. It 's past planting season, and it is not likely that anybody will get up this way, now so far west, without our knowing it."

So the log-cabin, or, as they called it, "Whittier, Number Two," was finished with all that the land laws required, with a window filled with panes of glass, a door, and a "stick chimney" built of sticks plastered with clay, a floor and space enough on the ground to take care of a family twice as large as theirs, in case of need. When all was done, they felt that they were now able to hold their farming claim as well as their timber claim, for on each was a goodly log-house, fit to live in and comfortable for the coming winter if they should make up their minds to live in the two cabins during that trying season.

The boys took great satisfaction in their kitchen-garden near the house in which they were tenants; for when Younkins lived there, he had plowed and spaded the patch, and planted it two seasons, so now it was an old piece of ground compared with the wild land that had just been broken up around it. In their garden-spot they had planted a variety of vegetables for the table, and in the glorious Kansas sunshine, watered by frequent showers, they were thriving wonderfully. They promised themselves much pleasure and profit from a garden that they would make by their new cabin, when another summer should come.

"Younkins says that he can walk all over his melon-patch on the other side of the Fork, stepping only on the melons and never touching the ground once," said Oscar, one day, later in the season, as they were feasting themselves on one of the delicious watermelons that now so plentifully dotted their own corn-field.

"What a big story!" exclaimed both of the other boys at once. But Oscar appealed to his father, who came striding by the edge of the

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field where they chatted together. Had he ever heard of such a thing?

"Well," said Mr. Bryant, good-naturedly, "I have heard of melons so thick in a patch, and so big around, that the sunshine could n't get to the ground except at high noon. How is that for a tall story?"

The boys protested that that was only a tale of fancy. Could it be possible that anybody could raise melons so thickly together as Mr. Younkins had said he had seen them? Mr. Bryant, having kicked open a fine melon, took out the heart of it to refresh himself with, as was the manner of the settlers, where the fruit was so plenty and the market so far out of reach; then, between long drafts of the delicious pulp, he explained that certain things, melons for example, flourished better on the virgin soil of the sod than elsewhere.

"Another year or so," he said, "and you will never see on this patch of land such melons as these. They will never do so well again on this soil as this year. I never saw such big melons as these, and if we had planted them a little nearer together, I don't in the least doubt that any smart boy, like Sandy here, could walk all over the field, stepping from one melon to another, if he only had a pole to balance himself with as he walked. There would be nothing very wonderful-like about that. It 's a pity that we have no use for these, there are so many of them and they are so good. Pity some of the folks at home have n't a few of them — a hundred or two, for instance."

It did seem a great waste of good things that these hundreds and hundreds of great watermelons should decay on the ground for lack of somebody to eat them. In the very wantonness of their plenty, the settlers had been accustomed to break open two or three of the finest of the fruit before they could satisfy themselves that they had got one of the best. Even then, they only took the choicest parts, leaving the rest to the birds. By night, too, the coyotes, or prairie-wolves, mean and sneaking things that they were, would steal down into the melon-patch and, in the desperation of their hunger, nose into the broken melons left by the settlers, and attempt to drag away some of the fragments, all the time uttering their fiendish yelps and howls.

Somebody had told the boys that the juice of watermelons boiled to a thick syrup was a very good substitute for molasses. Younkins told them that, back in old Missouri, "many families never had any other kind of sweetenin' in the house than watermelon molasses." So Charlie made an experiment with the juice boiled until it was pretty thick. All hands tasted it, and all hands voted that it was very poor stuff. They decided that they could not make their superabundance of watermelons useful except as an occasional refreshment.

Chapter XV.

PLAY COMES AFTER WORK.

The two cabins built, wood for the winter cut and hauled, and the planting all done, there was now nothing left to do but to wait and see the crop ripen. Their good friend Younkins was in the same fortunate condition, and he was ready to suggest, to the intense delight of the boys, that they might be able to run into a herd of buffalo, if they should take a notion to follow the old Indian trail out to the feeding-grounds. In those days, there was no hunting west of the new settlement, except that of the Indians. In that vague and mysterious way by which reports travel — in the air, as it were — among all frontier settlements, they had heard that buffalo were plenty in the vast ranges to the westward, the herds moving slowly northward, grazing as they went. It was now the season of wild game, and so the boys were sent across to Younkins's to ask him what he thought of a buffalo-hunting trip.

Reaching his cabin, the good woman of the house told them that he had gone into the tall timber near by, thinking he heard some sort of wild birds in the underbrush. He had taken his gun with him; in fact, Younkins was seldom seen without his gun, except when he was at work in the fields. The boys gleefully followed Younkins's trail into the forest, making for an opening about a half-mile away, where Mrs. Younkins thought he was most likely to be found. "Major," the big yellow dog, a special pet of Sandy's, accompanied them, although his mistress vainly tried to coax him back. Major was fond of boys' society.

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"There 's Younkins now," cried Oscar, as they drew near an opening in the wood into which the hot sunlight poured. Younkins was half crouching and cautiously making his way into the nearer side of the opening, and the boys, knowing that he was on the track of game, silently drew near, afraid of disturbing the hunter or the hunted. Suddenly Major, catching sight of the game, bounded forward with a loud bark into the tangle of berry bushes and vines. There was a confused noise of wings, a whistle of alarm which also sounded like the gobble of a turkey, and four tremendous birds rose up, and with a motion that was partly a run and partly a flying, they disappeared into the depths of the forest. To their intense surprise, the usually placid Younkins turned savagely upon the dog, and, saying, "Drat that fool dog!" fired one barrel loaded with fine bird-shot into poor Major.

"Four as fine turkeys as you ever saw in your life!" he explained as if in apology to the boys. "I was sure of at least two of 'em; and that lunkhead of a dog must needs dash in and scare 'em up. It 's too pesky blamed bad!"

The boys were greatly mortified at the disaster that they had brought upon Younkins and Major by bringing the dog out with them. But when Charlie, as the eldest, explained that they had no idea that Major would work mischief, Younkins said, "Never mind, boys, for you did not know what was going on-like."

"THEY WERE FEASTING THEMSELVES ON ONE OF THE DELICIOUS WATERMELONS THAT NOW SO PLENTIFULLY DOTTED THEIR OWN CORN-FIELD." (SEE PAGE 508.)

Younkins, ashamed, apparently, of his burst of temper, stooped down and, discovering that Major's wounds were not very serious, extracted the shot, plucked a few leaves of some plant that he seemed to know all about, and pressed the juice into the wounds made by the shot. The boys looked on with silent admiration. This man knew everything, they thought. They had often marveled to see how easily and unerringly he found his way through woods, streams, and over prairies; now he showed them another gift; he was a "natural born doctor," as his wife proudly said of him.

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"No wild turkey for supper to-night," said Younkins, as he picked up his shot-gun and returned with the boys to the cabin. He was "right glad," he said, to agree to go on a buffalo hunt, if the rest of the party would like to go. He knew there must be buffalo off to the westward. He went with Mr. Fuller and Mr. Battles last year, about this time, and they had great luck. He would come over that evening and set a date with the other men for starting out together.

Elated with this ready consent of Younkins, the lads went across the ford, eager to tell their elders the story of the wild turkeys and poor Major's exploit. Sandy, carrying his shot-gun on his shoulder, lingered behind while the other two boys hurried up the trail to the log-cabin. He fancied that he heard a noise as of ducks quacking, in the creek that emptied into the Fork just below the ford. So, making his way softly to the densely wooded bank of the creek, he parted the branches with great caution and looked in. What a sight it was! At least fifty fine black ducks were swimming around, feeding and quacking sociably together, entirely unconscious of the wide-open blue eyes that were staring at them from behind the covert of the thicket. Sandy thought them even more wonderful and beautiful than the young fawn and its dam that he had seen on the Fort Riley trail. For a moment, fascinated by the rare spectacle, he gazed wonderingly at the ducks as they swam around, chasing each other and eagerly hunting for food. It was but for a moment, however. Then he raised his shot-gun, and, taking aim into the thickest of the flock, fired both barrels in quick succession. Instantly the gay clamor of the pretty creatures ceased, and the flock rose with a loud whirring of wings and wheeled away over the tree-tops. The surface of the water, to Sandy's excited imagination, seemed to be fairly covered with birds, some dead and some struggling with wounded limbs. The other two boys, startled by the double report from Sandy's gun, came scampering down the trail, just as the lad, all excitement, was stripping off his clothes to wade into the creek for his game.

"Ducks! Black ducks! I 've shot a million of 'em!" cried the boy, exultingly; and in another instant he plunged into the water up to his middle, gathering the ducks by the legs and bringing them to the bank, where Charlie and Oscar, discreetly keeping out of the oozy creek, received them, counting the birds as they threw them on the grass.

"Eighteen, all told!" shouted Oscar, when the last bird had been caught, as it floundered about among the weeds, and brought ashore.

"Eighteen ducks in two shots!" cried Sandy, his freckled face fairly beaming with delight. "Did ever anybody see such luck?"

They all thought that nobody ever had.

"What 's that on your leg?" asked Oscar, stooping to pick from Sandy's leg a long, brown object looking like a flat worm. To the boys' intense astonishment, the thing would not come off, but stretched out to several inches in length, holding on by one end.

Sandy howled with pain. "It is something that bites," he cried.

"And there 's another, and another! Why, he 's covered all over with 'em!" exclaimed Oscar.

Sure enough, the lad's legs, if not exactly covered, were well sprinkled with the things.

"Scrape 'em off with your knife!" cried Sandy.

Oscar usually carried a sheath-knife at his belt, more for "the style of the thing, than use," he explained; so with this he quickly took off the repulsive creatures, which, loosening their hold, dropped to the ground limp and shapeless.

"Leeches," said Charlie, briefly, as he poked one of them over with a stick. The mystery was explained, and wherever one of them had been attached to the boy's tender skin, blood flowed freely for a few minutes and then ceased. Even on one or two of the birds they found a leech adhering to the feathers where the poor thing's blood had followed the shot. Picking up the game, the three boys joyfully escorted the elated Sandy to the cabin, where his unexpected adventures made him the hero of the day.

"Could n't we catch some of those leeches and sell them to the doctors?" asked the practical Oscar.

His father shook his head. "American wild leeches like those are not good for much, my

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son. I don't know why not; but I have been told that only the imported leeches are used by medical men."

"Well," said Sandy, tenderly rubbing his wounded legs, "if imported leeches can bite any more furiously than these Kansas ones do, I don't want any of them to tackle me! I suppose these were hungry, though, not having had a taste of a fresh Illinois boy, lately. But they did n't make much out of me, after all."

Very happy were those three boys, that evening, as, filled with roast wild duck, they sat by and heard their elders discuss with Younkins the details of the grand buffalo hunt that was now to be organized. Younkins had seen Mr. Fuller, who had agreed to make one of the party. So there would be four men and the three boys to compose the expedition. They were to take two horses, Fuller's and Younkins's, to serve as pack-animals, for the way to the hunting-ground might be long; but the hunting was to be done on foot. Younkins was very sure that they would have no difficulty in getting near enough to shoot; the animals had not been hunted much in those parts at that time, and the Indians kill them on foot very often. If Indians could do that, why could not white men?

The next two days were occupied in preparations for the expedition, to the great delight of the boys, who recalled with amusement something of a similar feeling that they had when they were preparing for their trip to Kansas, long ago, away back in Dixon. How far off that all seemed now! Now they were in the promised land and were going out to hunt for big game — buffalo! It seemed too good to be true.

Bread was made and baked; smoked side-meat, and pepper and salt made ready and packed; a few potatoes taken as a luxury in camp-life; blankets, guns, and ammunition prepared; and, above all, plenty of coffee already browned and ground was packed for use. It was a merry and a buoyant company that started out in the early dawn of a September morning, having snatched a hasty breakfast of which the excited boys had scarcely time to taste. Buffalo beef, they confidently said, was their favorite meat. They would dine on buffalo hump, that very day.

Oscar, more cautious than the others, asked Younkins if they were sure to see buffalo soon.

"Surely," replied he; "I was out to the bend of the Fork just above the bluffs, last night, and the plains were just full of 'em, just simply black-like, as it were."

"What?" exclaimed all three boys in a breath. "Plains full of them and you did n't even mention it! What a funny man you are."

Mr. Howell reminded them that Mr. Younkins had been accustomed to see buffalo for so long that he did not think it anything worth mentioning that he had seen vast numbers of the creatures already. So, as they pressed on, the boys strained their eyes in the distance, looking for buffalo. But no animals greeted their sight, as they passed over the long green swales of the prairie, mile after mile, now rising to the top of a little eminence and now sinking into a shallow valley; but occasionally a sneaking, stealthy coyote would noiselessly trot into view, and then, after cautiously surveying them from a distance, disappear, as Sandy said, "as if he had sunk into a hole in the ground." It was in vain that they attempted to get near enough to one of these wary animals to warrant a shot. It is only by great good luck that anybody ever shoots a coyote, although in countries where they abound every man's hand is against them; they are such arrant thieves, as well as cowards.

But at noon, while the little party was taking a luncheon in the shade of a solitary birch that grew by the side of a little creek, or runlet, Sandy, the irrepressible, with his bread and meat in his hand, darted off to the next roll of the prairie, a high and swelling hill, in fact, "to see what he could see." As soon as the lad had reached the highest part of the swale, he turned around and swung his arms excitedly, too far off to make his voice heard. He jumped up and down, whirled his arms, and acted altogether like a young lunatic.

"The boy sees buffalo," said Younkins, with a smile of calm amusement. He could hardly understand why anybody should be excited over so commonplace a matter. But the other two lads were off like a shot in Sandy's direction. Reaching their comrade, they found him in a state of great agitation. "Oh, look at 'em!

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Look at 'em! Millions on millions! Did anybody ever see the like!"

Perhaps Sandy's estimate of the numbers was a little exaggerated, but it really was a wonderful sight. The rolls of the prairie, four or five miles away, were dark with the vast and slow-moving herds that were passing over, their general direction being toward the spot on which the boys were standing. Now and again, some animals strayed off in broken parties, but for the most part the phalanx seemed to be solid, so solid that the green of the earth was completely hidden by the dense herd.

The boys stood rooted to the spot with the intensity of their wonder and delight. If there were not millions in that vast army of buffalo, there were certainly hundreds of thousands. What would happen if that great army should suddenly take a notion to gallop furiously in their direction?

"You need n't whisper so," said Charlie, noticing the awe-struck tones of the youngsters. "They can't hear you, away off there. Why, the very nearest of the herd cannot be less than five miles off; and they would run from us, rather than toward us, if they were to see and hear us."

"I asked Younkins if he ever had any trouble with a buffalo when he was hunting, and what do you suppose he said?" asked Oscar, who had recovered his voice. "Well, he said that once he was out on horseback, and had cornered a young buffalo bull in among some limestone ledges up there on the Upper Fork, and 'the critter turned on him and made a nasty noise with his mouth-like,' so that he was glad to turn and run. 'Nasty noise with his mouth,' I suppose was a sort of a snort—a snort-like, as Younkins would say. There come the rest of the folks. My! won't daddy be provoked that we did n't go back and help hitch up!"

But the elders of the party had not forgotten that they were once boys themselves, and when they reached the point on which the lads stood surveying the sight, they also were stirred to enthusiasm. The great herd was still moving on, the dark folds of the moving mass undulating like the waves of a sea, as the buffalo rose and fell upon the surface of the rolling prairie.

As if the leaders had spied the hunters, the main herd now swung away more to the right, or northward, only a few detached parties coming toward the little group of hunters that still watched them silently from its elevated point of observation.

Younkins surveyed the movement critically and then announced it as his opinion that the herd was bound for the waters of the Republican Fork, to the right and somewhat to the northward of the party. The best course for them to take now would be to try and cut off the animals before they could reach the river. There was a steep and bluffy bank at the point for which the buffalo seemed to be aiming; that would divert them further up stream, and if the hunters could only creep along in the low gullies of the prairie, out of the sight of the herd, they might reach the place where the buffalo would cross before they could get there; for the herd moved slowly; an expert walker could far outtravel them in a direct line.

"One of you boys will have to stay here by the stuff; the rest of us will press on in the direction of the river as fast as may be," said Uncle Aleck. The boys looked at each other in dismay. Who would be willing to be left behind in a chase so exciting as this? Sandy bravely solved the puzzle.

"Here, you take my shot-gun, Charlie," he said. "It carries farther than yours; I 'll stay by the stuff and the horses; I 'm pretty tired, anyhow." His father smiled approvingly but said nothing. He knew how great a sacrifice the boy was making for the others.

Left alone on the hill-top, for the rest of the party moved silently and swiftly away to the northward, Sandy felt the bitterness of disappointment as well as of loneliness while he sat on the grass watching with absorbed attention the motions of the great herds. All trace of his companions was soon lost as they passed down into the gullies and ravines that broke the ground adjacent to the Fork to the westward of the stream. Once, indeed, he saw the figures of the hunters, painted dark against the sky, rise over a distant swale and disappear just as one of them turned and waved a signal in dumb show to the solitary watcher on the hill.

"If those buffalo should get stampeded," mused Sandy, "and make a break in this way, it

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would be 'all day' with those horses and the camp stuff. I guess I had better make all fast, for there may be a gale of wind, or a gale of buffalo, which is the same thing." So saying, the thoughtful lad led the animals down into the gully where the noon luncheon had been taken, removed their packs, tethered them to the tree, and then ran back to the hill-top and resumed his watch.

There was no change in the situation except that there were, if possible, more buffalo moving over the distant slopes of the rolling prairie. The boy stood entranced at the sight. More, more, and yet more of the herds were slowly moving into sight and then disappearing in the gullies below. The dark brown folds seemed to envelop the face of the earth. Sandy wondered where so many creatures could find pasturage. Their bodies appeared to cover the hills and valleys, so that there could not be room left for grazing. "They 've got such big feet," he soliloquized aloud, "that I should think that the ground would be all pawed up where they have traveled." In the ecstasy of his admiration, he walked to and fro on the hill-top, talking to himself, as was his wont.

"I wonder if the other fellows can see them as I do?" he asked. "I don't believe, after all, that it is one-half so entertaining for them as it is for me. Oh, I just wish the folks at home could be here now, and see this sight! It beats all nature, as Father Dixon used to say. And to think that there are thousands of people in big cities who don't have meat enough to eat. And all this buffalo-meat running wild!" The boy laughed to himself at the comicality of the thought. Fresh beef running wild!

The faint report of a gun fired afar off now reached his ear and he saw a blue puff of smoke rising from the crest of a timber-bordered hill far away. The herd in that direction seemed to swerve somewhat and scatter, but, to his intense surprise, there was no hurry in their movements; the brown and black folds of the great mass of animals still slowly and sluggishly spread out and flowed like the tides of the sea, enveloping everything. Suddenly there was another report, then another, and another. Three shots in quick succession.

"Now they are getting in their work!" shouted the boy, fairly dancing up and down in his excitement. "Oh, I wish I was there instead of here looking on!"

Now the herds wavered for a moment, then their general direction was changed from the northward to the eastward. Then there was a swift and sudden movement of the whole mass, and the vast dark stream flowed in a direction parallel with the Fork instead of toward it, as heretofore.

"They are coming this way!" shouted Sandy to the empty, silent air around him. "I 'll get a shot at 'em yet!" Then, suddenly recollecting that his gun had been exchanged for his brother's, he added, "And Charlie's gun is no good!"

In truth, the herd was now bound straight for the hill on which the boy maintained his solitary watch. Swiftly running down to the gully in which the horses were tethered, Sandy got out his brother's gun and carefully examined the caps and the load. They had run some heavy slugs of lead in a rude mold which they had made, the slug being just the size of the barrel of the shot-gun. One barrel was loaded with a heavy charge of buckshot, and the other with a slug. The latter was an experiment, and a big slug like that could not be expected to carry very far; it might, however, do much damage at short range.

Running up to the head of the gully, which was in the nature of a shallow ravine draining the hill above, Sandy emerged on the highest point of land, a few hundred feet to the right and north of his former post of observation. The herd was in full drive directly toward him. Suppose they should come driving down over the hills where he was! They would sweep down into the gully, stampede the horses, and trample all the camp-stuff into bits! The boy fairly shook with excitement as the idea struck him. On they came, the solid ground shaking under their thundering tread.

"I must try to head 'em off," said the boy to himself. "The least I can do is to scare them a good bit, and then they 'll split in two and the herd will divide right here. But I must get a shot at one, or the other fellows will laugh at me."

The rushing herd was headed right for the spot where Sandy stood, spreading out to the

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left and right, but with the center of the phalanx steering in a bee-line for the lad. Thoroughly alarmed now, Sandy looked around, and perceiving a sharp outcropping of the underlying stratum of limestone at the head of the little ravine, he resolved to shelter himself behind that, in case the buffalo should continue to come that way. Notwithstanding his excitement, the lad did not fail to note two discharges, one after the other, in the distance, showing that his friends were still keeping up a fusillade against the flying herds.

At the second shot, Sandy thought that the masses in the rear swung off more to the southward, as if panic-stricken by the firing, but the advance guard still maintained a straight line for him. There was no escape from it now, and Sandy looked down at the two horses tethered in the ravine below, peacefully grazing the short thick grass, unconscious of the flood of buffalo now undulating over the prairie above them and soon to swoop down over the hillside where they were. In another instant, the lad could see the tossing, shaggy manes of the leaders of the herd and could even distinguish the redness of their eyes as they swept up the incline at the head of which he stood. He hastily dodged behind the crag of rock; it was a small affair, hardly higher than his head, but wide enough, he thought, to divide the herd when they came to it. So he ducked behind it and waited for coming events.

Sandy was right. Just above the rock behind which he was crouched, the ground fell off rapidly and left a stiff slope, up which even a stampeded buffalo would hardly climb. The ground trembled as the vast army of living creatures came tumbling and thundering over the prairie. Sandy, stooping behind the outcropping, also trembled, partly with excitement and partly with fear. If the buffalo were to plunge over the very small barrier between him and them, his fate was sealed. For an instant, his heart stood still. It was but for an instant, for, before he could draw a long breath, the herd parted on the two sides of the little crag. The divided stream poured down on both sides of him, a tumultuous, broken and disorderly torrent of animals, making no sound except for the ceaseless beat of their tremendous hoofs. Sandy's eyes swam with the bewildering motion of the living stream. For a brief space, he saw nothing but a confused mass of heads, backs and horns, hundreds of thousands flowing tumultuously past. Gradually, his sense of security came back to him, and, exulting in his safety, he raised his gun, and muttering under his breath, "Right behind the fore-shoulder-like, Younkins said," he took steady aim and fired. A young buffalo bull tumbled headlong down the ravine. In their mad haste, a number of the animals fell over him, pell-mell; but, recovering themselves with incredible swiftness, they skipped to their feet and were speedily on their way down the hill. Sandy watched, with a beating heart, the young bull as he fell heels over head two or three times before he could rally; the poor creature got upon his feet, fell again, and while the tender-hearted boy hesitated whether to fire the second barrel or not, finally fell over on his side helpless.

Meanwhile, the ranks of buffalo coming behind swerved from the fallen animal to the left and right, as if by instinct, leaving an open space all around the point where the boy stood gazing at his fallen game. He fired, almost at random, at the nearest of the flying buffalo, but the buckshot whistled hurtlessly among the herd, and Sandy thought to himself that it was downright cruelty to shoot among them, for the scattering shot would only wound without killing the animals.

It was safe now for Sandy to emerge from his place of concealment, and, standing on the rocky point behind which he had been hidden, he gazed to the west and north. The tumbling masses of buffalo were scattered far apart. Here and there, he could see wide stretches of prairie, no longer green, but trampled into a dull brown by the tread of myriads of hurrying feet; and, far to the north, the land was clear, as if the main herd had passed down to the southward. Scattered bands still hurried along above him, here and there, nearer to the Fork, but the main herd had gone on in the general direction of the settlers' home.

"What if they have gone down to our cabin?" he muttered aloud. "It 's all up with any cornfield that they run across. But, then, they must have kept too far to the south to get anywhere

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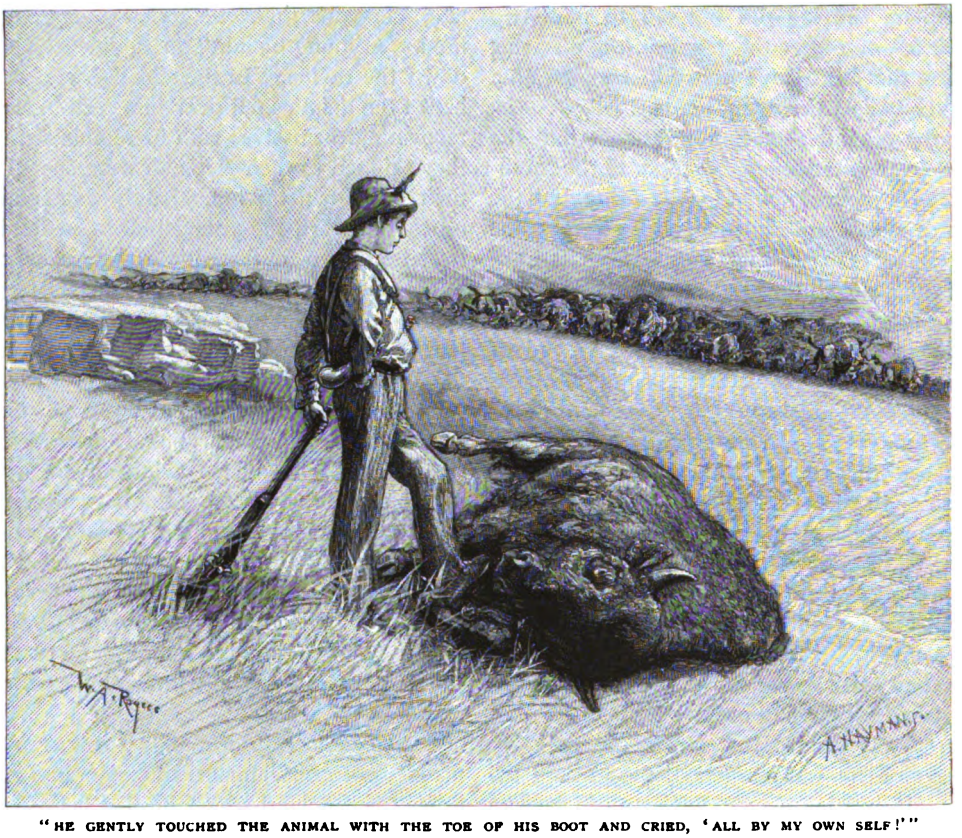
near our claim." And the lad consoled himself with this reflection.

But his game was more engrossing of his attention, just now, than anything else. He had been taught that an animal should not bleed to death through a gunshot wound. His big leaden slug had gone directly through the buffalo's vitals somewhere, for it was now quite dead. Sandy stood beside the noble beast with a strange elation, looking at it before he could make up his mind to cut its throat and let out the blood. It was a yearling bull buffalo that lay before him, the short, sharp horns plowed into the ground and the massive form, so lately bounding over the rolling prairie, forever still. To Sandy, it all seemed like a dream; it had come and gone so quickly. His heart misgave him as he looked, for Sandy had a tender heart. Then he gently touched the animal with the toe of his boot and cried, "All by my own self!"

"Well done, Sandy!" The boy started, turned and beheld his cousin Oscar gazing open-mouthed at the spectacle. "And did you shoot him, all by your very own self? What with? Charlie's gun?" The lad poured forth a torrent of questions, and Sandy proudly answered them all with, "That is what I did."



"HE GENTLY TOUCHED THE ANIMAL WITH THE TOE OF HIS BOOT AND CRIED, 'ALL BY MY OWN SELF!'"

As the two boys hung with delight over the prostrate beast, Oscar told the tale of disappointment that the others had to relate. They had gone up the ravines that skirted the Fork, prowling on their hands and knees; but the watchers of the herd were too wary to let the hunters get near enough for a good shot. They had fired several times, but had brought down nothing. Sandy had heard the shots? Yes, Sandy had heard and had hoped that somebody was having great sport. After all, he thought, as he looked at the fallen monarch of the prairie, it was rather cruel business. Oscar did not think so; he wished he had had such luck.

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The rest of the party now came up, one after another, and all gave a whoop of astonishment and delight at Sandy's great success as soon as they saw his noble quarry.

The sun was now low in the west; here was a good place for camping; a little brush would do for firing, and water was close at hand. So the tired hunters, after a brief rest while they lay on the trampled grass and recounted the doings of the day, went to work at the game. The animal was dressed and a few choice pieces were hung on the tree to cool for their supper. It was dark when they gathered around their cheerful fire, as the cool autumnal evening came on, and cooked and ate with infinite zest their first buffalo-meat. Boys who have never been hungry with the hunger of a long tramp over the prairies, hungry for their first taste of big game of their own shooting, cannot possibly understand how good to the Boy Settlers was their supper on the wind-swept slopes of the Kansas plains.

Wrapping themselves as best they could in the blankets and buffalo-robes brought from home, the party lay down in the nooks and corners of the ravine, first securing the buffalo meat on the tree that made their camp.

"What, for goodness' sake, is that?" asked Charlie, querulously, as he was roused out of his sleep by a dismal cry not far away in the darkness.

"Wolves," said Younkins, curtly, as he raised himself on one elbow to listen. "The pesky critters have smelt blood; they would smell it if they were twenty miles off, I do believe, and they are gathering round as they scent the carcass."

By this, all of the party were awake except Sandy, who, worn out with excitement perhaps, slept on through all the fearful din. The mean little prairie-wolves gathered, and barked and snarled in the distance. Nearer, the big wolves howled like great dogs, their long howl occasionally breaking into a bark; and farther and farther off, away in the extremest distance, they could hear other wolves whose hollow-sounding cry seemed like an echo of their more fortunate brethren nearer the game. A party of the creatures were busy at the offal from the slain buffalo, just without the range of the firelight, for the camp-fire had been kept alight. Into the struggling, snarling group Younkins discharged his rifle. There was a sharp yell of pain, a confused patter of hurrying feet, and in an instant all was still.

Sandy started up. "Who 's shot another buffalo?" he asked, as if struggling with a dream. The others laughed, and Charlie explained what had been going on, and the tired boy lay down to sleep again. But that was not a restful night for any of the campers. The wolves renewed their howling. The hunters were able to snatch only a few breaths of sleep from time to time, in moments when the dismal ululation of the wolf-chorus subsided. The sun rose, flooding the rolling prairies with a wealth of golden sunshine. The weary campers looked over the expanse around them, but not a remnant of the rejected remains of the buffalo was to be seen; and in all the landscape about, no sign of any living thing was in sight, save where some early-rising jack-rabbit scudded over the torn sod, hunting for his breakfast.

Fresh air, bright sunlight, and a dip in a cool stream are the best correctives for a head heavy with want of sleep; and the hunters, refreshed by these and a pot of strong and steaming coffee, were soon ready for another day's sport.

(To be continued.)

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HOBBY-HORSES.

By A. C.

RIDING "HOBBY-HORSES" IN THE STREETS OF OLD NEW YORK.

Reverse the last two figures of this present year of grace, and you will have the date of a period which saw many otherwise sane men in France, England, and America given over to an absurd craze for riding "hobby-horses," and there are doubtless a number of venerable old gentlemen still living who could tell of memories, and perhaps even recall personal experiences, of the time seventy years ago when young men made spectacles of themselves by propelling these machines through the streets of old New York.

The grandsons of those same venerable gentlemen now propel wheels along the streets of the New York of to-day, but in a manner as different, almost, as flying differs from walking. In fact, if, by some "presto-change!" of time and circumstance, one of these wide-awake grandsons could come suddenly upon a group of his ancestors engaged as the artist has shown them in the accompanying picture, he would probably conclude that they had taken leave of their senses, and hurl after them a scornful "Go it, Gaiters! Cranks! Cranks!"

And in so expressing his candid opinion in nineteenth-century slang,—which would be quite wrong, of course,—he would unconsciously have named the good Anglo-Saxon word for an idea that in the course of time was to transform the machines thus arousing his ridicule, into the pet and pride of his boyish heart —the bicycle. For, the idea of "cranks"—in the mechanical sense—was precisely that which, occurring to an ingenious Frenchman,

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gradually, along with other changes, new adjustments, and improvements, covering a period of many years, transformed the ungainly hobby-horse of 1819 into that perfect product of mechanical art, the bicycle of 1891.

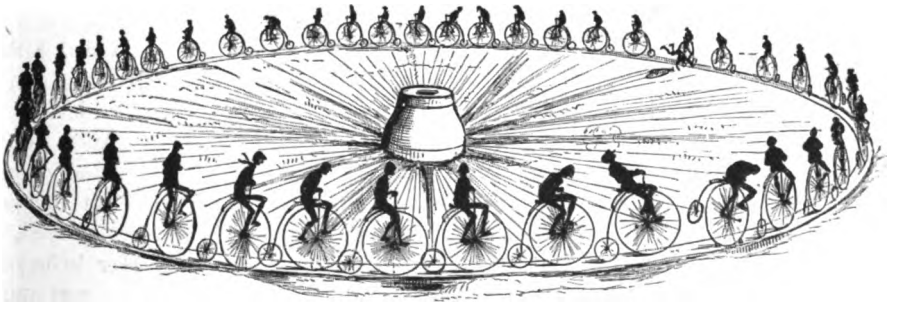
The first rudimentary bicycle was mounted by Baron von Drais, a Frenchman living in Germany, who, early in this century, invented a combination of two wheels, a seat, and handles, which he called a "célérifère," to aid him in his work of overseeing large estates.

The old cuts of this odd machine, called, after the inventor, the "Draisine," show it to be in its general features the direct forerunner of the hobby-horse. "Draisines" were introduced into England in 1818, and a year later they were seen in America, on the streets of New York.

In both countries they met with great favor, and one historian relates that in New York "people rode them up and down the Bowery, and on the parks, a favorite place for speed being the down grade from Chatham Street to City Hall Park." Clumsy machines they seem to our eyes,—two heavy wheels connected by a cross-bar to which was attached midway the cushioned seat for the rider. In front of the seat was a raised cushion upon which, handles in hand, the rider rested his forearms, guiding the machine. He propelled it by pushing alternately with his feet on the ground until the speed was sufficient to maintain equilibrium, when he would raise his feet and, in the words of a rider of to-day, "coast."

The rage for these "Draisines," and "pedestrian curricles," or "dandy-horses" and "hobby-horses," as the later "improved" machines were called, subsided rapidly because of the difficulty of making them practically useful, and because of the ridicule always excited by the riders.

This curious sport of riding two wheels, joined, and running in the same perpendicular plane, therefore languished in obscurity until after a lapse of more than forty years it again attracted public attention in a new form. It was in 1865 that a French mechanic, Pierre Lallemant, conceived the notion of attaching foot-cranks to the front wheel of the old-fashioned hobby-horse. He made a machine embodying this idea, learned to ride it, and exhibited it at the Paris Exposition in 1867. The credit for this invention is also claimed in England for Edward Gilman, but be the honor due to Frenchman or Englishman, here, at all events, was the immediate predecessor of the bicycle. It immediately became popular in both England and America. A great many improvements and changes were necessary, of course, before the crude machine of Lallemant —the "velocipede" of thirty years ago—became the finished bicycle of to-day, but energetic business men in England, and later in this country, saw its possibilities and began the manufacture of the machines. Improvement has followed improvement, until now there is little resemblance left to the old velocipede, or "bone-shaker" as it was flippantly called, and it is difficult to imagine in what way a modern bicycle may be improved. One step further is possible in the way of change, and that is to discard the small wheel altogether and ride only the big wheel. Indeed, this has already been done in exhibitions by a few adventurous experts, but before the method becomes general we may have learned to fly outright, and wheels have become a drug in the market.



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A FEAST OF ALL NATIONS.

By Margaret Johnson.

A feast, I have read,
There was recently spread,
Where this novel arrangement existed:
Each fortunate guest,
When his choice he expressed,
To his favorite dish was assisted.

MIKEY MAGUIRE.

Said Mikey Maguire,
As he sat by the fire,
"Faith thin, but it 's warmin', the hate is!
An' shure, for a parrty
Av appetoite hearrty,
"There 's nothin' quite ayqual to praties!"

"Ach! Donner und Blitz!"
Cried fat little Fritz,
Regarding his neighbor so bony,
"Dot poy vas so droll!
I vould gif der whole bowl
For von leedle bite of Bologny!"

FRITZ.

The fair Oumi San
Waved her beautiful fan,

OUMI SAN.

As she smiled his enjoyment to see.
She would taste of no dish
Save an entrée of fish,
But she never once stopped drinking tea!

HANS.

In a serious mood
Hans, the Eskimo, chewed
Some strips of what might have been rubber;
But when they inquired
Whether aught he desired,
He said he wished nothing but blubber.

"Me velly hong*lee!*"
Said the guileless Chung Se,
With an evident yearning for rice.
He smiled and he sighed,
And his chopsticks applied,
And was ready for more in a trice.

CHUNG SE.

MARIA.

"Carissima mia!"
Cried little Maria,
"Nothing-a zo lofely as dese!"
And she fondly surveyed,
On the table displayed,
Her beloved macaroni and cheese.

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"Aweel an' aweel,"
Said Jamie MacNeil,
"O' whimseys an' freaks
there 's a mony!
But naethin' I know
Like the oatmeal I
lo'e
To make a braw lad
an' a bonny!"

JAMIE MACNEIL.

MUSTAPHA.

Mustapha, the bland,
With a wave of his
hand,
Declined to partake of
the feast,
Till the coffee was
served;
When he visibly
swerved,
And drank twenty cups,
at the least.

HÉLÈNE.

"O *non!*" cried
Hélène,
With a shrug of
disdain,
"I wish but a *morceau
petit.*
Nothing hot, *s'il
vous plait*,
But some water
sucrée,
And a bonbon, *je
vous remercie!*"

"Jes' hab yo' own
way,"
Said George Wash-
ington Clay,
"An' go 'long wid dose
fibs yo 's a-tellun'!
Dar 's nuffin' lak
dis!"
And chuckling with
bliss,
He extinguished him-
self in a melon!

GEORGE WASHINGTON CLAY.

Quoth brave Johnny
Bull,
With his mouth
rather full,
And his waist with a
napkin begirt,
"Of dainties the chief,
Is the noble roast
beef,
With plum-pudding, of
course, for des-
sert!"

JOHNNY BULL.

"Wal, mebbe you 're right,"
Observed Jonathan Bright,
With a wink of his
merry young eye;
"But for all you 're
so knowin',
The dish ain't a-
goin'
Can come up, I reckon,
to pie!"

JONATHAN BRIGHT.

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THE MANNERS OF SHEEP.

By John Albee.

All up and down the greeny grass
The sheep in flocks together pass;
With nibbling noses hills are sown
And where they go the sod is mown.

With thick-set tails a-wag behind—
They roam or nibble with one mind;
And if one lifts his head on high
All other heads at once up fly;

As stones in field, then stand they still;
Or run they all with single will;
And whether there is aught to leap,
All jump if jump the leader sheep.

Where learned the simple sheep such ways
No one had told in ancient days;
But now some think they learned them when
The silly sheep were silly men.

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CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. Davidson.

Chapter I.

THE CREW DESERT.

IT is midnight on the great Chinese river. The silver moon rides placidly in the dusky heavens, the circular halo around it fading away in the damp cold mist which thickens as it approaches the water's surface until the horizon is hid in a soft and feathery pall. Nothing is to be seen, save the passing cormorant sailing slowly over the river, or the occasional flash of a fish breaking its surface; and nothing is heard but the murmur of the vast body of water as it moves grandly on within its distant and invisible banks.

Presently, growing out of the misty channel up stream, a dark object appears. It looms large and vague, like some huge bird or bat with outstretched wings resting on the water; but as it sweeps majestically down the river, it shapes itself clear and distinct against the background of mist and soon displays the tall tapering masts and heavy sails of a native trading-junk. As a light gleams suddenly from behind her sail a group of dark figures is revealed. They are sailors; some seated, others lying asleep on the deck. One keeps watch at the bow, while two more, on the high stern aft, handle the tiller and guide the great junk on her silent way.

One of the men at the helm is a tall and powerful man whose hair is gray. He is dressed as a common sailor, but a moonbeam's glint on the butt of a pistol and the handle of a short sword at his side shows him to be of some rank above that indicated by his dress. His companion, more slender and decidedly youthful, is dressed in white duck, and wears a broad-brimmed hat. He stands peering anxiously forward into the gloom, occasionally sweeping their limited horizon with a night-glass.

Presently the silence is broken by the taller, who, quietly pointing under the bend of a sail, whispers, "Can that be their light, sir? I fancied I saw the glimmer of a light yonder."

The youth brings his glass to bear, peers through it anxiously for a moment, and answers decidedly, "Nothing there but rice-boats. It 's very strange we have not met them. Can they have passed us in the dark?"

"No, sir; no," answers the other, "nothing has passed us going up stream; but I did n't like the looks of that three-masted junk as went by us two hours ago with all her sweeps out. She appeared to be in too much of a hurry, to suit me; and taking her actions into account with the failure of the company's boat to meet us, and the suspicious doings of this crew we have aboard, I have my doubts. It 's not natural for junk men to use the sweeps going *down stream*, in such a fine current as this. And I 'm certain those fellows forward are no more sleeping than I am; for they 've been coming on deck by twos and threes, and I heard some of 'em whispering a while ago. For my part, I never liked the idea of taking passengers on these inland trips, sir, and never yet failed to give my opinion against it; and, what 's more, this is the first time we ever started of a Friday. I 've always before managed to hurry or delay loading so as to avoid that day, but this time you *would* do it, in spite o' me."

"But you know, Ben, we have never had any trouble since we 've been together on the line."

"That 's true, sir. I don't mean to be a croaker, but take an old man's advice now, and don't allow it again. I 've been in Chiny long enough to know these river people, and they 're not to be trusted as much as the open-water ones, Mr. Austin."

"Now, Herrick, how often have I asked you not to call me *Mr. Austin?* Time was when you always called me Frank, and we 've sailed

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so much together I wish you would keep to the old name."

"Well, sir, I confess I do often feel like it, and it 's more homelike; but since you 've had command of your own ship, even if she be no more than a Chinee junk, it seems more ship-shape and sounds better before the crew, to show you proper respect. I may do as you wish, between ports; but as captain of this here high-tailed craft, you shall have from me all the respect that 's due a superior officer. So, by your leave, I 'll just splice the proper handle to your name in future, whenever we 're on a cruise."

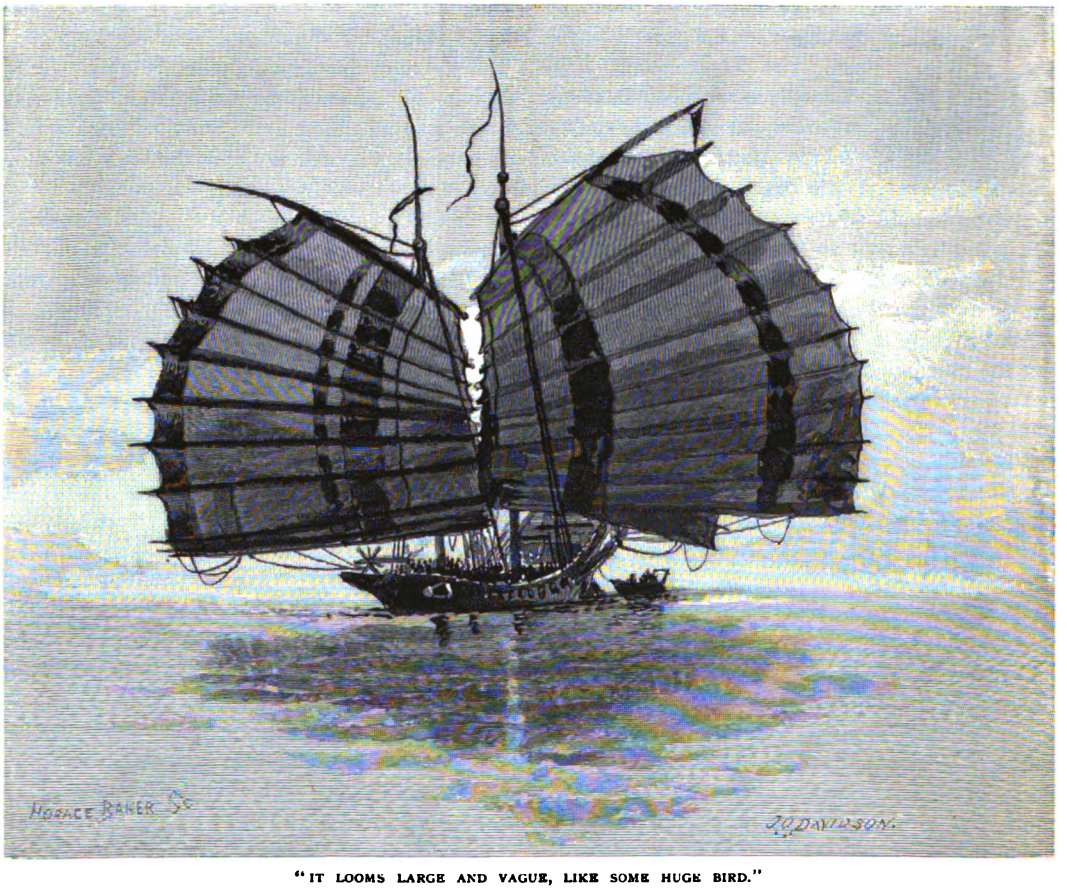
A shadowy mass now loomed up on their right and another on their left, and with his night-glass Frank made out a fleet of river craft all at anchor. Twinkling lights became visible, spectral boats sped by, and strange sounds reached their ears from both sides. The barking of dogs and the voices of men, women, and children could from time to time be distinguished. Thicker and thicker grew the cluster of boats, until it became almost impossible to steer the large junk clear of them.

"What does it all mean?" Frank asked Herrick.

"Blessed if I know!" responded Ben, shaking his head dubiously. "They were n't here two weeks ago, when we came up. Maybe it 's one of those floating villages on the move as I 've heard tell of; and, if 't is, there 's no use of our trying to get through till daylight, that 's sure."

"Forward there!" called Frank to the crew. "What are all these boats doing here?"

"They all right an' proper boats, sir," was the answer. "Fish scarce up-side river; they move down."



"IT LOOMS LARGE AND VAGUE, LIKE SOME HUGE BIRD."

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"How many of them are there?"

"No sabey, sir. One thousand, maybe; ten thousand, maybe. How can tell?"

"I see no way out of this," said the young captain, scanning the mass of boats with the glass. "It seems that we are wedged in by a village of boats without number."

"Better anchor, sir," suggested Herrick. "We 'll have daylight in an hour. You turn in, sir, and I 'll watch a spell."

"No, Ben; you 've been on duty since eight bells. Go below; I 'll spell it out."

The old sailor reluctantly went below, and Frank began his long and lonely watch on deck.

As he paced leisurely to and fro on top of the high sloping cabin, the strangeness of his position came vividly before him.

Two years before, he had passed up this river in charge of his first boat-load of merchandise; and many a successful trip had he since made, all with old Herrick as mate and adviser. His carefulness in the transfer of cargoes and his general good luck in his voyages had made him a favorite with the company. Fewer sacks of rice or boxes of opium had been stolen from his than from any other boat on the line, and therefore he had been rapidly promoted and had constantly greater trusts placed in his charge.

After the novelty had worn off, Herrick often fretted and fumed over the dull trips up and down river.

"What 's the use," he often said, "of paddling up, and drifting down here again, when we might be on blue water, with a tidy craft, a jolly crew, and a civilized cargo? —instead of in this highsterned, top-heavy barn of a junk. And such weather! Sky always blue, shore always soft, and not wind enough to blow out a candle. Faugh! I mind the yarn of a mate of mine who sailed four weeks in the blue Mediterranean, with just this weather all the time. Why, sir, the ship struck a gale off the Bay of Biscay, goin' home, that carried her masts out and left her bottom-up with him astraddle of her keel, a-grinnin' to his drowning mates around, and shoutin' to them, 'Aha! my boys, this is what I calls *weather!* None of your soft skies and blue zephyrs for me!'"

But despite the growling, Frank thought highly of the old man; for he knew Herrick to be a stanch comrade and a faithful friend.

The Chinese crew were now the young commander's chief anxiety. Although they did their work well, he often noticed that they were whispering together when they thought themselves unseen by him or Herrick. Besides, the few Chinese passengers aboard seemed entirely too familiar with the crew. These circumstances, when added to the strange failure of the company's boat to meet them with provisions, as had been agreed, and to the strange haste of the outward-bound junks which had passed his vessel, and his present situation, hemmed in by the floating villagers, gave him reasonable cause for suspecting treachery.

At length, faint streaks of dawn lightened the surrounding fog; and, as the mist slowly cleared before the rising sun, Frank beheld a confused fleet of river-craft, of all shapes and sizes, lying huddled together on every side as far as his eye could reach. The slanting rays of the sun struck athwart the boats, and masts, sails, oars, and cordage caught the golden glow. The rising smoke of countless cabin-fires gave a weird

"THE FLOATING VILLAGE."

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effect to the scene. Gongs sounded; chickens cackled; dogs barked; children peeped from little latticed windows; and their parents bustled about their morning work. It seemed as if the whole population of some town had deserted the land for the water.

"Well, I 'll be keel-hauled!" exclaimed Herrick as he poked his head out of the window, "if this ain't the strangest sight *I* ever see. Why, sir, it 's worse nor a hive of bees! Just listen to their buzzing! This is no place for a Christian."

"Call the men to breakfast, Ben, and then we 'll put out the sweeps and see if we can't find some opening in the pack, there to the westward."

After issuing the necessary orders, the two officers went below to their own breakfast.

Hardly were they seated, when they heard stealthy footfalls overhead.

"Those fellows have no business aft, Mr. Austin. I 'll just jump on deck and see what 's up," said Herrick, after listening a moment.

He returned at once, with a muttered grumble against all Chinamen in general, and against their crew in particular.

"What 's the matter?" asked Frank.

"We 're in for it now, sir," Herrick answered doggedly. "They 're clean gone, every heathen one of them, passengers and all! They cut stick and ran for it as soon as we came below!"

"What," cried Frank in amazement, "are we two alone?"

"Oh, Proddy the cook, Kanaka Joe, and the two Malays are still on board," replied Ben. "They 'll never forget the day you saved them from drowning, in the straits of Malacca, when they fell overboard in that storm."

"Then there are six of us left. Let 's go after the crew and bring the cowards back!" exclaimed Frank, seizing his pistols and starting for the door.

"Don't you do it, Mr. Frank," pleaded Ben, putting himself before the door. "They 've played us a nasty trick and it 's pretty bad for us as it is. Don't make matters worse by flying in a passion. They 're puzzling enough already!"

"But what are we to do, Ben? Here we are with only six men to work the boat out of this place!"

"It 's rough, I allow, sir. But we may squeeze through somehow," said the old man cheerfully.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK'S NEW CREW.

"WHO 's there?" called Frank; for there was a knock at the door. "It me, sah," was the reply in a negro's voice.

"Come in, Proddy!" said Frank.

The door opened and admitted a coal-black African boy, six feet in height and straight as an arrow. He was dressed in loose folded cloth fastened by a belt at the waist, but his magnificent chest and shoulders were bare. His tightly curled wool, dressed carefully and

"PRODDY."

gathered into a point on the top of his head, gave him a wild and almost savage appearance; but the bright eyes and honest face beneath would at once reassure the beholder who might have been disposed to think him half-civilized. Beside the negro cook stood a smaller man whose lithe, sinewy form and swarthy face showed him to be one of the "Kanaka men"—all of whom make excellent

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sailors. Behind these stood two small Malays, in the picturesque costume of their race.

Six months before, Frank had rescued these men from a sinking junk, and they had since remained efficient and faithful members of his crew.

"What is it, Proddy?" asked Frank.

"De crew all done gone run off, sah, 'cept us; but a big coolie man just come aboard, to fine out ef you want any help."

Frank's anxious brow cleared at these words, and he glanced inquiringly at Ben. But the mate only shook his head uneasily, muttering, "Worse and worse! But perhaps you might as well see him, eh, Mr. Frank?"

Frank nodded, and the old sailor went on, "Show him down, Proddy."

"Now, Mr. Frank, it won't do to let this chap see that we are bothered; so let 's go on with our breakfast," suggested the mate when the others had gone.

So they went on with the meal.

In a few moments appeared at the cabin door the figure of a thin, sinewy coolie. He wore a striped cloth about his waist, his pigtail was coiled on top of his head, and he carried a broad bamboo hat in his hand.

"What do you want?" asked Frank sharply.

"Chin-chin. My coolie comprador!* Your clew lun away. I many good men hab, can show proper paper† from Hong Kong side. You make look see?" and he extended his testimonials to Frank.

"What do you think, Ben?" asked Frank in a low tone.

"Well, sir, we can't get out of here without some help; so you might as well engage him," replied Herrick after a moment's hesitation.

"How many boys have you, John‡?" Frank asked the coolie, "and what do you want for them?"

"My hab twenty, forty, fifty, good man. How many you likee?"

"What 's your price for twenty of them to work us to Hong Kong?"

"Can do for thirty lollar,‖" said the coolie.

"That 's too much. I 'll give twenty," said Frank sharply.

The coolie's small eyes twinkled, for he knew this offer was more than the ordinary price. Nevertheless, he still appeared reluctant to take it. Presently he replied, "All light.§ Can do," and he went on deck, and, climbing nimbly over the junk's side, disappeared into the mass of boats around.

"What is it, Joe?" asked Frank, for the Kanaka raised his right hand as a sign that he wished to speak.

"He no coolie, sir!" replied Joe, pointing after the comprador. "He Mandalay man; no good. My watch him sharp, bimeby."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Ben, "I think Joe is right. Somehow neither did I think him a proper looking coolie. If the rest of his crew are like him, then they 're a precious gang of cutthroats, I 'll be bound!"

"I must have some crew to work the vessel. They may be trustworthy. And can't we take precautions against their treachery?" asked Frank uneasily.

"I hardly know, sir," answered the mate, rubbing his head; "but I 've an idea that one of them guns for'ard there might be of some use to us here in the cabin. But whatever we are going to do must be done before they see we distrust them."

"Now, boys," said Frank, rising quickly, "bear a hand, and cast loose that second carronade, and then haul it into the inner cabin. Ben, you see to the gun; I 'll go watch for that coolie and his gang," and Frank went on deck and climbed into the rigging, while Herrick and the rest dragged the cannon in and secured it. Herrick pointed its muzzle directly toward the cabin door, aiming it about breast-high.

"Now, lads, go below and bring up all the cartridges, rammers, gun-swabs, and cutlasses you can find; and don't forget to clear out the magazine."

The moment they were gone, Ben opened a heavy chest under one of the bunks, took out a powder-cartridge, and loaded the gun. Then, ripping open a canvas bag, he poured about ten pounds of musket-balls in after the powder. Stuffing a piece of cloth into the muzzle, he rammed all home with the butt-end of an oar;

* "To talk. I am a coolie overseer." † Recommendation. ‡ A name used by Europeans for any Chinaman. ‖ Dollar. § "All right."

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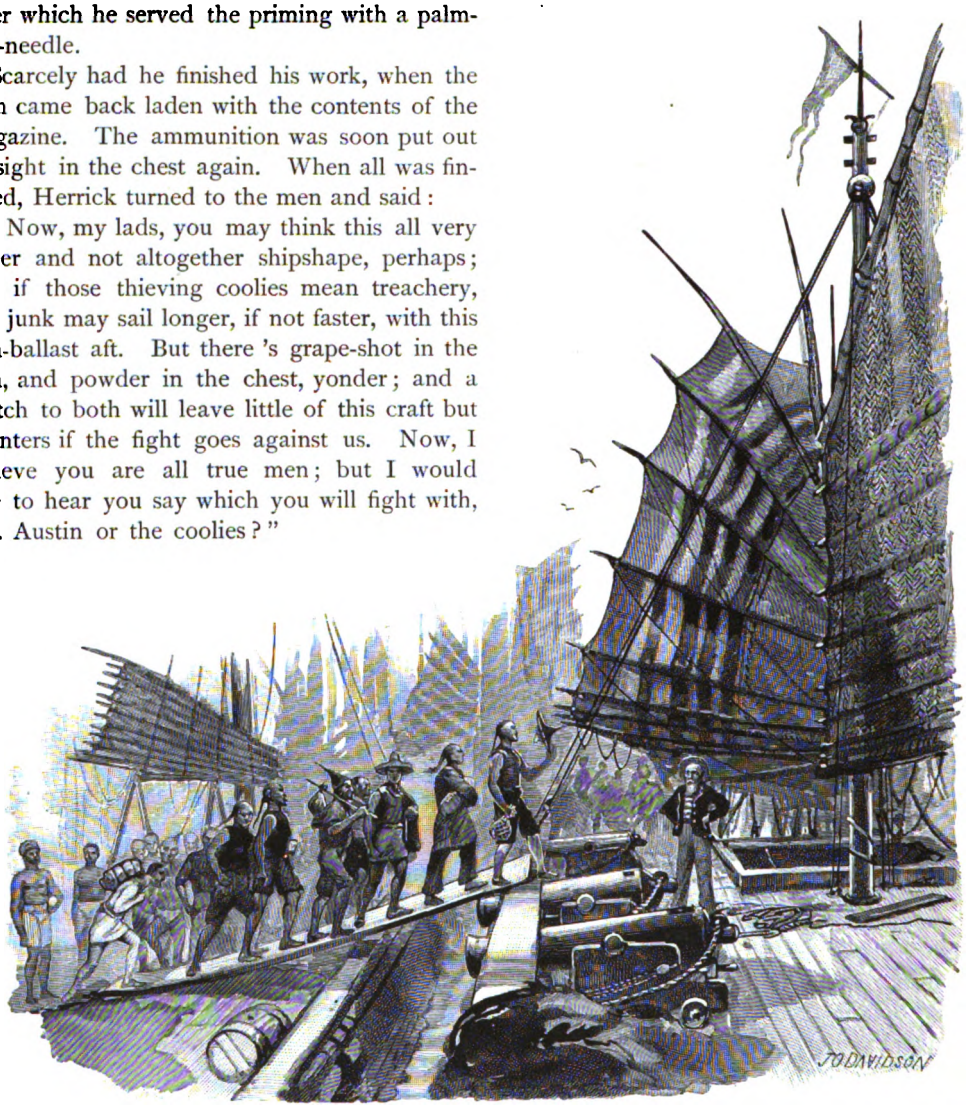
after which he served the priming with a palming-needle.

Scarcely had he finished his work, when the men came back laden with the contents of the magazine. The ammunition was soon put out of sight in the chest again. When all was finished, Herrick turned to the men and said:

"Now, my lads, you may think this all very queer and not altogether shipshape, perhaps; but if those thieving coolies mean treachery, this junk may sail longer, if not faster, with this gun-ballast aft. But there 's grape-shot in the gun, and powder in the chest, yonder; and a match to both will leave little of this craft but splinters if the fight goes against us. Now, I believe you are all true men; but I would like to hear you say which you will fight with, Mr. Austin or the coolies?"



THE NEW CREW COMES ABOARD.

"We 'll stand by the captain, of course," they replied promptly and with evident good-will.

"Very well then, lads, come for'ard with me and spike every gun; and we must be sure the priming-covers are replaced so the spiking won't be seen."

Hardly was this work done, when a hail from Frank gave notice of the coming of the new crew.

Running to the side the men saw, jumping from boat to boat, a motley gang of coolies intermixed with local sailors. Mounting the junk's side, the new-comers formed a line forward, taking their places as their leader called their names in succession.

When the last man was in line, the chief coolie, turning to Frank, salaamed and said respectfully: "Twenty proper men hab got, sir. You wantchee get under way?"

"Yes," replied Frank, "as soon as you can."

A few orders from the comprador sent the crew to their posts, and, amid great splashing and shoving, the junk was backed out of the press of boats. Skirting the edges of the throng they

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turned toward an opening not before apparent. Entering this, they were soon gliding down stream again, through the more scattered portions of the floating village.

"They do their work well," remarked Frank, noting the regular beat of the sweeps as they rose and fell in the hands of the new crew, and vigorously urged the junk onward.

"Too well to please me!" growled Ben. "No picked up gang ever handled sweeps like that! Mind how they work together."

Frank could not but see the significance of this shrewd remark. For, despite their ragged and slovenly appearance, the men did everything with a precision and certainty which only long training together can give to a crew.

"Here comes a breeze, sir; just try them at the sails," was the mate's next suggestion. Frank gave the necessary orders. He kept a sharp lookout upon the sailors, and anxiously awaited the result. Gladly would he have seen them bungle over the work, but the result confirmed Ben's worst suspicions. Instead of rushing from the sweeps all together and scrambling for the rigging in a body, as a new crew would have done, one half remained at the oars, while a few cleared away the heavy yards and mat sails, and others stood by the halyards to sheet home and belay. Then, at a word from their leader, the sails were run up on both masts at once.

"Well done, old slim-shanks!" shouted Ben to the coolie, with pretended approval. "You've a smart set of fellows there!" But as he passed Frank he muttered: "It's all up with us, sir. They're old hands, just as I suspected. We'll have to fight afore long."

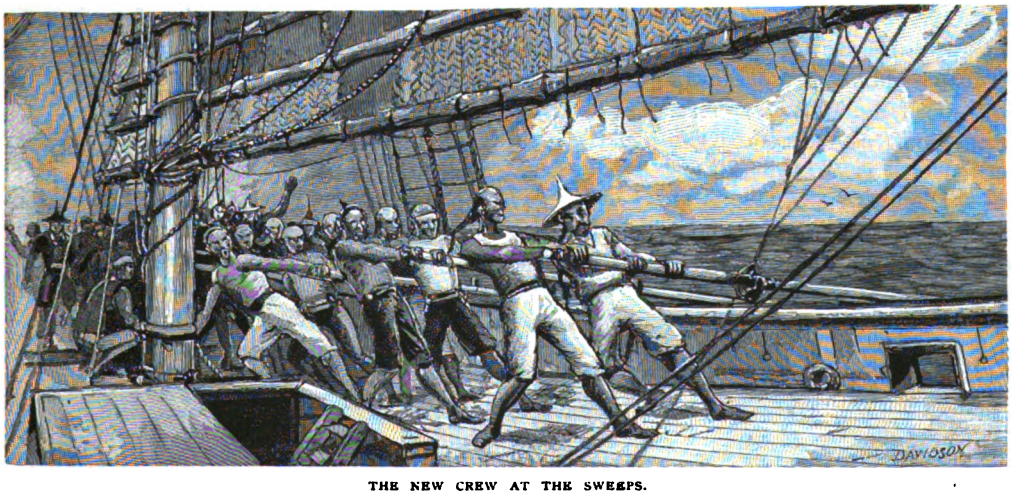
"But they won't dare do anything while we're here in the crowded river," responded Frank in a low tone.

"No, sir; not unless we let them see we suspect them. We must keep a sharp lookout for some ship on the way down, and get help if possible. If that chance fails us, we're gone, sure!"

Chapter III.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

The crew being now at liberty were lounging about the deck or lay sleeping in groups under the shadow of sail, deck-house, or mast; and a few gathered near the galley to eat the rations of rice and fish for tiffin.* Everything, so far as outward appearances went, denoted a calm and peaceful voyage with a good crew and a contented captain.



THE NEW CREW AT THE SWEEPS.

But, notwithstanding the apparent calm, old Ben's experienced eye read everything aright, and discovered pre-arranged treachery in spite of the cunning acting of the men. Well he knew that each one had concealed on his person some deadly weapon which he would not hesitate to use whenever occasion offered.

* Midday meal.

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The day wore on. The setting sun went down in a blaze of glory. The damp mist brooded on the river, and the yellow moon again rode high in the heavens, as the boat went gliding toward the ocean. No sign of a friendly vessel greeted the anxious eyes of the captain and mate, as they watched from the high after-deck; but numbers of the native river-craft passed them by, or were seen lying at anchor.

After the watches for the night had been set, a long conference was held in the cabin between the officers and the faithful members of the former crew.

"I don't fear much for to-night, sir," said Ben; "but two of us had better stand watch at a time; and as Mr. Austin and I are near dead for want of sleep, I think, Proddy, that you and one of the Malay boys had better take first watch. If anything unusual happens, just knock three times on the deck with the butt of your pistol."

An hour later silence reigned over the junk. The new crew lay stretched about the deck, seemingly buried in slumber, and the watch passed to and fro; while Frank, Ben, and Joe, exhausted by heat and fatigue, slept heavily in the cabin.

It was midnight when Proddy, turning drowsily at the end of his usual beat, missed his fellow watcher, the Malay; then suddenly a sound as of scuffling, a muttered curse in Chinese, and the ring of a steel blade striking on the deck startled him.

"Hello dere, for'ard! who 's making dat racket?" demanded Proddy. There was no answer. He stepped out from the shadow of the mast and saw a sight that would have terrified the bravest.

Not ten feet distant was the Malay, writhing in the grasp of a dozen men who had muffled his cries and were attempting to make away with him. For Proddy, to draw his revolver and open fire on the assassins was the work of an instant; but the pistol's flash revealed the crouching bodies of half a dozen more of the crew gliding stealthily along in the shadows on both sides, to cut off his own retreat.

Desperately firing his last shot at the foremost, Proddy bounded back through the cabin-door, shutting and barring it just in time to escape a shower of blows aimed at him by his pursuers.

"A narrow escape that, Proddy!" exclaimed Frank, as, aroused by the noises at the door, he sprang from the berth and went to the negro's side.

"Where 's Malay Charlie?"

Proddy hastily told what he had seen of the crew's treachery, the attack upon the watch, and Malay Charlie's fate. "Nothing to be done now but fight it out, and worse luck!" muttered Ben, who had joined Frank almost at once.

"Keep out of the range of that door, Mr. Frank; they may fire through it!"

For a few minutes blows continued to shake the door; but then the pounding ceased, and retreating footsteps were heard going toward the bow.

After an interval, a noise as of the trundling of some heavy body reached them, and stopped when the body had been pushed to the cabin-door. This sound was followed by the whispering of several voices outside.

Crouching on the cabin-floor, Joe put his ear to the door and listened for a moment. He drew back trembling as he explained to his companions that one of the guns must have been unspiked, and now had been placed ready to blow open the door. The gun was being loaded, as they knew from the sound of a rammer driving the charge home.

"Now 's our time!" whispered Frank excitedly, moving quickly to the breech of the cannon in the cabin; "let 's fire through the door!"

"No!" said Ben in a hurried whisper, seizing the young man's arm. "Cram yourselves into the corners, each side the door, and stand ready! Don't stir till after I fire!"

So saying he threw himself down behind the gun, lanyard in hand. Scarcely was he well sheltered behind the gun, than, with a blinding flash and thunderous roar, the door was splintered into a thousand fragments. The gun was loaded with powder only. Instantly the room filled with smoke.

Ben jumped to his feet and the carronade's answering report at once rang out through the shattered doorway, lighting up by its flash the mob of coolies as they pressed inward to enter the passage. The discharge tore a terrible lane through them, dashing a dozen to the deck.

For an instant the survivors of the carnage

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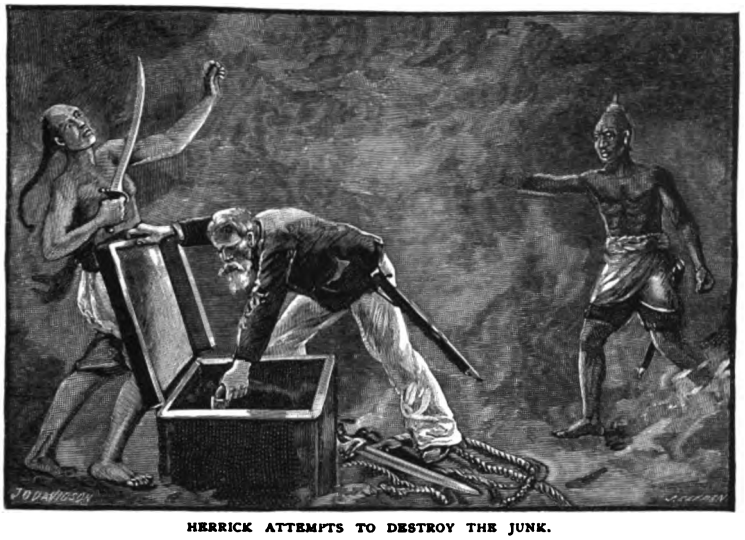

HERRICK ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE JUNK.

stood dismayed at the unexpected and terrible counter-attack. Then, recovering themselves, they pressed forward and with savage yells swarmed into the cabin.

Bravely were they met by those within. Shouts, cries, and pistol-shots mingled with the clashing of ringing steel blades, and a desperate fight ensued in the narrow room. But superior numbers gradually forced back Frank's little band, and hopelessly hemmed them in. At first nothing could be seen in the darkness, and only by sound could either party distinguish friend or foe; but presently one of the assailants lit a torch, the more easily to finish the dastardly work, and as he held it flaring aloft the hopelessness of the struggle was revealed to all. Kanaka Joe lay in one corner, apparently dead, with two coolies bending over him. Proddy, badly wounded, stood with his back to the wall, defending himself with one hand, while with the other he supported Frank, who had been disabled. One glance was sufficient to reveal all this to Herrick, and shouting "The cruise is up, Frank, my boy!" he charged through his assailants, bounded to the powder-chest and tearing open the top, ran the muzzle of his revolver deep into the powder intending to blow up the vessel.

(To be continued.)

THE PATHETIC BALLAD OF CLARINTHIA JANE LOUISA.

By Laura E. Richards.

(To be sung to the tune of "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister.")

This is Clarinthia Jane Louisa,
Holding her brother Ebenezer.
Here he sits on the post to please her.
Happy little two!

Dog came by with a growl and a grumble,
Made Clarinthia start and stumble;
Poor Ebenezer got a tumble.
Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

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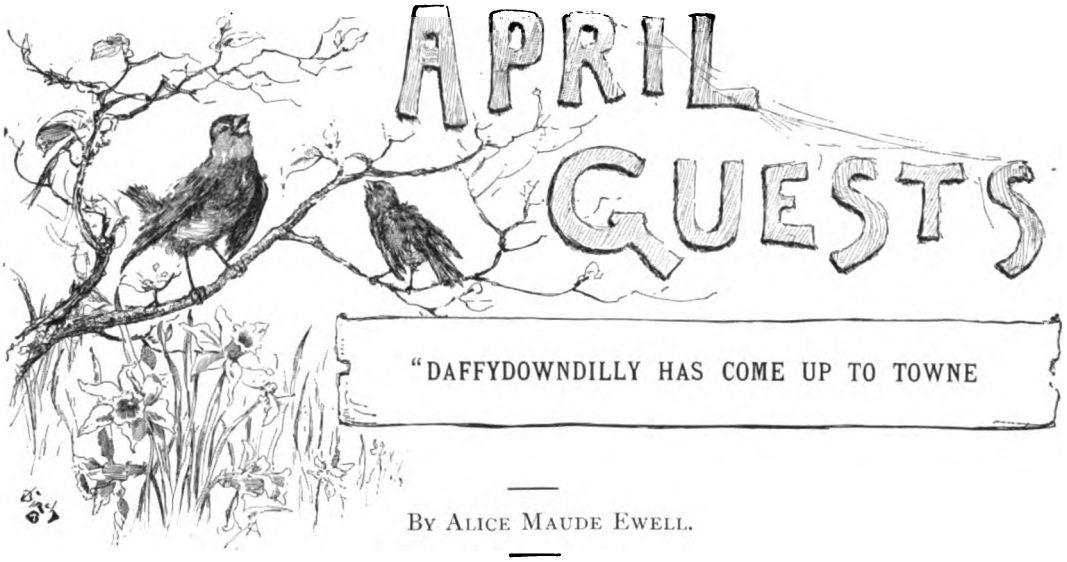

By Alice Maude Ewell.

"*Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne*
In a white Petticoate and a greene Gowne."

Daffydowndilly, ye Spring it is faire;
Gold 's on ye Tree toppes tall, gold 's in ye aire;
Over ye blue, blue Skye little clouds creep,
Idle as straying Lambs lost of Bo-Peepe;
Here 's little West-wind blythe, soft-stepping downe;
And Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.

Daffydowndilly, here's faire Companie,
Drest all soe lady-fine, welcoming Thee.
Here be Miss Violet, daintie and shye,
Dame Perrywinkle — frock blue as ye Skye;
Here the young Jonquille, abashed, looking downe
Since Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.

Here be ye Grasses all, thriftiest Folk,
Heeding not wind nor rain, smiling through Smoke.
E'en 'twixt ye cobblestones bravely they 're peeping,
E'en on ye Roof soe high they 're a-housekeeping;
All o'er our Plat they 've been greening ye browne
'Gainst Daffydowndilly should come up to Towne.

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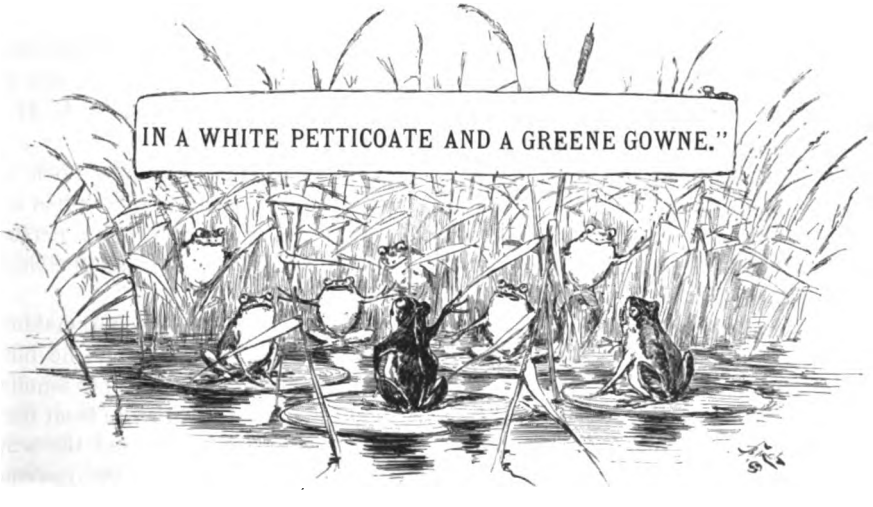
Daffydowndilly, brave Sights you shall see:
Wise Men of Gotham — most wonderfull
Three;
See Humpty-Dumpty; ye King and ye Queene.
She 's making tartest tartes ever were seen;

He 's counting his money; he 'll put on his
Crowne,
Now Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.

Sing, little Byrdies all! Sing, sing aloud,
Cock-Robin Red o' breast, valiant and proud!
Sweet Phebe Peewee, come, swell out your
throat!
Chirp, Dicky Sparrow, with livelyest note!
Chaunt all ye Frogs in ye Rushes soe browne!
For Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne.

"*Daffydowndilly has come up to Towne,*
In a white Petticoate and a greene Gowne."



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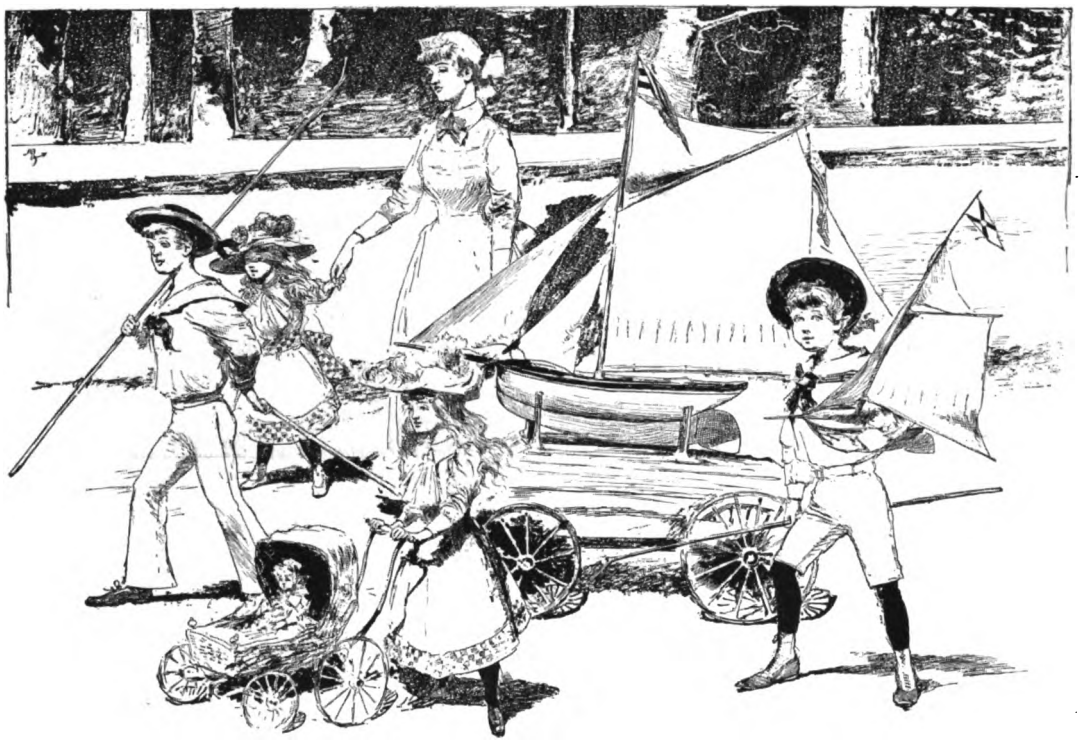

GOING TO THE POND IN CENTRAL PARK.

A LESSON IN HAPPINESS.

By W. J. Henderson.

One morning Eben Bonabben, the sage, said to his pupil Hafiz:

"My son, what would you be?"

"I would be rich and great," said Hafiz.

The sage shook his head and answered in a grave tone:

"It is very difficult to be either of these, and it is almost impossible to be both."

But Hafiz persisted in his desire and declared that at any rate the emperor was rich and great.

Then Eben Bonabben said:

"Let us go forth into the city that we may learn how these things are."

So saying, he took up his staff and led the way into the busy streets, Hafiz walking in expectancy by his side. Presently they came to a bookseller's, and Hafiz, looking at the shelves, exclaimed:

"Behold! Here is a new book written by Imam, the most delectable writer of our people. Surely, he is great, and I am persuaded that he must be very rich, for all the world praises him."

"Come, then," said Eben Bonabben, "let us go to the house of Imam, and he himself shall show us his riches, for he is my familiar friend."

And the sage turned aside from the principal avenue of the city and led the way down a humble side street, where the pavements were

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not of stone, and the children wore no sandals. And when they had gone a long distance, they paused before a small house, at the window of which sat an old man, bent double, writing rapidly.

"That," said Eben Bonabben to Hafiz, "is Imam. I shall address him. Ho, Imam!" he continued, lifting up his voice, "what do you there?"

And Imam, without raising his head, replied:

"I write, and write, and write."

"What write you?"

"Words, words, words. I arise early and retire late. And all the day, save when I go to the publishers, I write; and my soul is weary, but there is no rest."

"But are you not rich?"

"Yes, I have a wife and four children whom I love better than diamonds; and that I may not lose these riches I write, and write, and write, or they will perish of hunger."

"But to write is easy."

"Ten long years, Eben Bonabben, did I write before men would read. And in that time I read many hundreds of books in order that I might learn. And my brain was filled, but my stomach yearned for food."

"But surely you are a great man."

"Men tell me so; but I would rather be rich. Tell your pupil that if he would be rich, he must not write. Farewell."

And Hafiz perceived that Imam spoke the truth. Then Eben Bonabben led the way to the house of Abdul Kar, the wealthy merchant. It was yet early in the day, and Abdul Kar was just setting out for his warehouse.

"I pray you stay but a moment," said Eben Bonabben, "and tell my pupil whether you are rich and great."

"I have many thousands of money in my strong boxes," said Abdul; "but the Sacred College of Immortals laughs at me and says that I am an ignorant man who has nothing but money."

"Yet it is easy to get money."

"Is it, indeed? Truly, Eben Bonabben, you speak of what you know not. From early morn till late at night for twoscore years I have labored like a pack-mule of the mountains, and at last I am rich. And still must I labor early and late in order that I may keep my riches. And I may not enjoy them, but shall die and leave them to my heirs, who will quarrel over them. Farewell! I must hasten to my shop, or I shall be robbed by my salesmen."

And Hafiz perceived that Abdul Kar labored as hard to be rich as Imam did to be great, and that neither was satisfied. Then he said to Eben Bonabben:

"I have heard that Ahmed is a wonderful painter. Surely he is rich and great and his work is easy."

"Let us go to his house," said Eben Bonabben, leading the way once more.

Ahmed received them courteously in his studio, where he was at work. Hafiz admired the beautiful picture on the easel, and said:

"And will you paint another to-morrow?"

"No," replied Ahmed, "nor in a hundred to-morrows."

Hafiz did not understand, and Ahmed, perceiving his difficulty, continued:

"It is first necessary to make the picture here," and with that he laid his hand upon his heart; "and next, it must be made here," and he laid his hand upon his brain; "and next it must be made here," and he pointed with his left hand to his right hand.

"I will discover your meaning to my pupil," said Eben Bonabben. "First, you must have boundless love out of which the beautiful is conceived; second, you must have deep thought, by which the beautiful is defined; and third, you must have the trained hand, by which the beautiful is revealed. Do I speak rightly?"

"Like the sage that you are, Eben Bonabben," answered Ahmed. "But, for the training of the hand, the heart and the brain must be patient through years of irksome toil."

"But you are great," said Eben Bonabben.

"Men say so," answered Ahmed, bowing his head.

"And you are rich," said Eben Bonabben.

"In my art, yes. But horses and camels and oxen have I none, and of silver and gold I have sufficient for my wants, which are not many."

Then Eben Bonabben and Hafiz departed in silence. But presently Hafiz, regaining his courage, said:

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"There is yet one more man. There is Habib, who plays upon the strange instrument with many keys, and makes music which causes even the sultan to weep with joy. Surely, he is both rich and great."

So Eben Bonabben led the way to the house of Habib, which was in a much worse street than that of Imam. And again Eben Bonabben propounded the nature of their inquiry, whereat Habib tore his hair.

"Rich and great? I, alas! that am forced to teach the foolish and the frivolous and the stupid ten hours a day until their execrable performances have twisted my senses into a snarl that borders on lunacy, and then must sit down and practise four hours that I may not lose that skill which cost me six hours' labor a day for ten years to acquire! I rich and great!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh.

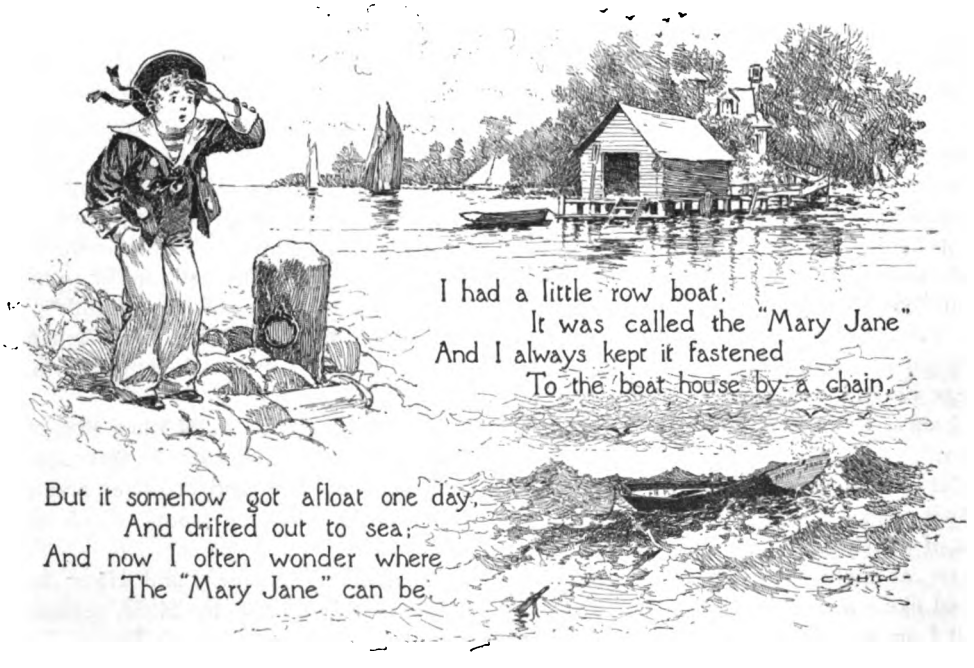
"But," cried Hafiz, alarmed by this outburst, "your four hours of labor are devoted to the performance of such music as never man heard before."

"Oh, ignorance!" cried Habib. "Listen; this is what I must practise."

And seating himself before his instrument, he played scales and exercises in dreary repetition till Hafiz, finding himself grow faint, threw up his hands in despair and rushed into the street, followed by the sage.

"Oh, Eben Bonabben!" he cried, "this is the worst of all. Now do I truly perceive that it is only by grievous labor that one can become great or rich, and that greatness does not bring riches, nor riches greatness. Tell me, I beseech you, how shall I live?"

"Thus," replied Eben Bonabben. "Do that work which is allotted to you in this world with all your heart and all your strength, and think naught of riches nor of greatness. For one must find happiness in one's work, and not in what it brings."



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THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXV.

TOBY'S SIGNBOARDS.

Toby Trafford had an exciting story to tell when he went home to supper; so many, and such unexpected, things had happened that afternoon.

His mother was surprised, and timidly doubtful as to the result of his undertaking; and of course Mildred had to indulge in some sisterly sarcasms at his expense. But they both were well pleased at the spirit he showed.

"You see," he said, "the risk is very little, only a coat of paint for the doctor's boat, which I can put on myself, and a good scrubbing for the other. Then, if I buy the boat of the man at the Springs, I am sure I can sell it again, if I wish to, for about the price he asks. I am only sorry I did n't begin a little earlier in the season, so as to have the thing now in full blast. There are a good many summer boarders in town already, and it will be full next week. And I believe I can scoop in some of the travel to the Springs."

"Be careful you don't get 'scooped in' yourself by the omnibus company," replied Mildred, "if you attempt to get away any of its patronage."

"The omnibus company is the railroad company," said Toby; "and it will be a short-sighted policy that can't see that my boats will help it more than they will hurt it, in the long run."

"Mr. Tazwell is one of the directors of the company," Mrs. Trafford remarked; "and starting the line of coaches was his pet scheme."

"P-h-e-w!" Toby whistled. "I had forgotten that. I 'll have my pet scheme, too, and set up an opposition. Why not? I have just as much right to run boats across the lake as anybody has to run stages around it. Is that Mrs. Patterson in the kitchen? I want to see her. Mrs. Patterson!" he called, through the half-open door. The mother of Yellow Jacket appeared. "Have you any objection, Mrs. Patterson, to my nailing to the corner of your fence, opposite the depot, an upright strip of wood, with a signboard on it, about so long and so wide?" Toby inquired, making measurements in the air with his hands, over the supper-table.

"Not the leastest mite of objection in the world," replied the easy-natured mother of the wasp-catcher.

"So that is settled," said Toby, after she had withdrawn. "Now, the next thing is the sign. Milly, you 're very clever at making printing letters. If I can get you to make some, with a pencil, on a board, then I can paint them as well as I did the name on the boat, and better, too, after that practice."

"Oh, I can't make letters large enough for that! I never did in my life," Milly protested.

"You can if you try. And you must. For this is a job I don't want to hire anybody to do." Toby rose from the table, in haste to execute his project. "I 've got a board; shall I bring it to the house, or will you come to the barn, where I shall do the painting?"

"Oh dear, Toby, I can't! If you are going into the sign-painting business, you must find another partner," she replied, petulantly.

He argued and entreated, and finally went to the barn to find the board he intended to use. This he took to a small work-bench, dressed it with a plane, divided it with a saw, and smoothed the edges; then chose one of the pieces, and, while waiting for Mildred, proceeded to try his own hand at outlining the letters.

Then came a light footstep behind him, and a musical laugh pealed forth.

"Oh, Toby!" said Milly; "who ever suspected you of being such an artist?"

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"I thought I was doing pretty well," replied Toby, poising his pencil to criticize his work.

"'Well' is no name for it; I never saw such original letters! That T looks as if it was just going to swing its hat and hurrah for the Fourth of July."

"How should it be, I 'd like to know? I thought I would surely get that right; so I laid it out with a pair of compasses."

"I thought so! What a bright idea! An O is generally oval; but of course you would n't do anything so commonplace as that. And why don't you finish your S? As it is, it looks like a water-melon rind, very badly warped."

Toby began to laugh with her.

"I thought, myself, it looked like a cat's tail curling both ways in a fit. What 's the matter with the A?"

"You must have laid that out with a square," said Milly. "The two rafters meet almost at right angles, and put one in a dreadfully anxious state of mind, for fear they may spread still more, and let the roof fall in. You must make the cross-piece of your A very firm and strong, to prevent such an accident."

"But, joking aside," said the artist of these extraordinary works, "what do you think of the entire word — BOATS? Should n't you say it was about the right size, and that there was enough room left for us to put under it FOR THE THREE SPRINGS in small letters. And here 's another idea. Why not have a hand pointing? Of course my work must be changed in places."

"'HOW SHOULD IT BE, I 'D LIKE TO KNOW?' ASKED TOBY."

"I was afraid I had got the T a little tipsy," Toby admitted.

"And the B; it 's a stroke of genius! Everybody else makes the lower loop of a B larger than the upper; but yours are as exactly alike as a pair of ox-bows."

"I took pains to make them just the same size; but I thought they did n't look quite right."

"There may be a prejudice in favor of the other style; but do let me stand here a minute and admire yours! And the O!" Milly exclaimed. "It is actually ROUND!"

"Don't change anything!" said Milly. "People will think you jumbled the letters on purpose, to convey an idea of boats tossed on the waves."

"But I don't want to convey that idea; I want to give an impression of smooth water, and a pleasant voyage. So, you see, Milly,

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you 'll have to help me out. In fact, I was only starting the thing, to show you how ridiculous it will be unless you draw the letters for me."

"What color are you going to have your background?" she inquired.

"I 'm not going to paint that at all; the plain board will look well enough, for one season. It 's a very simple thing, you see, Milly, if you 'll only take hold with me. Just try once, on the other piece of board."

"I shall have to carry it into the house, and work at it this evening," said Milly. "I did n't think I could do it well enough to suit you; but since I have seen—Oh, Toby!"

"All right! you may laugh," cried Toby gaily, hastening to pass a smoothing-plane over his own ludicrous lettering. "There! now you may as well take both boards; for I am going to have another sign at the wharf—BOATS TO LET. And oh, Milly!"

"What now?" said Milly.

"Don't forget about the hand. There 's to be a fist, you know, with one finger pointing down the street. So!" Toby illustrated.

"But I never can draw a hand."

"Yes, you can; you 'll think so, yourself, if you leave me to try first, as I did with the letters. I was going to clap my fist on the board, and mark around it. See?"

"What a head!" exclaimed Milly with ironic admiration.

"Why not?" said Toby. "I 'll be with you in a little while; and we 'll have lots of fun over it."

With a little laugh over her shoulder, Mildred carried the boards to the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW THE SCOW WAS PAID FOR.

"Now," said Toby, "I 've just got time to go and give the doctor's boat a good washing, before dark."

Providing himself with a pail and an old broom, a wash-cloth and a sponge, he went down to the wharf; where he was dashing water and scrubbing industriously, glad at heart, enjoying the lovely twilight and the beauty of the lake, without consciously noticing them, when Mr. Brunswick, the ice-man, passed down the street, on his way home from the village.

"Wal, Toby!" he said, stopping at the wharf, and giving the boy one of his broadest smiles, "what ye go'n' to do with so many boats?"

"I am going to keep 'em to let," said Toby, "as long as I 've no other business."

"That ain't a bad idee! You 've left the store, Bob says. That wa' n't a bad idee, nuther. 'T wa' n't no place for you, Toby. I thought you 'd find it out."

"Yes, I found it out." Toby, in his rubber boots, and with his arms bare, stood beside the boat he was cleansing, and frankly addressed the ice-man. "I was going over to see you, Mr. Brunswick, soon as this work was done."

"Ye want to borry more scows?" grinned the ice-man.

"Not yet. I wanted to speak to you about the one I did borrow. The pay for it."

"The pay for it?" Mr. Brunswick appeared as if he did n't quite understand.

"If you are in a hurry for the money," said Toby, "I can get it for you pretty soon, I think; a friend has offered to lend it to me. But it will suit me better if you can wait till I earn it."

"That 's the right sort of talk, Toby!" The elder Bob smiled benevolently. "I like to see a young chap, or any chap, toe the mark when he 's got an obligation to meet. But if you thought for a minute I ever meant to make *you* pay for that loss,—a boy like you!—you 're as much mistaken as if you 'd kicked your grandfather."

"I don't just know how much mistaken that would be," replied Toby. "But I told you from the first I would pay for the scow, if nobody else did. And I am going to do it."

"And *I* thought," said the ice-man, "if Tazwell did n't pay, that would place me in a mean sort of pickle. For I could n't let you do it. To be sure, you borryed it; but 't wa' n't no fault of yourn that it got set fire to. You did just as I 'd 'ave done."

"It 's very generous in you to say that!" Toby exclaimed gratefully.

"Mabby 't wa' n't the most prudent thing," Mr. Brunswick went on. "But if that whelp of a Tom

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had set out to strike a match on a boat-load of hay when *I* 'd be'n there, I 'd 'ave flung fust his matches overboard, and then him too, like another Jonah."

He took an envelope from his pocket, and drew out a piece of paper, which he unfolded.

"Now, I 'm happy to say the thing is settled."

"Settled! How so?" cried Toby.

"I guess Tazwell is beginnin' to take about the same view of the matter I do. Jest read that."

He passed the billet to Toby, who read in the greatest astonishment:

DEAR SIR: I take pleasure in handing you my check for twenty dollars, which I hear is the amount of damages you claim for the loss of your boat, burned in the transportation of my hay. Respectfully,

THOMAS TAZWELL.

Toby looked up, speechless and incredulous.

"And the check?" he said.

"Oh, I've got that safe," chuckled the ice-man, tapping his pocket. "I wonder what brought him to terms? For I heard of his sayin' on the street that I might whistle for my money. Mad at somethin' I had said, I suppose."

"After his talk with me, I did n't believe he would do it!" Toby exclaimed. "I shall think better of him now."

"I don't know but I will, and I don't know *as* I will," said the ice-man, with a smile skirmishing around the corners of his mouth. "You can't be sure what his motive was. But I guess th' ain't nothin' the matter with the check!"

"There 's a great deal of real good-nature in people, spite of all the meanness we see and hear of," Toby mused when once more left alone.

He was not thinking of the act of justice his own conduct had probably shamed Mr. Tazwell into performing in this unexpected way. But Mr. Brunswick's sympathizing words were still warm in his breast; and he remembered Dr. Patty's kindness, and all that Mr. Allerton was doing for him, out of pure good-will. And his heart overflowed with gratitude that there were such good men in the world.

The twilight deepened, and the young moon glimmered, reflected in the dancing ripples of the lake, when Toby turned his back upon his finished task and walked up the road, carrying his pail and broom.

He was impatient to see how Milly was getting on with the lettering of the sign; and was delighted to find how well she was doing the work.

"I declare, Milly!" he said, "it 's just as well done as any sign-painter could do it. Is n't it, Mother?"

Mrs. Trafford, who sat by the table with her sewing, watching her children with motherly interest, thought it very promising.

"Now, if I can put on the paint without overrunning the lines, it will be just perfect," said Toby.

"I suppose you 'll spoil it with your daubing," said Mildred gaily. "Now, about the index; that is going to be the bother."

She held the board before her, examining her lines in the lamplight.

"Why, no! Do as I said," cried Toby. He laid his fist against it, for her to mark around. "There you have it!"

"How can I mark around anything that does n't lie flat on the surface?" Milly asked. "It is n't enough, Toby, that you are rather flat yourself; your fist is too bunchy. Come! I 've a better idea than that."

She placed the board against a pile of books, at one end of the table, and set the lamp at the other; then made Toby hold his hand, with thumb raised and forefinger outstretched, where the shadow from it would fall in the right place, on a corner of the sign.

"But, don't move; if you do, you will spoil it."

"Then let me rest my elbow somewhere," he said, reaching for a chair. "Now go ahead!"

With one knee on a cricket, and his arm on the back of the chair, he pointed as if his finger and thumb had been a cocked pistol, aimed at his mother's work-bag. The silhouette cast on the board was perfect; and Milly leaning across from the other side of the table, where she could work without being in her own light, made haste to pencil the outline.

Toby wanted to get his cup of black paint and begin filling in the letters that night; but with a smile, Mrs. Trafford pointed at the clock.

"Yes, I know!" he said, yielding reluctant

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obedience. "I must go to bed. But I shall be up at daylight in the morning."

Chapter XXVII.

WHAT TOBY SAW THROUGH A GLASS.

The next day, Toby had his own boat and the Whitehall boat ready for patrons, who, however, did not appear. He soon began to think they never would appear.

True, the signboards were not yet mounted; but in the first flush of hope, he had seemed to expect that an appreciative public would get word of his enterprise without them, and flock to its support. How often, he remembered, in seasons past, boats to let had been inquired for when there were none; and now that they were provided, no one seemed to care for them.

Milly had outlined the letters of the second sign, "Boats to Let," and he had painted both signs in the morning. He had begun them before breakfast, and finished them roughly by the middle of the forenoon.

It was a more trying and toilsome task than the painting of the name of the "Milly." The angles of the smaller letters, and the finger and thumb of the hand, gave him especial trouble. Where the lines were straight, he sometimes used strips of tin as a foil to his brush; but as often flung them away, thinking he could do better without them. It was fortunate the backgrounds were unpainted; his daubs could afterward be erased from the plain board.

The color dried rapidly on the soft pine; and in the afternoon he went to work again, trimming and scraping, with sandpaper and knife and bits of glass. Sometimes he stopped to talk with Milly, who came into the barn now and then, to give him the benefit of her criticisms. And all the while he kept an eye out for possible patrons coming to his wharf.

"THE SILHOUETTE WAS PERFECT."

Once, when gazing from the open door, he noticed something of interest taking place on the lake. Yellow Jacket's boat, containing Yellow Jacket and three companions, put out from the shore at the foot of Tazwell's lane, and

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rowed to the scene of the burning of the scow. There it paddled about in an uncertain sort of way, or lay adrift on the tranquil water, while Toby could see all heads bowed over the sides, as if peering into the depths below.

"It is Tom, looking for his rifle," he said, talking aloud to himself, as boys, and even men, sometimes will.

Tom had seemed to be quite indifferent to the recovery of his gun, while negotiating for Aleck's. Toby inferred that that trade had fallen through.

"It's Aleck with him, and Butter Ball, and that is Yellow Jacket throwing off his clothes. He is going to dive!"

Toby ran into the house and brought out his mother's opera-glass. Yellow Jacket had not yet made a plunge. He was in the water, however, bobbing his head under now and then, and holding his face submerged, as if to get a better view of the bottom of the lake than was possible with his eyes above the reflecting surface.

"They are too early in the day," said Toby, observing every movement through his glass. "They can see better after the sun gets off the water. Besides," lowering his glass and measuring distances with his naked eye, "they are not within five or six rods of the spot where Tom threw his gun overboard. I could tell them that."

Tom himself seemed to think so; for Toby could see him pointing in the right direction. Yellow Jacket climbed into the boat and stationed himself at the bow, while it slowly moved farther up the lake. He put up his hand. The oars were poised; the ripples subsided; all heads once more bowed over the sides.

"They are not in the right place yet," said Toby; "they are too far in toward the cove. I steered that scow, and I know just the course it took. Ah! there goes Yellow Jacket!"

Yellow Jacket stood up on the bow — a fine model for a statue of a diver — his wet hair pushed backward, his hands thrown upward and forward, and the palms pressed together. He poised himself a moment, then made a magnificent curving leap. His heels went up, his head went down, following his hands, which cut the wave; there was a silvery splash in the sunshine, and he had disappeared. A very pretty sight through Toby's glass.

He was gone about a minute — and a minute seems a long while, not only to a diver, but to spectators waiting to see him come up. Would he find the gun? And even if he did, would he be able to bring it to the surface? His companions in the boat could hardly have been more interested in the result than was Toby, standing in the barn-door with his glass.

The rings of ripples from the plunge had reached the shore of the cove on one side, and spread far out across the lake on the other; the water was still again all about the boat, and the boys in it were shading their eyes, looking down intently to discover the diver, when his dripping head came quietly to the surface two or three rods away.

Toby saw it before they did. Yellow Jacket tossed back his wet hair, shook the little streams of water from his face, and threw up his empty hands.

"No gun!" said Toby, with a laugh. The voices of the diver and his companions came to him across the lake. Yellow Jacket climbed back into the boat, and in a little while dove again in another place. Toby watched to see him emerge once more empty-handed, then resumed his work.

He looked out occasionally and saw that Yellow Jacket, after diving two or three times with no better success, finally put on his clothes.

"They have given it up, for the present at any rate," Toby said. Then, as the boat, instead of returning, moved off up the lake: "They will come back and try again after the sun gets behind the trees."

He was leaning over a signboard which he had set aslant on the work-bench, when somebody stepped across the threshold behind him. As he had both hands occupied, one holding a strip of tin over a letter to protect it, while the other scraped some smears from the edge of it, he could n't conveniently look around. But he had no doubt the comer was Milly.

"What have you got to say now?" he asked. "Some disagreeable fault-finding, of course! Well! look, and be as saucy as you can!"

So saying, he drew back to let his finished letters be seen.

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"I have no occasion to be saucy or disagreeable," said a very different voice from the one he had expected to hear.

"Mr. Allerton!" he exclaimed, in consternation. "I beg ten thousand hundred million pardons!"

"For what?" said the schoolmaster quietly.

"For my blunder! For speaking so to you," replied the stammering and blushing Toby. "I — I thought it was — somebody else!"

"Then ask pardon of that somebody else, not of me," said Mr. Allerton with a smile.

Chapter XXVIII.

"Strive, my boy! strive!"

"As for the fault-finding," the schoolmaster continued, cutting short Toby's awkward apologies. "I have scarcely any to offer. I would n't have believed you could design the letters so well. You really have talent, Tobias!"

"It is n't my talent, I am sorry to say," the boy replied; "it 's my sister Mildred's. She drew the letters, and I have been doing all I could to spoil them with my daubing."

"Indeed, you have n't spoiled them, by any means. After a little touching up they will look very well. The signs won't be ready for mounting till to-morrow, I suppose. For that reason would n't this afternoon be the best time to row across to the Springs and look at that other boat?"

"Perhaps — but —," said Toby, doubtfully, "I 've been thinking the thing over, and wondering whether it would n't be better for me to see what I can do with the boats I have, before getting any more."

"That 's a prudent consideration," replied the schoolmaster.

"The whole thing may turn out to be a miserable failure," said Toby.

"To be sure; quite possible," Mr. Allerton admitted, arranging his mat of hair, while he fanned his face with his hat.

That was not the sort of answer to his doubts Toby had hoped to hear.

"I don't think I ought to risk very much to begin with."

"I certainly should n't advise you to," said the schoolmaster.

"I don't see how I am to get that other boat," Toby went on, more and more needing encouragement, "without paying for it, and I don't want to borrow the money, even of you."

"Quite right; it is a wise conclusion," said Mr. Allerton. "But I have an idea of my own about that. If it is such a boat as you describe, I think I will buy it for my own use, get you to take care of it at your wharf, and give you the letting of it, when you have a chance, to pay you for your trouble."

"Oh, Mr. Allerton! you are too generous!" Toby exclaimed. "I shall be only too glad to take care of it for you without any pay."

"We will arrange that. If it is a good row-boat, and also carries a sail well, it is just what I would like, and I 've no doubt you will find a use for it."

"I hated to give up that sail!" said Toby, with rising enthusiasm.

"And now," resumed the teacher, "if you have no objection, we will take a leisurely pull up the lake and look at the craft."

Toby was delighted. He hastened to put on his coat and get a pair of oars.

"I am going to make a long box, that I can lock up all my oars in, at the wharf," he said, as they started off. "I shall have plenty of leisure, while waiting for customers. Too much leisure, I am afraid," he added with a laugh.

"That is the great danger of an occupation of that sort," Mr. Allerton replied. "It may lead to lazy habits. You must guard against those."

"But how can I?" Toby asked. "If I attend to my business, I must spend much of my time waiting."

"To be sure. But you can always have something to take up your mind, and fill an odd quarter of an hour. There is nothing better for that purpose than a good book. Continue some of the studies you were obliged to break off when you left school. Read history, biography, a good magazine; you will find even a popular work on astronomy or geology extremely interesting. You can be storing your mind and picking up bits of information which will be of more value to you than all the money you will make with your boats. Few people are aware how much useful knowledge can be

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acquired in the course of a year merely by taking advantage of the leisure moments that might otherwise be wasted. When I was of your age I took up Latin for my own mental satisfaction, and, by giving an hour a day to it, read all of Virgil before I ever had a Latin teacher."

"Oh, I never could do that!" Toby exclaimed.

"Perhaps not. And it is n't everybody I would advise to undertake it: though a knowledge, even a slight knowledge, of some other language, like Latin, or French, or German, is a wonderful aid in teaching us the laws and analogies of our own. The commonest words we use are full of curious interest. What is that little animal running on the fence?" Mr. Allerton suddenly asked.

"A red squirrel," said Toby.

"Take that word 'red,'" continued the schoolmaster. "It comes to us directly from the Anglo-Saxon, which forms the skeleton, so to speak, of our English; but it is a root which can be traced in many other languages, thus showing that they are all related to one another, and to some language probably older than any. And the word 'squirrel'; what do you think it means?"

"It means a saucy little fellow that steals chestnuts and sweet apples, and sometimes destroys bird's eggs," replied Toby, laughing.

"But the word itself — you have used it hundreds of times, and never suspected that it is from two Greek words, signifying 'shade-tail.' You will never forget that."

"No; it so exactly describes the thing! 'shade-tail!'" Toby repeated, watching the squirrel at that moment clinging to the stem of a tree, with its tail rolled over its back.

"How many words would be just as interesting if we could get at their original meaning!" Mr. Allerton went on. "Of very many we can. What is that bird on the elm-boughs?"

"An oriole; fire-breasted hang-bird, some people call it, from the color of its breast, and the way it hangs its nest in the tall trees," said Toby. "Another name for it is the golden robin."

"All good names," said the schoolmaster. "The last means nearly the same as the first. 'Oriole' is a modification of the Latin *aureola*, from *aurum*, gold. It comes to us through the French. 'Aureole,' the halo of golden light with which painters enrich the heads of saints, is the same word, with a different application. Then we have 'auriferous,' gold-bearing, as 'auriferous quartz,' from *aurum* and *fero*. From the root of *fero*, to bear, we have a great many words — 'prefer,' to bear before; 'differ,' to bear asunder; and so forth. There's no end to these derivations and analogies. What is that boy carrying on his shoulder?"

"We call that a 'bat,'" said Toby.

"It is for 'striking' a ball," said his friend. "The word 'bat' is from the same root as the word 'beat' which is Anglo-Saxon; but undoubtedly related to the French *battre*, to beat, which comes from the Latin. From these we have two families of words, which we may call second cousins. You 'batter' a wall. A cook makes a 'batter' by beating up ingredients. Opposing forces meet, and there is a 'battle.' Hence also 'battalion,' 'battledore,' 'battue' (a beating of the bushes for game), 'combat,' and so on indefinitely. It is useful to know enough of Latin merely to understand the force of the prefixes with which it has fairly peppered and salted our language."

"I believe I must learn a little Latin — if only a little," said Toby.

"I shall be only too glad to direct you in that or any other study," Mr. Allerton replied. "To say nothing of what may come of it in the future, you will be a great deal happier to have your time and your thoughts occupied when business is slack. Don't settle down into a contented idler. Don't drift; set a sail of some sort. Have a port in view, and steer for it, even if you never reach it. Strive, my boy! strive!" he said, with each word giving Toby a light, quick tap on the shoulder.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.

THEY were standing on the wharf. Toby had his boat alongside, holding it with an oar, which he used in pushing it off, after they had stepped aboard.

Mr. Allerton insisted on rowing; and Toby, reluctantly consenting, took the tiller. Mr.

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Allerton laid aside his coat, which he folded carefully, and placed in the bow, with his hat. Then he arranged his little twist of blond hair, and tied a handkerchief on his head. Seating himself with his back to the afternoon sun, he adjusted the oars to the rowlocks, and pulled with even, steady strokes, like a man who — as Toby suggested — had seen a boat before.

Toby described the scene on the lake which he had witnessed that afternoon; and said he would like just for the fun of the thing to steer to the spot where he thought Yellow Jacket ought to have dived for the gun.

"Now, slow, if you please, Mr. Allerton!" he said, leaning forward with one hand on the tiller, and the other resting on the rail. "We are on the right course; and it is just ahead. Oh, don't I remember this spot, off the broad cove, and what happened here, once upon a time! There! hold your oars, if you please! Now back water!"

He took a careful survey of the surroundings, the deep indentation of the cove, the cattails growing by the shore, the trees on the banks, the ice-house across the lake, and other landmarks; and declared his belief that they were within two or three rods of the very place where the boat-load of hay was discovered to be on fire.

"It was very soon after that," he said, "that Tom threw his gun and his dog overboard, and went over himself after them. I laugh whenever I think of it! Though I did n't see much to laugh at, at the time."

He knelt in the bottom of the boat, with his head bent low over the side.

"It 's a good day to look for things on the bottom," he said; "Tom and Yellow Jacket could n't have chosen a better. The water is so still and clear; there has been no storm lately to stir it up. Now, if the boat will stop rocking and making ripples!"

"But it is n't a very clean bottom," said Mr. Allerton, with his head also bent over the shady side of the boat. "All I can see is the reflection of my own face, with the handkerchief on my head."

"If it was a gravelly bottom, it would be easy enough to find anything," said Toby; "for the water here is n't more than fifteen feet deep. I have measured it with a fish-line many a time. It 's a muddy bottom, so near the color of the gun that I don't believe Tom or anybody else will ever see it again."

"He might dredge for it," said Mr. Allerton. "If it was my gun, I would get a long-toothed iron rake, lengthen the handle by lashing some sort of pole to it, and rake till I found it. But it seems as if we ought to see it, if it is here. I believe I can distinguish the bottom; a brown mud, with the sunshine on it."

"I see that," Toby replied. "And — oh!" he suddenly exclaimed, — "off here at your right, Mr. Allerton!"

"Something lighter-colored than the mud?" said the schoolmaster. "I believe you are right!"

"But what can it be?" said Toby. "It does n't look like any part of the barrel or stock of a rifle. It looks like the butt-end!"

"That 's just what it is!" Mr. Allerton exclaimed. "The gun evidently went down muzzle foremost, and it is sticking up in the mud. In the last position I should have thought of looking for it!"

"It is clear as anything to me, now you explain it," Toby declared. "I can see a part of the stock, where it slants down into the mud. It is a very soft bottom all along here; nearer the shore you can thrust a fish-pole into it six or eight feet, with the slightest pressure."

"I believe, if we had a very simple arrangement, we could fish up that gun, by getting a line around it. We have n't anything, have we?" Mr. Allerton inquired.

"I have nothing but a fish-line," said Toby. "We might borrow one of Mr. Brunswick's long-handled ice-hooks, and get it up with that; if I cared to do Tom Tazwell a good turn," he added, as if suddenly losing his interest.

"Don't you care to?" Mr. Allerton asked.

"I don't know why I should!" said Toby, with gloomy recollections of his wrongs.

"You ought to find satisfaction in doing him a good turn," replied the schoolmaster. "Did you ever think seriously of what a certain book says of returning good for evil?"

Toby remained silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

"We have been lucky in hitting the exact

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spot; if we row away without leaving some mark, it may not be easy to find it again. I 've an idea."

"What is it?"

"If I could get at the locker here, at the stern, without rocking the boat — see how easy it rocks! Never mind; it will have a chance to get still again."

Toby took from the locker a pair of galvanized iron rowlocks.

"We can fasten an end of my fish-line to one of these," he said, "drop it down beside the gun, and leave a float tied to the other end. Then if we meet Tom — for he went off up the lake with the other boys — I can tell him where he will find his rifle."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Allerton.

And they proceeded to carry out Toby's plan. When the surface of the lake became once more quiet, the rowlock was let down carefully until it rested on the bottom, plainly visible, within two or three feet of the gun. For a float, Toby used the cork the fish-line had been wound upon, making it fast by the fish-hook at the end. When he dropped it on the water, he was pleased to see that no part of the line was left visible at the surface. It looked like an old cork adrift, and nothing more.

Then they rowed away, up the lake.

"There 's the little strip of meadow where we got the hay we burned up," said Toby, after they had passed the field of cattails by the shore. "That belongs to Mr. Tazwell. Our lakeside lot is just around that point of rocks."

"Do you own a lot up here?" the schoolmaster inquired.

"My mother does; twenty-five acres. It runs up to the road. Did n't I ever tell you how we came by it? Mr. Tazwell turned over to her, in place of money he owed her, a mortgage that had to be foreclosed. It 's a pretty lot," said Toby; "but there 's no sale for it, and all she gets out of it is a few dollars that are paid for the sheep and cows that are pastured on it. Hallo!"

He heard the distant crack of a rifle, and listened till it was repeated.

"That 's Aleck Stevens's gun," he said; "I believe the boys are up on our lot. I hope they 'll leave the swallows alone!"

"The swallows?" queried the schoolmaster.

"We have on our lot," said Toby, "a real curiosity, — an immense hollow tree inhabited by swallows. There are hundreds of them; I might say thousands. It is n't far up from the lake; you ought to see it."

"That 's just what I should like to do," said Mr. Allerton.

"It 's an old chestnut-tree; the largest I ever saw," said Toby. "The best time to see it is after sunset, when the swallows are returning to their nests. They come in a perfect cloud; they circle round and round, fly off, wheel, come back, then one by one — sometimes a stream of them in quick succession — throw up their wings, fluttering and chippering, and drop into the top of the trunk, as if it was a chimney. But sometimes," Toby added, "mischievous boys find their pleasure in firing stones at the birds."

The reports of the rifle were repeated.

"I hope those fellows are not shooting at anything but a mark!" said Toby. "There 's Yellow Jacket's boat hauled up by the shore. I 'll run mine in alongside it."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WAS IT?

By Caroline Evans.

It happened one morning a wee baby girl
Discovered what seemed like a cunning, white pearl.
But when her friends hastened to see the fine sight,
She closed its small casket and locked it up tight.

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MY MICROSCOPE.

By Mary V. Worstell.

When first I owned my beautiful microscope I made a great blunder. I had some pond water to examine, and when I found anything peculiar in it — for instance, a body without a head but with six horns in place of a head — I would cry, "Oh, do come *quick*, and see this curious creature! It has six horns where its head ought to be — and — look, now each horn is growing so long you have to move the slide to find the ends." Then they would come crowding around, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and by the time they finished peering through the brass tube, the elastic creature had betaken himself to pastures new. But tiny as these pastures were — an acorn's cup would hold dozens — it was no easy matter to find again my little runaway friend.

Then I tried a new plan. When I found anything new and curious — and this often happened — I would keep as still as possible, watching carefully every movement, and noting the form, so that I could afterward look out its name and learn its peculiarities. But my sagacious family soon discovered the ruse. If I remained quietly observant for five minutes at a time, some one would say: "You 're very much too quiet. What have you captured now? Let *me* see."

I write this to show that though the path of the microscopist is strewn with roses, still a protruding thorn will now and then be felt.

Another drawback to the study of microscopy is the disproportionately long names employed for the tiniest creatures. It is a wonder how one so small that with the naked eye you cannot see it at all, should survive such a name as *Stephanoceros eichornii*. But it does. The name does n't cause the creature half as much trouble, apparently, as it causes me.

Let me tell you of some of the wonderful things I have seen. Once I put a little hay in a tumbler, covered it with water, and set the glass in a warm place for a day or two. Then, with a medicine-dropper, I put a drop of the water on a glass slip, covered it with a very thin glass wafer the size of a cent, placed it under my microscope, adjusted the focus, and what a sight met my eyes! Dozens and dozens of what looked like animated drops of jelly were darting here and there, bumping against one another, or dodging one another like school-boys at recess. Perhaps, among the crowd of smaller ones would dash a much bigger fellow. I fancied it might be a big brother, older than the others by some hours, and so entitled to the deference he seemed to exact. Then, in another part of the drop of water, the little ones formed almost a circle, and presently in the center of this came a big fellow — he must have been at least $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch long — who began revolving slowly. "P. T. Barnum," I thought to myself. "That is exactly the way I have seen him address an audience surrounding a circus ring." But I can never know what he told the small ones, for not even the "little ghost of an inaudible squeak" reached my ears. Besides these little creatures, I could see what looked like dark specks darting about. Determined to find out what these were, I used a stronger magnifying glass, and looking through it the specks proved to be other little swimmers such as I had just been examining, and the latter, of course, seemed larger. But now there were still other specks darting about, so a still stronger glass was used, with the same result. Magnify as I might, I could not reach a point where there were not some moving atoms needing further magnifying. I have since learned that no glass has ever been made powerful enough to reveal the tiniest of these "*infusoria*," as they are called.

Among these same little creatures I once had the luck to find an "*amœba*." This I can liken to nothing but a tiny bit of thin jelly. A sort of arm is pushed out and then the rest of the

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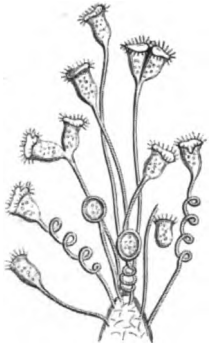
body draws up into the arm, until it is again without any definite form. Then another arm-like protuberance appears, perhaps on an entirely different side, and the pulling-up process is repeated. This is the way my amœba gets from place to place, and, all things considered, it makes pretty good speed. In springtime these little creatures may be found in great numbers on the under sides of lily-pads.

Among the most beautiful of pond-water animals are the *vorticellidæ*. One of them might almost pass for a tiny, single blossom of the lily-of-the-valley, with a thread attached to it. By this thread it is usually anchored to the leaf of some water-plant. Every few seconds, or minutes, the vorticella will close up into a ball, and quickly sink to the leaf. In a moment it begins slowly swaying upward, the thread in a spiral shape until the flower reaches the end of its tether, when it straightens. Then the cup-shaped flower opens and a row of tiny hairs around the edge of the flower begin thrashing the water with all their little might, to draw into the flower morsels of nourishment which the water contains. This is the usual way of feeding among these little creatures. Sometimes a single one is found sailing through the water and you have to move the glass slide around very deftly to keep it in view; for these same little hairs that secure the food act as oars also. Once I was fortunate enough to find a perfect colony of vorticellæ, thirty-six of them, in a single drop of water, and all swaying up and down almost as if some microscopical minuet were in progress.



CLUSTER OF VORTICELLÆ.

Now, suppose these were large enough for great, awkward human beings to handle, and suppose one were to fasten together several dozens of them by the ends of their thread-like supports, till the mass looked like a wheel of vorticellæ, would it not be a most beautiful sight? There is just such a wonderful little creature as would be thus formed; twice I have seen it. Its name is *conochilus*.

If in pond water you should find, revolving slowly, some round balls of the loveliest green color, and covered with a delicate network, you may read about them in any book on microscopy, under the heading Volvox. Inside may be seen smaller balls of the same kind. By and by the big ball will break open and free the little ones, each of which will then grow and grow, until in due time it will break open too, and still newer balls begin their roving lives. Wherever two meshes of the confining net cross, are two hairs, so small that they are altogether invisible except under a very powerful microscope. These hairs, like those on the vorticellæ, are used in securing food and in moving about. Volvox, however, is classified as a plant and not as an animal.

I must not forget my friend the water-bear. He is such a comical, clumsy fellow. He goes slowly about on his eight little feet, poking and plodding among the minute water-plants, always sure of finding something good to eat. He is the very embodiment of indolent content. Yet for all he seems so satisfied with his lot in life, his personal appearance is not always pleasing to himself; for at intervals he slips bodily out of his skin, and appears in an entirely new suit, though I must confess the general style of the cast-off dress is retained. Instead of throwing the old suit aside, as certain bigger and clumsier creatures do, he gets out of it so deftly that it stands upright and complete, even to his four pairs of shoes.

When the mother bear slips out of her old dress, she leaves some eggs in it. In a few days these hatch and some baby bears begin swimming around in the cast-off skin. But only for a short time. They soon find their way to the feeding-grounds, and at once begin climbing slowly about, and seem as much at home as are their parents.

But not all that is interesting for the microscope is found in pond water. Look at these scales from a butterfly's wing. Each is oblong, and at one end are projections almost like the fingers on a glove — only these "fingers" are usually slender, though sometimes you will find them blunt and short. In summer it is easy to secure the scales. Catch a butterfly or moth, give its wing a gentle brush, and you will have

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dozens; but in doing so, "use him as though you loved him," as good Izaak Walton says.

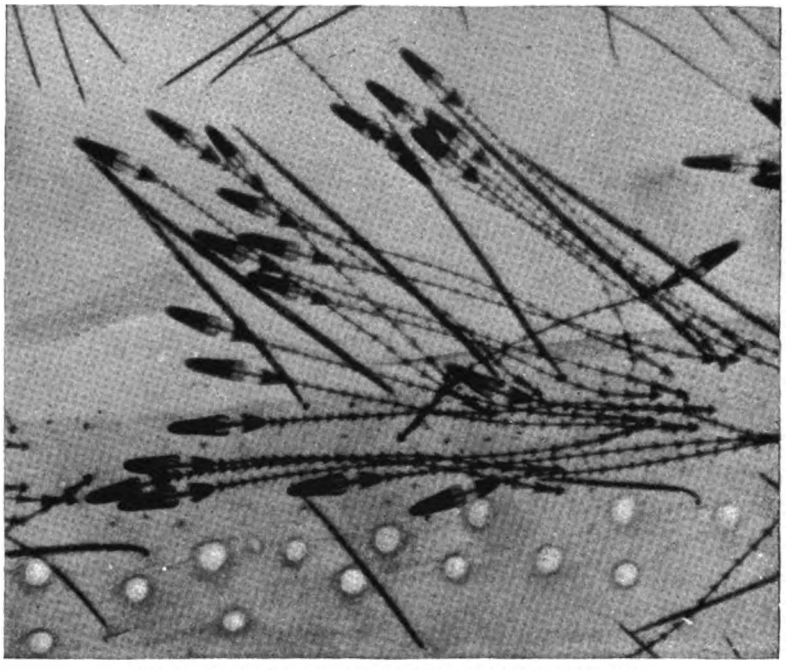
Look at the little brown fan on this slide. But did you ever see the fan of a lady, made of so wonderful a fabric? Titania herself might be proud to own this charming plaything, and truly it is worthy of her. In reality it is nothing more nor less than an antenna of the cockchafer, or May-bug.

This piece of something that looks like honeycomb we will examine next. It seems rather uninteresting, does it not? Hardly, when I tell you that each one of those dozens and hundreds of hexagonal sections contains an eye; and an insect so small as the common fly finds a pair of these eyes very desirable. This must be the reason that one so seldom can capture a fly, even by a cautious flank movement. For what chance has a creature with only two eyes, against an insect with so many more eyes than Argus himself?

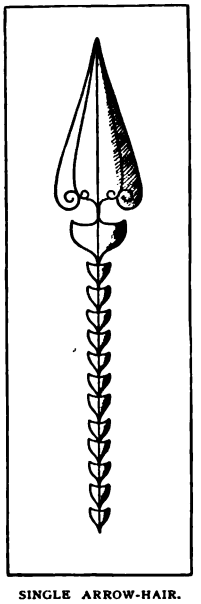
On the next slide we may see a labyrinth very much more complicated than the Cretan maze in which Theseus found himself when he started out so pluckily to kill the Minotaur. This is a bit of common sponge, so small that it can hardly be discerned by the naked eye.

Few who have collections of butterflies ever suspect what a marvelous little creature is to be found preying upon these gorgeous and beautiful insects. There is a small beetle who rejoices in a name several sizes too large for him. He is called *Attagenus pellio.* The larva of this beetle is about one-eighth of an inch long. The head is very small, and the legs are short. It casts its skin a number of times before changing into a pupa, and these tiny, empty skins you may find in your butterfly collection.

The body of the larva is covered with minute hairs of three kinds. The abdomen terminates in a long tail, or pencil of hairs which are covered with an immense number of tiny spines. These hairs, however, present no remarkable features. Many insects are furnished with similar ones. Besides these, each segment of the larva is furnished with two rows of club-shaped hairs, and between these are the wonderful "arrow-hairs." The last three segments of the larva are crowded with them.



SKIN OF LARVA OF ATTAGENUS PELLIO; SHOWING ARROW-HAIRS.



SINGLE ARROW-HAIR. MUCH MAGNIFIED.

The large picture is a photograph showing a portion of the skin of the larva (the whole skin, you remember, is only about one-eighth of an inch long), which fairly bristles with these weapons. The small picture shows a single hair enlarged hundreds of times.

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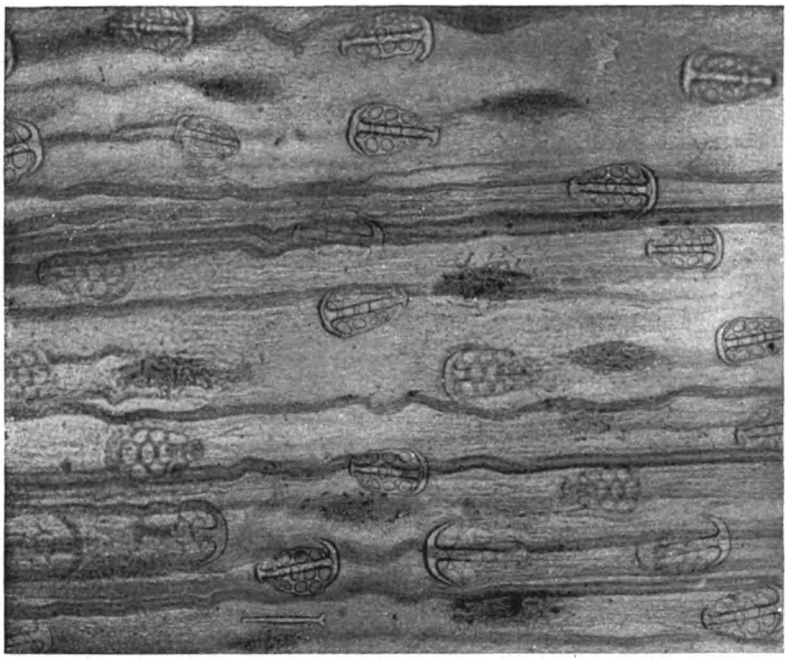
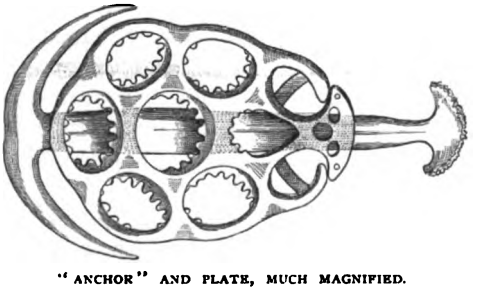
Just how many times you may yourselves calculate when you know that fifty of these hairs could be crowded into the space occupied by the point of a fine needle. Each hair terminates in an arrow-shaped point; just below it is a shield-shaped segment, and then follow from twenty to forty other segments, cup-shaped, and fitting into one another, like the pretty lilac-blossoms when you make them into chains.



PORTION OF THE SKIN OF THE "SEA-CUCUMBER."



"ANCHOR" AND PLATE, MUCH MAGNIFIED.

When another insect, an ant, for instance, attacks this wonderful larva (and a very courageous ant it would have to be to besiege this migratory arsenal), my little soldier drives one of these arrows into him, and away comes the arrow-head, broken off short at the slender neck.

If you find one of the cast skins you may handle it with impunity, because the skin of the finger is thick; but draw it across your lip and you experience a burning sensation. This is because each hair is traversed by a tube which contains a poisonous substance, and so each little arrow is really poisoned. This undoubtedly causes intense pain, and probably death to the insect receiving it.

When an arrow is thus broken off, a most curious and most wonderful transformation takes place. The shield next to the arrow becomes, in course of time, a new arrow and a cup-shaped segment next to the shield becomes a new shield. So you see the little warrior may be the hero of a hundred conflicts, yet bear no scar.*

When you have advanced far enough in the science of microscopy to mount your own specimens, you may like to have some of these skins. In the spring or summer catch and kill half a dozen butterflies, put them in a cardboard box, and in a month you will have an ample supply.

Here is a curious bit of something closely studded with tiny anchors. As anchors are mainly useful in water, of what value can these miniature ones be? We are looking at a bit of the skin of the sea-cucumber (*Synapta girardii*). In shape this animal is more like a worm than like anything else, and it moves

* A full account of this marvelous little insect has been written by Dr. H. Hensoldt, of Columbia College, in the Journal of the New York Microscopical Society for January, 1889. The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Dr. Hensoldt for preparing the slides from which the photomicrographs used to illustrate this article were made; also to Professor William Stratford and Mr. Edgar J. Wright for taking the photographs from the slides.

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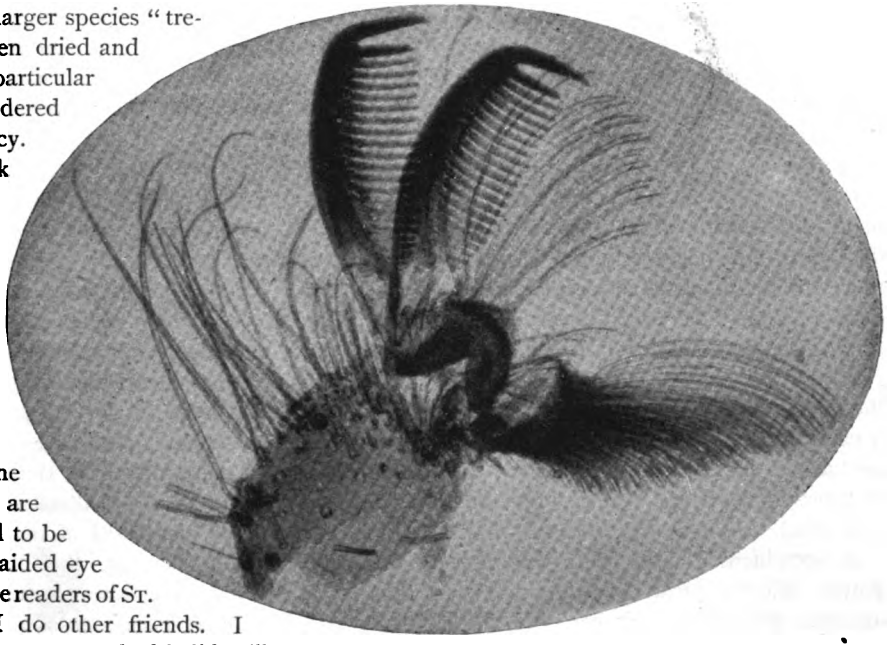
from place to place by means of suckers. When it wishes to remain quiet, the anchors, which have been closed over perforated, chalky plates, are extended outward from the body, and fasten the little creature securely to the sand or mud.

The sea-cucumbers found on our coasts are small, seldom over four inches in length, though larger kinds abound in the Bay of Fundy, and upon the mud-flats of Florida. The Chinese call a larger species "trepang," and when dried and preserved in a particular way it is considered a great delicacy.

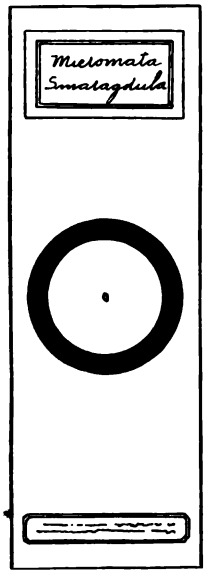
When I look at this slide I wonder if man first got his idea of an anchor from this little creature. Yet anchors were in use long before microscopes, and the little anchors are much too small to be seen by the unaided eye

I shall treat the readers of ST. NICHOLAS as I do other friends. I have saved my most wonderful slide till the last. Look at the lower picture. It is the slide as it appears to the naked eye. Then look at the larger picture, which is simply a photograph of the dot in the middle of the slide, as it appears when enormously magnified. I do not believe you ever would fancy that this was a spider's foot, yet that is what it is. It belongs to the emerald-spider, found in Texas. The combs are of the color of horn — a brownish yellow; in fact, they look so much like two little old combs, a trifle warped by age, that whoever sees this slide for the first time is very likely to make some amusing exclamation.

Every web-making spider is furnished with eight pairs of such combs, though few have as many teeth as those belonging to the emerald-spider. You may see a picture of a spider's foot in Carpenter's book on the Microscope, but the combs shown there have only a few teeth. For a long time the use to which these combs were put was the subject of much discussion. Spiders are divided into two classes: the hunting spider, which has no combs at all, and the web-making spider. It is the latter that is furnished with the combs. From its own body the spider draws the thread for its web, a thick, jelly-like substance that soon hardens when exposed to the air. Often one sees a large spider hanging by a very slender thread. This would hardly be possible if the thread consisted of a single strand. The thread is made up of a number of these strands, and it is now believed that it is in the management of these that the spider uses its comb. Otherwise, even so deft a little spinner as the spider would get the meshes of its web hopelessly tangled. It is believed, also, that the number of strands in the thread is the same as the



FOOT OF THE EMERALD-SPIDER.



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number of spaces between the teeth of the comb.

Almost as curious as the combs is the tuft or brush beneath them. This the spider uses to clear his web of particles of dust that lodge upon it. Who would suspect any practical, bloodthirsty spider of actually using brushes and combs?

The world about us is filled with more wonders than ever have been written of in books. Examine the very smallest objects of God's making, and see if you can find evidence of any but the most wonderful completeness. Everything is perfectly fitted and equipped for the place it fills in the world.

A microscope has one great advantage over a photographic outfit; namely, that after you have purchased a good instrument the outlay demanded is almost nothing. In photography there is a continual need for plates and chemicals. Of course there are plenty of opportunities to spend money for various microscope accessories, though very few of them can be classed under the head of necessities. If you look through a catalogue of microscopist's supplies, this will be hard to believe; but remember, the manufacturers have, if not "an ax," certainly a lens, "to grind."

A prominent microscopist, a member of the Royal Microscopical Society, told me that amateurs who load their cases with every possible and impossible appliance, and who care more for their instruments than for what they may see through them, are called "brass and glass" men. But, to tell you a secret, the real workers have an even worse name! They are called "slug and bug" men!

An elaborate and expensive outfit is not necessary. The men who have made the most wonderful discoveries in this branch of science use instruments that would fill the soul of the average amateur with scorn.

A good, firm microscope stand will cost, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty dollars; and this, with an eyepiece and two good magnifying glasses (one of them a "one-half inch objective," the other a "one and a half inch objective"), ought to satisfy any but the most advanced student. Often it is possible to buy a microscope at second-hand for a much smaller sum than it would cost if new. Do not, however, buy a rickety or imperfect instrument because it is cheap. Ask the advice of some professional microscopist. There are more people interested in this science than is commonly supposed; and, take my word for it, they are the most obliging persons in the world.

Books on the subject are countless. Arm yourself, if possible, with the very latest edition of William B. Carpenter's famous and rather bulky book on the Microscope. When you have exhausted its contents, then look around for some other works with which to enlarge your knowledge and library.

With no more of an outfit than I have suggested, you will have at hand the means for enjoying many quiet, happy hours.

Besides the wonder of it all, remember the great benefit the microscope has been to mankind. Think of Robert Koch, the now famous German scientist who, a few years ago, and again recently, set the whole scientific world agog over his theories of the bacteria. Hundreds have been at work to prove or disprove what he has said, and a result is that societies for systematic study with the microscope are springing up in all civilized countries.

Every one has heard of the practical use to which Louis Pasteur, the illustrious French chemist, has put his wonderful microscope. His discoveries have been of incalculable benefit to French grape-growers and silkworm cultivators. These industries were threatened with annihilation until Pasteur, through his microscope, discovered the exact nature of the diseases; and, having found out the trouble, the remedy was not far to seek.

Find somebody who owns a microscope. Examine it. Then buy one yourself, even though this may necessitate a little self-denial in other directions.

With nothing more than a firm table, a good lamp, and my microscope, I can spend a whole evening by myself with pleasure and profit, even though the only thing I may have to examine be a common daisy. If it is not the season for flowers, I can take a little sugar or salt, dissolve it in water, and put a drop of this water on a glass slip. I watch it carefully for a few minutes, and it begins to crystallize. While I see the tiny particles fly to their places, in obe-

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dience to a marvelous law, I think of Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," and of the wonderful words in which he has written for young readers about this crystallization.

To those who are partially or wholly deprived of the sense of hearing (and for this affliction one is usually compensated by excellent eyesight) the microscope offers a field for investigation in which they may compete without any sense of being at a disadvantage by reason of their infirmity.

The microscope is truly the doorway into a world of wonders more fascinating than was ever described or conceived of in the realms of fairyland.

The Professor and the White Violet

By Oliver Herford.

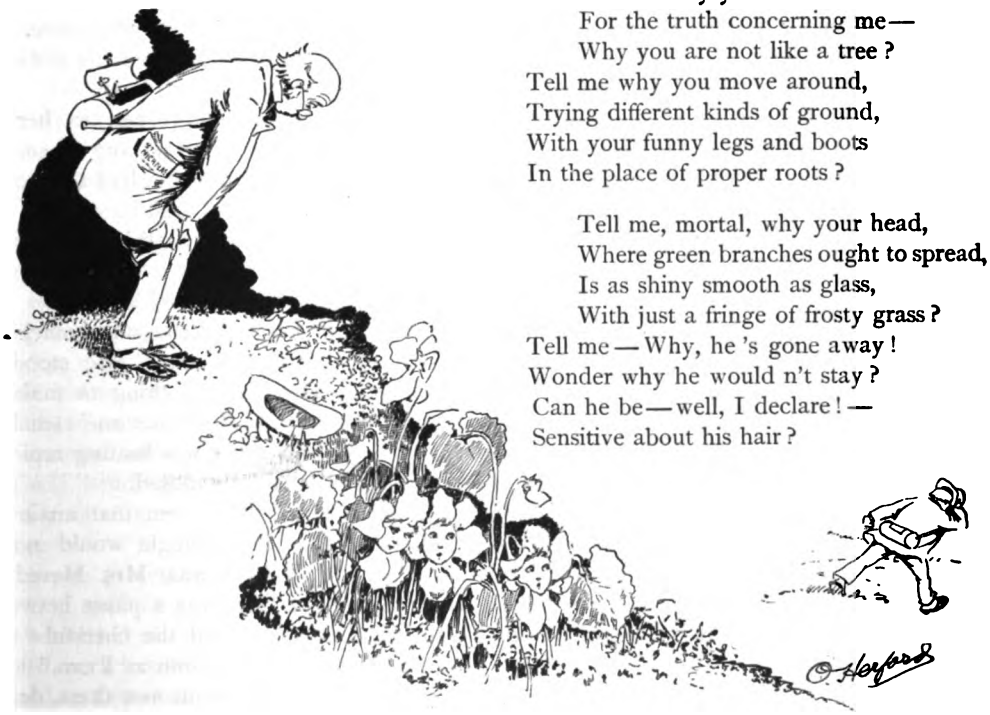
The Professor.

Tell me, little violet white,
If you will be so polite,
Tell me how it came that you
Lost your pretty purple hue?
Were you blanched with sudden fears?
Were you bleached with fairies' tears?
Or was Dame Nature out of blue,
Violet, when she came to you?

The Violet.

Tell me, silly mortal, first,
Ere I satisfy your thirst
For the truth concerning me—
Why you are not like a tree?
Tell me why you move around,
Trying different kinds of ground,
With your funny legs and boots
In the place of proper roots?

Tell me, mortal, why your head,
Where green branches ought to spread,
Is as shiny smooth as glass,
With just a fringe of frosty grass?
Tell me—Why, he 's gone away!
Wonder why he would n't stay?
Can he be—well, I declare!—
Sensitive about his hair?



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A TURNING-POINT.

By Katharine McDowell Rice.

"My beloved journal! At last I 've time!" and so saying, Lena Meredith unlocked the upper drawer of her desk and took out a green-covered book with corners and back of dark red leather.

Lena had given the greater part of the morning to sweeping and arranging her room, and then devoted some time to her own appearance, one of the finishing touches being the arranging of her hair in the new way the girls were all wearing it, and tying it with a ribbon to match the new cashmere dress she was putting on for the first time.

And now she had sunk into an easy-chair in the sunny bay window with her journal. She had taken a newspaper out of the chair as she had seated herself, and had put it with the journal, on her lap. Some words in it caught her eye, "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly." She read the sentence over two or three times.

"Well, I don't know about that," she said to herself, as she folded the paper and laid it on the table near her. "I can think of things that would be awfully troublesome no matter how one did them. Imagine, now, if after I 'd arranged my room and was all dressed, expecting Lottie or some of the girls, Harry should want me to go and paste pictures with him, or something like that. That would certainly be troublesome. Still, if I could do it willingly—" she glanced again at the paper. "'Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.' Yes, if one could make up one's mind to it. Still, I don't know, either,—"

At this point, looking out of the window, she saw Harry being taken out for a drive by a gentleman who had lately come to live in the neighborhood and had shown a great liking for the child. Lena breathed a sigh of relief. Harry, at least, was not going to interfere with her morning.

"Lena!" came a voice from downstairs.

"Yes, 'm," called Lena brightly, as she ran to her door, hoping to hear Lottie had come.

"Lena, my dear," said her mother, whom Lena could not see, as she was just below the turn in the stairway, "Mary has looked so ill all the morning that I have sent her to bed. Will you come down and help me get dinner, dear, as soon as you can?"

The eager, expectant look on the little girl's face went utterly out. She who had looked so bright and pretty a moment before, as she turned her head toward the stairway to hear which of her friends had come, bore no resemblance to the dark, frowning girl who was now there. None, except that the cashmere and the ribbon were the same.

A hundred thoughts rushed to her mind. Among them was: Why get any dinner? Her father would not mind if they had a sort of lunch instead. She would suggest it.

But—those words: "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly!"

"Did you hear me, dear?"

"Yes, 'm," faltered Lena, and somehow she could not get any further. She stood there irresolute. How little a thing to make one's heart beat so fast! to make one clench one's hands! Yet her heart was beating rapidly and her hands were tightly closed.

If Lena could have seen that anxious face below, perhaps the struggle would not have been so long. As it was, Mrs. Meredith did not notice that there was a pause between the faltering "Yes, 'm," and the cheerful "I 'll be down, Mother, just as soon as I can."

"Are you wearing your new dress, dear?"

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"Yes, 'm."

"Well, I think you would better take it off."

"Won't it do if I put on the big rubber apron? That covers me all up, you know." But Lena did n't say this. She caught herself just in time, and only thought it instead. It was not so hard now as it had been a moment ago, perhaps, to meet these *troublesome* things.

"All right, Mother; I will."

The face below the turn of the stairs had undergone quite as much of a change as the one at the top. That look, betraying an anxiety as to how Lena would take the announcement that her Saturday—the day that was always allowed for herself—was to be broken into, changed into one of relief as Lena's answers came down the stairway.

"Now, if I take it off, I must take it off willingly," said Lena, as she went to the glass and unfastened all the hooks on the pretty silk vest that fifteen minutes before she was fastening with such satisfaction. "I must hurry, too, or my good resolutions may be forgotten. And it is n't so hard to have to take it off when I know it 's to help mother. It took her days and days to make the dress, and it 's just as pretty as it can be," resting her hand lightly on the soft, full trimmings as she laid the waist away in her drawer. "There 's really something in that motto. Things really are not so troublesome as one would think."

She had slipped into her working-dress again and was about going downstairs, saying to herself, "I believe I 'll leave my dress-skirt right on the bed. I 'll want to put it on directly after dinner, and it 's such a bother to—but no, it is n't either," and she ran for a stool, stood upon it, and hung the pretty gray skirt in her closet.

"I started to get the turnips ready," said Mrs. Meredith, as Lena came into the kitchen, "but I had to come back to my preserves."

She was bending over the fire, stirring the fruit, her face very red from the heat and exercise.

"Are you preserving, Mother?" exclaimed Lena. "I did n't know it."

She wondered whether her mother were doing this hard work "willingly." Preserving always appeared to Lena one of the most troublesome of things. And her mother had even thought of getting the dinner, too—and that willingly!

"You ought not to have done anything about dinner, Mother."

"I have n't done much but set the table, dear. I did n't like to interfere with your holiday." Mrs. Meredith's voice was very cheery as she stirred away at the fruit.

"She 's doing that thing willingly," Lena decided, and she herself took up with great spirit the turnip-paring her mother had begun.

"I thought we 'd have the steak, mashed potatoes, and the turnips," said Mrs. Meredith. "And there 's a mince-pie all baked. It needs only to be put in the oven and thoroughly heated."

"Papa does n't like mince-pie very much. Sha'n't I make something for him?"

Mrs. Meredith turned to look at Lena. There

"NOTHING IS TROUBLESOME THAT WE DO WILLINGLY."

she sat cheerfully slicing the turnips and saying, "Saturday 's a holiday for a professor as well as for a school-girl, and I think it would be nice to make papa's favorite dessert! Don't you think so?"

"Well, I had thought, myself, that one of

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those sponge-cakes with some whipped-cream would be nice, and rather improve the dinner. But I did n't know that you would be willing to take the trouble."

Willing—trouble. Was the whole world hereafter to revolve around those two words?

It so happened that Lena did not get out the new dress again that day. By the time the dinner dishes were all out of the way, and the fruit all canned and labeled, there was not much time before some biscuits were to be made for supper, and with one demand and another it was nearly eight o'clock before she took up her journal.

She was seated in the easy-chair again, now, under the soft light of the lamp, and reaching for the paper on the table she cut from it the words: "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly." They came at the end of a column, and on the margin below Lena wrote, "And there is really happiness if we do it."

"I ought to have made my part sound more finished," thought Lena as she read it all over. "If I had added, 'And willing doing brings happiness,' it would have rounded it out better. Still, happiness does n't wait till the end to come. Happiness goes right through it all. I wonder if I ought to write it all out in my journal: How I have resolved to take this as my motto through life, and tell about all that has happened to-day; how disagreeable things turned right into agreeable ones as soon as I did them willingly? No, I think I 'll put only the motto with the date. Let me see," turning back the leaves, "what I wrote last Saturday. Oh, yes,—all about our going nutting in the morning, and our jolly ride home in the afternoon, and the tea-party at Flo's, and the cantata of 'Esther' in the evening. Why, what a full day that was, and how very unimportant to-day is in contrast!" Then, bending over the clear page, she wrote:

"Saturday, Oct. 18. 'Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.' A very uneventful day."

And yet there never had come, and there never came, into Lena's life a more important day than this.

Dorothy, Dorcas and Dill
Each has been told to sit still.
"Do not peep
Around to see
If others behave
As well as thee.
But fold thy hands
Upon thy knee
And be as good
As good can be."

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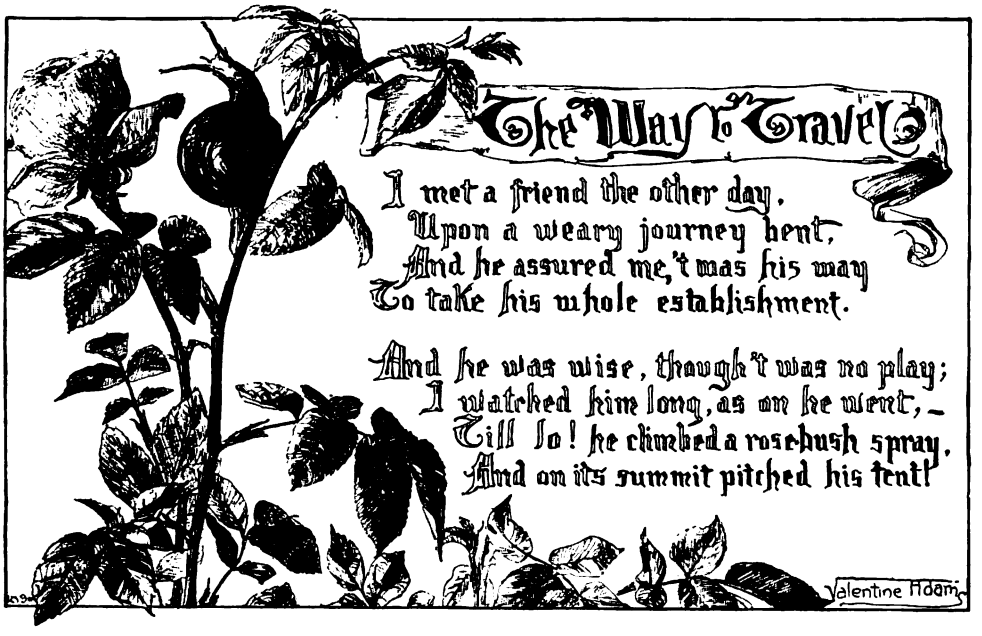

A DIET OF CANDY.

BY THE MOTHER OF A "DEVOURING" READER.

IT was five o'clock on one of those first cold evenings when boys, scarcely realizing that summer is gone, forget to come into the house until the darkness drives them in. Arthur came flying into the pretty sitting-room bringing the frosty air with him. He had been raking a great pile of leaves; and he held his cold hands to the grate as he hopped about, hoping there was something good for supper.

"I 'll take a look into the kitchen and see for myself," he said. He came back presently with satisfaction all over his face.

"There 's cold meat, and baked potatoes, and rice, and fruit, and cookies"; and he executed a different antic as he mentioned each appetizing item. "That 's what I call a jolly supper, 'specially the rice and cookies." (Arthur always said "cookies," although his Kentucky aunties tried to have him say "tea-cakes.") His mother sat by the table reading. She was one of that army of busy mothers who spend the whole day working for home and children, and in the evening snatch a brief hour in which to feed their own hungry minds. She had a book of history, now, and Arthur settled down quietly, for he knew it was her pet reading-hour. He was looking over the evening paper, having reached the mature age of ten, when the key rattled in the latch and his father came in. Arthur sprang to meet him and to relieve him of some of the bundles with which he always came loaded. He was a newspaper man, and his pockets generally bulged out with new magazines, "sample copies," illustrated papers, and packets of fancy stationery or advertising cards.

"Oh, goody! the ST. NICHOLAS," Arthur shouted, espying the cover projecting from his father's pocket. "Now for 'Lady Jane.'"

"Wait until after supper and read 'Lady Jane' aloud. I am as much interested in it as you," his mother said. Arthur's attention was diverted

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just then by a small paper bag which his father laid in his mother's lap, and which was strongly suggestive of candy. He seized the bag and peered in.

"Mama, don't you want a chocolate?"

"Not now, dear; it would spoil my appetite for supper."

"I may have some, may n't I?" And although his father suggested that he wait until after tea, Arthur placed the bag beside him, and, as he cut the pages of the new magazine, his fingers made frequent journeys to the candy bag. When the tea-bell rang he gave a great jump.

"Supper 's ready — come on!" he said; and as he rose the bag fell to the floor. His father picked it up.

"Why, Arthur,— you greedy boy! — you 've eaten half the chocolates."

Arthur looked into the bag, aghast at what he had done.

"You 'll have to lay the blame on ST. NICHOLAS, Papa; I did n't know what I was doing."

"Next time, young man, be more considerate. I brought those to your mother," and his father tweaked his ear. The supper was a pleasant one; the steam arose from the hot potatoes, and the faces of the younger children beamed rosily as they waved their threatening spoons over the bowls of rice temptingly prepared with yellow cream and a spoonful of jelly. But Arthur, after unfolding his napkin, sat languidly looking at the table. "We have n't a thing for supper that I like!" he said petulantly.

"Why, Arthur, what 's the matter? Were n't you just rejoicing over the prospect of rice and cookies?"

"There 's no need of inquiring what 's the matter — a boy who has just eaten a dozen chocolate-creams simply cannot hold anything more. It 's a physical impossibility." And Arthur's father laughed as he looked at his rueful son. "Learn a lesson of moderation, my boy. Don't spoil a good healthy appetite with too much candy." After supper, Arthur stretched himself on the couch, for his head ached. His mother read aloud the instalment of "Lady Jane."

Two evenings later Arthur threw down ST. NICHOLAS. "There — I 'm ready for the next number, and I hope it will be as good as this one."

His mother laid down her book and opened the magazine. "Do you mean to say you have finished this in two readings?"

Arthur was inclined to skim, and his mother frequently questioned him about his reading.

"Yes 'm — I 've read it all and I have n't skimmed — or skum. Which is it?"

"It is skimmed. But I fear you have. Let me see," and she turned the pages. "What a feast of good things! I don't blame you for devouring it — this 'David and Goliath' must be interesting; is n't it?"

"David and Goliath! I don't remember that. Oh, yes,— about the ships. Well, you see I did n't read that, Mama. I thought it was one of those dry articles about machinery, and so I left that for some other time — some time when I felt more like studying over it."

His mother said nothing but turned the leaves. "And this 'Through the Back Ages.' I wish, Arthur, you had saved that to read to me. We have geology in our home-reading course this year, and I would have enjoyed it with you."

"Geology,— that 's all about stones and bones and coal and fern-leaves, is n't it? Well, Mama, I thought that article was too old for me, so I did n't read it. Of course if you would read it with me I could understand it."

His mother raised her eyebrows in a way that always made Arthur feel uncomfortable. He wriggled a little in his chair, but she went on turning the leaves. "Is the article on the ''Gator' a story or a description?" she asked, at length.

"The ''Gator,' Mama?"

"Yes; that is, the 'Alligator.'"

"I have n't read it yet. By the time I finished 'Toby Trafford,' 'The Boy Settlers,' and the rest, my eyes hurt."

His mother closed the book and laughed.

"Arthur, you remind me of a woman I once heard of. She sent her daughter each week to get a book from a public library. She told her to look into the book, and said 'if there are lots of "Ohs" and "Ahs," I shall be sure to like it.' Now, you are very much like that woman — if you see plenty of 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' you read the story — if you don't, you skip it."

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Arthur smiled an ashamed smile. "But you know, Mama, the stories are so lively, you can't help reading them, and afterward, the other articles seem so — quiet, you know."

His mother looked down a moment, as if in study. "Arthur, if you had a fairy wand, and could change each article in the ST. NICHOLAS into something to eat, what would the stories represent?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mama."

"Well, what kind of food would best represent 'Lady Jane,' 'Toby Trafford,' and those other fascinating tales?"

"Candy, of course — great big marshmallows and chocolates, cream candy and nut candy, and taffy, too,— for that 's good, though it is n't so fine."

"And those quiet, instructive articles, without any 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' which it seems you have not read?"

"I s'pose they'd be bread and butter, or oatmeal, or meat, or something like that."

"Do you remember when you feasted on candy, the other night before supper?"

"Well, I think I do! I could n't eat any of the good supper, and had headache all the evening."

"But the candy took away your hunger; did it not? It took the place of supper."

"It filled me up, but somehow it was n't so — satisfactious." Arthur sometimes coins a word. "And then the headache, you know,— of course I never have that after eating potatoes or rice."

"Well, now, my dear boy" (Arthur began to realize that a moral was coming), "your mind must be fed as well as your body. It is growing as rapidly — yes, more rapidly than your body, and it needs a daily supply of nourishing food. Don't you see that you are feeding it chiefly on candy? You are giving it only what it fancies, without any thought as to whether a diet composed entirely of such food is sufficiently nourishing."

"But, Mama, you yourself like all those stories. Don't you remember how you slipped off and read 'Lady Jane' all by yourself, the last time?"

His mother laughed. "Indeed I do; it was not generous, I know, but that very act proves my high opinion of stories. They have their place in literature, and a noble one it is; not a serial in ST. NICHOLAS but has some strong and true lesson within it; something that should make one better and purer; but if you allow your love for stories full sway, it may entirely destroy your taste for anything else. You can no more build up your intellect on fiction alone, than you can sustain your body on sweetmeats alone."

"You would n't ask a boy to go without cake and candy forever, would you?" Arthur asked plaintively.

"No, indeed; the sweets, like the stories, are both desirable and necessary. But how about mingling the foods — both the mental and the moral food? Take your bread and butter and meat as your main sustenance, and then your sweetmeats to add pleasure and variety to your meal. So with your reading. Do not read all the stories at once. That takes away an appetite for the less exciting but more instructive articles. Read a story and then read one of those 'quiet' articles you speak of; something that will teach you some fact in nature or philosophy and will set you thinking. Stories, and nothing else, will give you dyspepsia of the mind, just as —"

A gentle snore interrupted this flow of eloquence. Arthur was sound asleep, but the next evening he was seen sitting somewhat apart from the family, with a most interested look upon his face. Occasionally he asked a question about animals, guns, and other things, and finally he closed the magazine with a satisfied bang and called out:

"Why, Mama, the 'bread and butter' is every bit as good as the 'candy'!"

Sarah S. Pratt.

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PUSSY AND THE TURTLE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a pretty little kitten. His mother was just beginning to teach him how to catch mice. So, one day, he stole away and went down into a cold cellar to go a-hunting all by himself. "I 'll catch ever so many," he thought: "Six for mother, one for brother Spotty, one for Dotty, one for Scramble, one for Tumble, and two for poor little Flop who never is well."

Then he sat and waited. "It is the way to begin," he thought; "and I must be very quiet, like mother!" At this moment something stirred a pile of turnips in the corner, and the top one fell off and started to roll along the cellar floor.

Pussy flew upon it in a jiffy. "Good!" he exclaimed, "I 've killed it — though it does n't seem to be a mouse. How cold and queer it feels! I wish Scramble was with me. Guess I 'll go back to mother as soon as I 've caught one real mouse."

Just then he heard a hard, thumping sound. With a start and a jump he turned quickly, and if there was n't a great big turtle creeping toward him! Turtles, you know, move very, very slowly. I suppose they find their hard shell rather heavy.

"Oh, dear! I don't want to catch any mouse at all," said Puss to himself. "I'm scared. I want to go back."

Still the turtle moved toward him, nearer and nearer. "Oh! oh!" thought Pussy, now afraid to move, "it 's going to pounce upon me. I know it is. And if I run away he 'll catch me, sure!"

The turtle came closer.

"Go 'way! go 'way!" cried Puss. "You just dare to touch me, and I 'll give your back such a scratch as you never had in all your life!"

The turtle turned around and waddled slowly off.

"Now 's my chance," cried Puss, and he jumped upon the enemy.

"The idea of that little puss trying to hurt my hard back!" said the turtle to himself, and he drew completely into his shell so that he might have a good laugh.

"Dear me!" thought puss in horror, "*where has his head gone to?* I must have bitten it off! What *will* mother say?"

And he scampered away, as fast as his legs could carry him, to tell Spotty, Dotty, Tumble, Scramble, and Flop, the wonderful news.

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"'I' LL GIVE YOUR BACK SUCH A SCRATCH AS YOU NEVER HAD IN ALL YOUR LIFE!' CRIED PUSS."

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GOOD May to you, my friends! That is to say: Sweetness to you! Brightness to you! Blossom-time to you! in brief, all the fresh glory of the spring to you! I trust I make myself clear? If not, just run out of doors on the first May morning and ask what Jack means by all this; and May herself will answer you.

Meantime, here is a pretty song about her, which I am sure will please you, for it was written for you by Evelyn Austin, a fair young friend of ST. NICHOLAS who loved all sweet and beautiful things:

A SONG OF MAY.

MERRY, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and the butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about;
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF COLORS.

WHAT is this I hear? Is it true that Prof. Gabriel Lippmann, a happy scientific Frenchman, has actually succeeded in photographing bright colors? and that he intends to experiment until he can take photographs of flowers, trees, and even my very birds in the exact hues of life? Why, they say that even the blue eyes and rosy cheeks of boys and girls are to be caught in a snap, so to speak!

Look into this matter, my chicks. When you see any grown person specially interested or experienced in photography, ask the privilege of questioning him upon the subject. You hold his coat-button, and let him do the rest.

SEVEN LANGUAGES.

YES, and seven languages that we all understand pretty well, though we may not be able to speak them correctly. Your good friend Julie M. L., as you will learn from these lines lately sent you with her compliments, has listened to the cricket, the katydid, the locust, the tree-toad, the bullfrog, the lark, and the baby; and this is her report of

WHAT THEY SAY:

CRICKETS chirp, "Hello! Hello!
Sun will shine. I tell you so."
Katydid of habit strict
Makes a point to contradict.
Locusts whirr, all in a swarm,
"Lis—ten! 'T will be ve—ry warm!"
Tree-toad thinks that 's cause to fret,
Whines: "No heat! I want it wet."
Bullfrog's voice is thick and hoarse:
Lazy thing croaks, "Cut across!"
Lark calls from the sunny sky,
"I 'll reach Heaven by and by."
Baby laughs, a merry crow,
"I 've just come from there, you know."

AND now to business, my crowd of thinkers, bicyclers, and lesson-missers; we have had enough of speculation and fancy. Let us take up some good live subject. Ah, I have it!

THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES.

UP among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck, slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow of wing. Swiftly descending, strong, cruel, hungry, he fastens his horrid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely is it able to escape or hide from its enemy; successful resistance is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor after his dinner becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. A Chilian miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought that without weapons he could capture a condor which seemed unusually stupid after its heavy meal. The man put forth all his strength, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn, and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of the hardest battle he had ever

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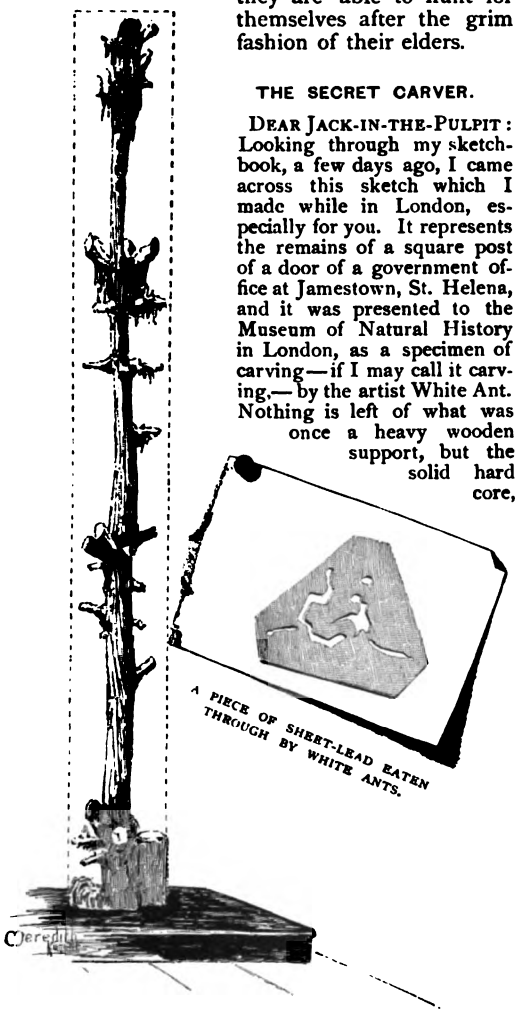
fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally wounded. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead found the bird alive and erect, flapping his wings for flight.

If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long-lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that he lives for a hundred years.

The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the female selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of a dreadful desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents manifest the only good trait they possess, in their care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

THE SECRET CARVER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Looking through my sketch-book, a few days ago, I came across this sketch which I made while in London, especially for you. It represents the remains of a square post of a door of a government office at Jamestown, St. Helena, and it was presented to the Museum of Natural History in London, as a specimen of carving — if I may call it carving, — by the artist White Ant. Nothing is left of what was once a heavy wooden support, but the solid hard core, with its string-like pieces of tougher fiber hanging from the branches like moss from southern trees. On closely inspecting this skeleton, I observed that every part of it had been most beautifully grooved; not an inch of space but what had been worked upon. The grooves, which followed the grain of the wood, were many hundreds in number, and so wonderful was the workmanship that I could hardly convince myself I was not looking at a work of decoration instead of destruction. The tools used were the little ant's jaws, but the furrows were as smooth and as clean-cut as if they had been chiseled with a sharp steel gouge.



THE DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF WHITE ANTS. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ORIGINAL FORM OF THE TIMBER.

You may ask how it is these little destroyers are allowed to do such damaging work, and why they are not driven away as soon as they appear. Let me tell you, the white ant is a sly little workman. In working, it avoids piercing the outer surface of the woodwork, and hence the wood appears sound, even when the slightest touch is sufficient to cause it to fall to pieces.

Just imagine how uncomfortable it must be to live in a house where the door post may suddenly fall into powder, or, on attempting to seat yourself in a chair which has not been used for some time, to have that fall into pieces! It would certainly seem as if mischievous fairies were with us once more, and in no way improved in their "tricks and manners."

Evidently these little ant-fairies have quite a varied taste, for they are not always content with a wood diet. In the same case with the post I have shown you, is a piece of sheet lead which has furnished them with a few dinners. I send you a sketch of this also.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

THE BLUE SKY.

BY way of opening this subject, I may as well tell you that there is n't, actually, any such place as the blue sky. In fact, the sky is all moonshine — or perhaps I should say all mists and sunshine. It is nothing but air, about fifty miles high, or deep, whichever you please, and beyond that it is vacancy, and is nowhere in particular even then. If you stand in the valley and look up into the air you 'll see what you call the sky; then if you climb out of the valley and up to the top of the mountains, you 'll probably be standing in the very sky that you saw before, and, looking up into the air overhead, you 'll have another sky just as good; and then if you get into a balloon and go higher yet, you 'll still see a sky smiling down at you, as the poets say. What wonder! I 'd smile too if I were a body of air fifty miles deep or high, thousands or millions of miles from the great heavenly bodies, and should find myself regarded as a sort of blue roof studded with little gold buttons or specks, called stars. Then to hear the very methodical moon (about 240,000 miles off) alluded to as a silver boat sailing in me! — and to hear the mighty sun (over eighty millions of miles away from my utmost limits) described as "struggling through" my gentle clouds! Why, it would be enough to make me laugh outright, so to speak — that is supposing I were this so-called azure roof, which, thank goodness, I 'm not, for I don't fancy dampness or vagueness of any sort.

Now, my rosy philosophers, if by any accident you fail to understand all this, please do not bother me about it. Search elsewhere for information — ask your parents about it, or indeed any busy person who is sufficiently uninformed upon the subject.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It occurs to me that some of your young readers, especially those who have read the first paper on "The Land of Pluck" (in the December number), may be interested in hearing something of the little girl who has lately become Queen of Holland. Queen Wilhemina, as she is called, though her mother Emma is for the present acting as queen regent, is a bright, happy child of eleven years, willing to study, and, like other little girls, glad also to play.

She owns dozens of finely dressed dolls, but her favorite pets are her Shetland pony, and one hundred and fifty pet pigeons which she cares for herself. . . .

When first told, a few months ago, that she was to be queen, she exclaimed in dismay: "Shall I have to sign all those papers as mama does?" But queenly duties will not be forced upon her for several years to come. . . .

Wilhelmina gets up every morning at seven o'clock, and her study hours are from nine to twelve. Then she has her simple noonday meal. She takes rides upon her pony every afternoon, no matter what the weather may be, and after a dinner at six, and a pleasant evening with her mother, goes to bed at eight o'clock. Her governess is an English woman, Miss Winter.

About $240,000 has been set apart for the little queen's annual household expenses. Her household comprises two chamberlains, four professors, an equerry, and two lady's maids. Besides these, she has a "military household," whatever that may be. . . . She lives in a castle called "Het Loo," surrounded by meadows and very old trees. In the castle garden there are beds of fine tulips of which her father was very fond. In his study, now the young queen's private audience room, is a large collection of arms and armor displayed upon the walls. . . . In conclusion, dear ST. NICHOLAS, let me give your readers an extract from a paper in the New York *Tribune*, to which I am indebted for some of the above points:

"It has been said of the English Parliament that there was nothing it could not do except turn a woman into a man. The Dutch High Court of Justice has just given proof of its ability to accomplish what is beyond the power even of the British Parliament, by deciding that officials and other public servants should take the oath of allegiance, not to 'Queen,' but to 'King' Wilhelmina. This extraordinary decision has been violently attacked by the Dutch press as contrary to common sense, but the High Court is far too independent a body for there being any chance of its yielding the point. The States General alone could declare that even in Holland a queen is not a king, but it is doubtful if this is done."

Yours truly, J. T——.

A LETTER FROM HOLLAND.

STRANGE to say, J. T's welcome letter was hardly in type, before another was handed us which is so interesting, and so exactly fits into this number of ST. NICHOLAS that we print it almost entire.

It came, as you see, straight from Holland, and the writer, a bright and patriotic Dutch girl, is in herself the best evidence one can have of the advantages of education her country offers to all.

It cannot but be encouraging to young Americans trying to master a foreign tongue, to see how perfectly this Holland maiden expresses herself in English. Not a word of her beautifully written letter has been changed.

SCHEVENINGEN, February 28, 1891.

MY DEAR L.: It is now ten years ago that we began our correspondence, and those ten years have had for me an even and uneventful course, but they have been very pleasant and happy years, too; I should not mind living them over again. The year that has gone has been very much like the foregoing ones except for some political events which have created a change in our country. Our old king died, as you probably know, and at his death there has been a sincere mourning over the whole country. Personally he was not so very much liked; he was good but not particularly sympathetic or clever in any way. Still his subjects were attached to him because he was—his two sons having died—the last male descendant of a glorious and highly respected race: the House of Orange. The Oranges are loved by the Dutch because they can boast of many a valorous and wise ancestor, but principally because the head of the house, Prince William who died in 1564, freed the people from the Spanish tyrant whose despotic reign threatened to become unbearable. The sole descendant of this long list of princes and kings is our little Queen Wilhelmina, a child of ten years, very much beloved by the people, who cherish this frail bud in which all their hopes are fastened, as something very precious. The government is now in the hands of her mother, who is queen regent until the little one is eighteen years old. She is a very superior woman, kind and wise, giving her little daughter a sensible education, and quite capable of filling her difficult position and of executing her duties exceedingly well. Of course you, like a true American, do not feel any enthusiasm for kings and queens, but our government is constitutional and very liberal, and I don't think the people have in reality much more freedom in any of the new republics than in our kingdom. The two queens live in the Hague. As yet, of course, everything is very quiet at the court, but the mother and daughter can be seen daily when driving out, both in deep mourning, but looking very happy together. They pass our house nearly every day. I would not be a queen for anything—would you? Fancy not a bit of freedom, not being able to move a step without the whole land, so to say, knowing of it; their sorrows and rejoicings, public sorrows and rejoicings! Seemingly rulers of the land, but in reality dictated to in their slightest acts! A dreadful life!

As yet all goes well in our little country, and I don't think we need have any fear of being swallowed up by the great states that surround us.

Now, I think you have had enough of politics.

Our winter has been, as probably everywhere else, exceptionally cold; an old-fashioned winter, and one that will be recorded in the annals of history and not soon forgotten. Of course, it has been the cause of much poverty and misery, and every one was thankful when, after weeks of severe frost, the thaw fell in; but much has been done to soften the sufferings of the poor, and those who went round to ask for help did not ask in vain. On the other hand, the whole country was alive with wholesome merriment, caused by the skating that was practised over the whole length and width of our

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watery little land. Holland is very characteristic and very much at its advantage during such a time, and I am really thankful that I have lived through such a winter, and also that it has come at a period of my life when I have been able to join in the universal movement.

As you know, a great many of the people, especially the peasants, skate very well. The country is cut up by canals running from one town to the other, and from one village to the other; along these waters slow barges travel peacefully the whole summer through, laden with coals, wood, vegetables, pottery, and numberless other things; a great deal of traffic is done in this slow but sure way, as it is a very cheap mode of transport. But these same waters now bore a much livelier aspect. People of all classes skated along their smooth surfaces, and many have been the expeditions planned and executed to skate from one town to the other, halting at several small villages on the way, and thus seeing the country in an original and very pleasant manner.

My sister and I, and several ladies and gentlemen, made a charming excursion on one of the finest and mildest days of the winter. The sun shone brightly, the sky was blue, and although the thermometer pointed below zero, it was quite warm and delicious to skate. We were quite a large party, and went from the Hague to Amsterdam, and thence across the Y and farther over the inland waters to Monnickendam, on skates of course. Monnickendam lies at the Zuider zee, which is a kind of bay formed by the North Sea and surrounded by several provinces of our country. In comparison with your grand lakes, it is small, but we consider it quite a large water, and it is very rarely frozen over. This year, however, it was one immense surface of ice, stretching itself out as far as the eye could reach. It was quite *the* thing this winter to go out and see it; so, of course, we went there and visited the small island of Marken which is situated near the coast.

A small steamer goes daily from Monnickendam to the island, or three times a week — I 'm not sure about that; now all the communication was done by sledge and on skates over the ice. Thousands of people have seen Marken this winter in that way, and the place is quite a curiosity, especially for strangers. (If you happen to have a map of the Netherlands you'll be sure to find where it lies.) The costumes worn by the peasant men and women alone are well worth the voyage to the place, being quite different from those worn in Scheveningen, and besides the pokey little wooden houses are charming in their way, and exceedingly clean and neat, with rows of colored earthenware dishes along the walls, and carved chests and painted wooden boxes piled one on the top of the other containing their clothes. Although so near the civilized world these good people live quite apart, hardly ever marry some one not from the island, and seem quite contented. They earn their living by fishing, and occasionally get as far as a harbor of Scotland. When we arrived there across the ice we were very hungry, and on asking a peasant if he could procure us something to eat, were very hospitably received in his little house by his wife, who regaled us on bread, cheese, and milk. Enormous hunches of bread! but what will a hungry skater not eat? And we sat very snugly in their little room, admiring all their funny little contrivances.

The Zuider zee was very curious and interesting to see. Fancy an enormous field of ice crowded with thousands of people all on skates, and, moving swiftly between them, brightly painted sledges with strong horses and jingling bells, looking very picturesque. Also little ice-boats with large sails that come flying across the frozen waters, looking like great birds, but keeping at a little distance from the crowd for fear of accidents. A fair was held on the ice, where there were going on all kinds of harmless amusements, and little tents where they sold cakes and steaming hot milk and chocolate. The whole scene, the bright, moving, joyous crowd made me think of the pictures by the old masters, like Teniers and Ostade, it was so thoroughly Dutch. But to think that this immense solid surface, whereon you moved so confidently, would melt again before the year was much older and change itself in lapping waves, was hardly conceivable!

At the Hague we have a very prettily situated skating-club, where our little circle of friends saw each other daily and where we spent many a pleasant hour. So the winter has flown by. It is not quite over but it seems so to me, as the last weeks have been very fine, and the place where we live, being half country, directly takes a spring-like air. Tennis begins to reign supreme, and I am going to practise this game very seriously.

I have not heard much music this winter. Our German opera which grew poorer and poorer every year is now gone altogether, and that was the only way in which we heard some Wagnerian operas, which I like above all others; indeed, the more you hear them the less you care about the others. Once a fortnight I regularly go to the concert, but there are times when I can't listen to the music. My mind strays, and try as much as I will, the sounds pass over me and don't leave any impression; I think the reason of this is that I have heard too much music in the last years, and that I don't appreciate it. So when it is not something I like very very much I had rather not hear it, as it only needlessly fatigues my brain, and I do not profit by it at all.

Your letter was very pleasant and so fluently written. I wish I could do as well; my only consolation is that it is not my language, but then I cannot produce such a good style in Dutch either, and you will hardly believe it, but I need a dictionary more when I write a Dutch letter than when I write an English one. Of course I make a great many mistakes in English, but Dutch is a far more difficult language, and you never know when a word is masculine or feminine (unless you are exceedingly clever!), as it makes no difference when you speak, but a great difference when you write; so if you want to write correctly you *have* to look in the dictionary or else to guess. Then you say, "Oh! that word is probably feminine," and you change the sentence accordingly, and afterwards you discover that you were quite wrong. Is not that a troublesome language? The French can hear when to put "le" or "la" before the word, at least they rarely make mistakes, but we can't. It sounds all the same when speaking.

I am always very sorry when I hear that your health is not all that can be desired. Do you take good care of yourself? and is not your mode of living too busy? It is certainly a great trouble to be obliged to manage your health. I can hardly conceive such a position, because I can do with my health just what I like. And now, my dear L., it is really time to finish this long letter. I think I never wrote such a long one before.

So now good-by, and let me hear soon from you again.

Very truly yours,

ELISE MOLESWATER.

AN unknown correspondent, under the signature "Classical Friend," calls attention to an error in the legend for the picture on page 392 of the March ST. NICHOLAS. It should, of course, read: "The Theater of *Dionysus*," or Bacchus. *Dionysius* was the name of several distinguished men, especially of one of the tyrants of Syracuse. *Dionysus*, our correspondent says, "was the patron of festivity, therefore his worship was carried on in a theater," where an altar to him was erected. We are obliged to the anonymous, but vigilant reader.

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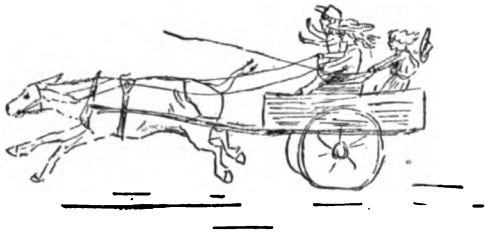
ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, off and on, as we are traveling about, and there is not another magazine which I know of that I appreciate as much as yours. I think your stories are lovely, and the only fault I find in them is, that they are much too short. We expected to go home to California the beginning of this month, but were detained by my having the measles. We spent (that is, my sister and I) a very doleful Christmas, but I managed to eat my mince-pie and plum-pudding before getting ill. I have traveled ever since I was fourteen months old, and have been to England, France, Spain, Germany, passed through Holland (that dear little "Land of Pluck"), and of course America. I have the dearest, cunningest canary whose name is "Dicky Boy." He cost twenty marks in Dresden, which equals five dollars. His singing master having been a nightingale, his voice is perfectly fascinating! And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am afraid this letter has not been very interesting, but having to be kept indoors for a fortnight, one is apt to get cross and dull. I hope you will think this worth while to put in your Letter-box. I would like to write more, but I would bother you and, besides, Dicky is on the table giving me a concert, so I must listen to him, or Signor Dickini would be offended.

Your constant reader, EDITH P——.

THREE young friends who live in Kirkwood, Mo., and who sign their letter "We, Us, & Co.," send us a spirited picture which we take pleasure in printing herewith. They call it:

"GOING TO THE POST-OFFICE FOR ST. NICHOLAS."



LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a great source of pleasure to me for many, many years. As far back as 1878 and 1879, when I lived in Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A., my sister took you, and almost every year since I have looked forward eagerly to the time of the month for you to appear.

In 1889 I left Buffalo, and have since lived in "dear old dingy London," as somebody has called the great city. Like Julia B. H., who has a letter in the January number, from Buffalo, I miss "Buffalo's beauty." I take you now, and though I am getting almost to manhood I enjoy you just as much as ever.

The opinions some of the English have of our glorious country and its inhabitants are often very amusing if not provoking at times.

I am your devoted reader, "PERSEUS."

HAMILTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I read the letters in your Letter-box, but I have never yet seen one from Ontario, Canada. Now I am sure lots of little girls in Canada read ST. NICHOLAS, and are as fond of it as I am, so I will write for all of them, and tell you how much we enjoy the lovely stories you give us. My father gave ST. NICHOLAS to me for my eighth birthday, two years ago, and I hope I shall get it every month for a long time to come. I am very much interested in "Lady Jane," and was sorry it was so soon finished. I wish Mrs. Jamison would write another story just as nice. And I also wish Marjorie's papa would tell us something more about Marjorie. His rhymes were lovely, especially "The little boy who was turned into a bird." I love funny rhymes; we often try to make them ourselves. Now I hope you will be kind enough to print this letter, not because it is worth printing, but because it comes from Canada, where you have many constant and admiring readers like Your little friend,

AILEEN R——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Urquhart L., Ray E. B., Otto F., H. S. H., E. C. P., Laura K., Frances A. G., Clara E. and Ruth D., George H. S., Holcombe W., Lutie M., George W. P. Jr., Lulu B., Gwendoline D., Janet and Marion, Edna N., Ellie G., Ethel L., "Polly," Esther D. S., Edith B., Ida H., Katie, Marguerite H., Grace H., Helen D., Mabel H., Ava B., Maude E. F., John A. F., George S., Ada I. H., Chloe D., Beth L., Alice C. T., Ida M. K., J. McD., Ben V., Gertrude P., James W., Oliver H. P., George S. M., Julie S. M., F. C. W., Herbert F., Lois L., Margaret H. D., Harold F., Ruth McN., Will B. S., Elden P., Nellie E. T., Rex, Anna and Ring, Doris and Dorothy D., E. W. Van S., Percy G. W., John M. F., Florence N., Anna and Eric K., Geo. L. R., Bijou, C. L. R., Ethel H. B., Mary Constance DuB., H. L. Mc., Florence S., Wren W., Alice G. H., Anna M., Annie E. M., Gladys I. M., Flossie B. B., Merguerite W., Helen B. E., Louis Victor M., Florence E. B., Esther R., C. M. P., Marion I., Alma E. R., Katharine L. McC., George W. H., Sarah and Susie B., Harry B., J. C. C., Algenia T. G., Irma A. M., Emilie M., Leonora S. M., Charles M., Rachelle G. H., Stella H., Rebecca A. B., Fleta B., Dot and Tot, Marietta B. H., Sarah L. P., Mamie L. C. Alida A. and Ethel J., Kitty and Nelly, Josephine W. B., Addie W. E., Mary M., Estelle I., Alice M. P., Mary C. and Beth T., Hubert L. B., Margaret and Marion, Anne Russell A., Annie B. R., Helen F., Mae W., E. A. C., Jeannie E. and Bettie V., "Jack," Lucilla H., Holmes R., Nellie L. D.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Shylock. 2. Hamlet. 3. Ariel. 4. King Lear. 5. Escalus. 6. Sebastian. 7. Pericles. 8. Egeus. 9. Antony. 10. Romeo. 11. Eglamour.

PI.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RHOMBOIDS. Thumb-stall. I. Across: 1. Thumb. 2. Osier. 3. Ensue. 4. Delay. 5. Tetes. II. Across: 1. Stall. 2. Orion. 3. Matin. 4. Runes. 5. Seton.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. Cart. 2. Area. 3. Real. 4. Tale.

A PENTAGON. 1. M. 2. Led. 3. Later. 4. Metonic. 5. Denote. 6. Rites. 7. Cess.

WORD-BUILDING. O, to, sot, host, shote, Stheno, hornets, shortens.

BEHEADINGS. Sir John Franklin. Cross-words: 1. S-crawl. 2. I-deal. 3. R-ye. 4. J-ounce. 5. O-range. 6. H-arbor. 7. N-umber. 8. F-ray. 9. R-ace. 10. A-tom. 11. N-opal. 12. K-it. 13. L-ink. 14. I-rate. 15. N-ode.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, United; finals, States. Cross-words: 1. Unisonous. 2. Negligent. 3. Infusoria. 4. Termagant. 5. Elaborate. 6. Decanters.

A CROSS PUZZLE. Centrals, Feast of Flowers. Cross-words: 1. Rufus. 2. Preen. 3. Glare. 4. Remonstrate. 5. Magistratic. 6. Camelopards. 7. Rifts. 8. Lifts. 9. Helot. 10. Crown. 11. Bower. 12. Creed. 13. Samaritan. 14. Christian.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, Frances Burnett; from 1 to 20, Little Lord Fauntleroy. Cross-words: 1. Bailiff. 2. Authors. 3. Dorsale. 4. Linnets. 5. Lackeys. 6. Seventy. 7. Solvent.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. San Jacinto.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools."

THOMAS HOBBES.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "The Wise Five"—E. M. G.—Maud E. Palmer—Clara B. Orwig—Paul Reese—Aunt Kate, Mama and Jamie—M. Josephine Sherwood—"The McG.'s"—"Adirondack"—J. A. F. and J. H. C.—A. L. W. L.—Agnes and Elinor—Pearl F. Stevens—"Arcadia"—"Infantry"—Alice M. Blanke and "Tiddledywinks"—Alice M. C.—Hubert L. Bingay—May—"We Two"—Jo and I—Nellie L. Howes—Adele Walton—"Bud"—Papa and I—Ida and Alice—Helen C. McCleary—"The T. Q. Musical Coterie"—Uncle Mung—"Mr. Toots"—Edith Sewall—Nellie and Reggie—Camp—Ida C. Thallon—"Charles Beaufort."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "Nifesca," 3—L. Starr, 1—R. W. G. and M. E. G., 2—Ea M. G., 1—"Reynard," 4—Elaine Shirley, 5—R. T. Mount, 1—F. O. D., 1—Florence Osborne, 1—E. C. and C. W. Chambers, 2—Mabel H. S., 1—Mary McKittrick, 1—D. N. S. B., 1—"Miss Araminta," 4—Leonard Dashiell, 2—Katie M. W., 10—Fred, Willie, and Algar Bourn, 1—"Lady Malapert," 1—Mary H. Clark, 1—Aunt Anna and Lillie, 3—Clare D., 1—Robert A. Stewart, 8—John and Bessie G., 4—Violette, 4—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Alice Falvey, 1—Ed and Papa, 10—Madge and Jennie, 4—Leander S. Keyser, 1—Frank C. Lincoln, 10—Gretta F. and Florence O., 1—Averill, 1—Carita, 3—Florence Oppenheimer, 1—George B. Keeler, 1—"H. Ercules," 1—Mamma and Thurston, 2—M. A. R. 1—R. Lee Randolph, 3—Virginia Mercer, 1—Couper and Abbie, 1—"King Anso IV.," 9—Minna, 2—Charlie Dignan, 10—Carrie Thacher, 7—Catherine Bell, 1—Calman, 10—Nellie Smith, 2—H. MacDougall, 1—Estelle, Clarendon, and C. Ions, 4—Ellen "Merenos," 1—S. B. C. and A. R. T., 4—Grace and Nan, 9—Bernidene J. Butler, 7—Geoffrey Parsons, 5—"Three Generations," 6—"Thor and Hottentot," 2—"Nanne Cat," 1—"Cele and I," 3—Hetty J. Barrow, 3—"Six, and Two Dictionaries," 6—George Seymour, 9—Nellie Archer, 3—"We, Us, and Co.," 6—Clara and Emma, 7—"May and 79," 7—"Polly Bob," 3—"Snooks," 3—Beth and Leslie, 3—Nellie and Edith Perkins, 1—Maurice C. Zinn, 1—Laura M. Zinser, 4—Geo. A. Miller, Jr., 3—"The Scott Family," 10—No Name, San Francisco, 6—"The Nutshell," 5—Raymonde Robson, 2—Edith J. Sanford, 7—"We, Us, and Company," 9—C. E. M. and M. L. M., 5—Raymond Baldwin, 1—Maricia V., 2—Bertha W. Groesbeck, 5—"Benedick and Beatrice," 5—Ruth A. Hobby, 2—Sissie Hunter, 2—C. and C. A. Southwick, 7—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 7—"Tivoli Gang," 7—Mabel and Auntie, 2.

DIAMOND.

1. In lackey. 2. The queen of the fairies. 3. The root of a Mexican plant. 4. A Latin word meaning substance. 5. The ancient name for Scotland. 6. An English title. 7. Languishes. 8. A small island. 9. In lackey. "XELIS."

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

Of letters six consists the word:
A famous doubter was my *first*, we 've heard;
Despairest not, my *second* says;
My *third* to rest the sleepless lays;
My *fourth* describes a portion slight;
My *fifth*, pertaining to the stars of night;
The plural of a metal hard
My *sixth* — will not your work retard.

ROCHESTER.

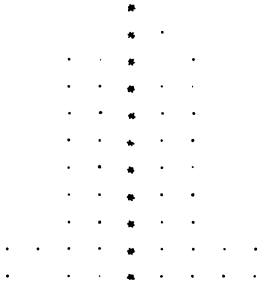
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a poet; one is the author of "Rimini," the other of "Endymion."

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A prison. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A prefix signifying half. 4. A large package or bale especially of cloves. 5. The surname of the German physician and scientist who discovered the cholera-bacillus. 6. A distributive adjective pronoun. 7. The first word in a famous little poem by the author of "Rimini." 8. Attenuated. 9. Closed.

N. W. H.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In monument. 2. Congregated. 3. A fruit. 4. A figure of speech. 5. A portico. 6. To wink. 7. To wish for earnestly. 8. Made into bundles. 9. Ancient. 10. Inclosed with palisades. 11. Sportive.

The central letters (indicated by stars) will spell a holiday.

"SOLOMON QUILL."

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NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-one letters, and am a quotation from Shakspere.

My 18-60-48 is part of the foot. My 40-51-44-68 is to sow. My 42-25-8-71 is belonging to me. My 57-3-16-20 is a biblical name. My 33-58-29-62-5 is to redden suddenly. My 27-12-22-9 is to incite. My 30-64-1-36 is a canoe or small boat. My 46-55-53-39-32-6 is obscurity. My 50-14-7-17-24-11 is a buckler. My 66-52-2-70-19 was the god of eloquence among the ancient Egyptians. My 13-35-59-41-65-38 is the father of Jupiter. My 21-49-4-61-26 was the national god of the Philistines. My 28-45-15-63-43-56 is the first person in the trinity of the Hindoos. My 69-54-47-37-10 is a figure often shown, bearing a globe. My 34-67-23-31 is the god of war.

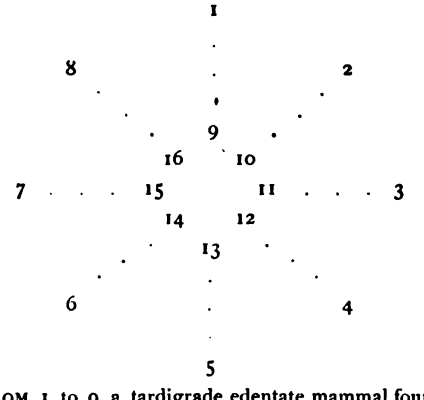
M. D.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. Twelve ounces. 3. Salt. 4. Final. 5. Fables. 6. Attendants on a gentleman. 7. Pertaining to the summer. 8. A carousal.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB.



FROM 1 to 9, a tardigrade edentate mammal found in South America; from 2 to 10, a venomous reptile; from 3 to 11, a masculine name; from 4 to 12, an Italian author who died in 1856; from 5 to 13, a tumult; from 6 to 14, applause; from 7 to 15, a Shaksperean character; from 8 to 16, enormous in size or strength.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 8), a German musical composer; hub of wheel (from 9 to 16), an American statesman.

"O. MISSION."

PI.

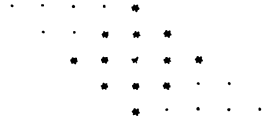
LAL bauto het finnogtes rai
  Fo wen-bron nesteswes seltl;
Dan eht hungratede yam-frowsel ware
  Het sintt fo canoe sleshl.
Eht ldo, runisgas cramlie
  Si shref sa ferotheroe;
Nad thare steak pu sit apebral
  Fo file rofm thade cone rome.

HOUR-GLASS.

1. WASTES by friction. 2. A musical instrument. 3. Unmatched. 4. In hour-glass. 5. A German musical composer. 6. Concussion. 7. Loose gravel on shores and coasts.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a naturalist born in May.

RHOMBOID AND DIAMOND.



RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Wise men. 2. A title of respect. 3. Contented. 4. An opaque substance. 5. To prevent. Downward: 1. In shred. 2. A verb. 3. An aëriform fluid. 4. A small island on the northern coast of Java. 5. Glutted. 6. To measure. 7. A small, flat fish. 8. An exclamation. 9. In shred.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In shred. 2. To obstruct. 3. Contented. 4. Converged. 5. In shred.

"SPECULA."

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contain four letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the zigzags, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of a battle fought in May, less than fifty years ago.

1. To stuff. 2. Part of the face. 3. A kind of nail. 4. The proper coat of the seed of wheat. 5. One of a tribe of Scythians, or Germans, who settled in Scotland. 6. An exploit. 7. A swimming and diving bird. 8. A knid of earth. 9. A stratagem. 10. A cicatrix. 11. Enormous. 12. To declare openly. 13. A species of goat. 14. A blemish. 15 To double. 16. The chief magistrate in Venice.

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I THINK she has fallen asleep in the shade.
(Sing low, sing low – you'll awake her)

Oh, she's the loveliest little maid;
And her father's our family baker.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII. JUNE, 1891. NO. 8.

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THE LITTLE LOVERS

BY C. P. CRANCH

I THINK she has fallen asleep in the shade.
(Sing low, sing low — you 'll awake her.
Oh, she 's the loveliest little maid;
And her father 's our family baker.

Such beautiful buns and chocolate-cakes!
(Sing low, very low — you 'll alarm her.)
And oh, such elegant tarts he makes!
And his name is Joshua Farmer.

And her sweet name is Elinor Jane,
And her step is as light as a feather;
And we meet every day in the lilac lane,
And we go to our school together.

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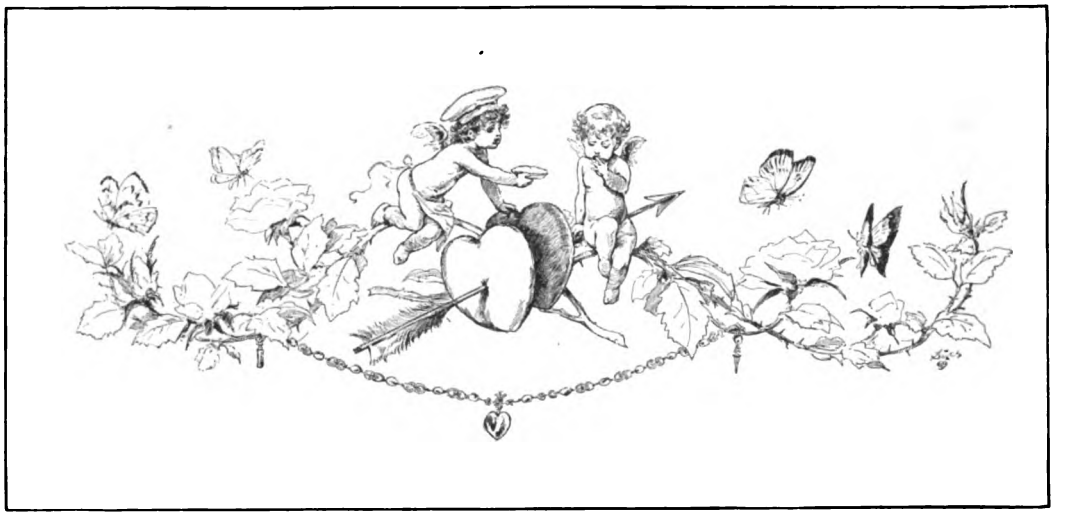
And now and then she brings me a bun.
(Sing low, or she 'll hear what we 're saying.)
And after school, when our tasks are done,
In the meadows we 're fond of straying.

And I make her a wreath of cowslips there,
As we sit in the blossoming clover,
And then she binds it around her hair,
And twines it over and over.

She 's ten; I 'm six; but I am as tall
As she is, I guess, or nearly.
And I cannot say that I care for her doll;
But, oh, I do love *her* dearly!

We were tired of playing at king and queen.
(Sing low, for we must not awake her.)
And she fell asleep in the grass so green;
And I thought that I would n't forsake her.

And when I am grown to a big tall man,
I mean to be smart and clever;
And then I will marry her if I can,
And we 'll live upon tarts forever.



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THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXX.

THE SWALLOWS AND THE HOLLOW TREE.

The boat was stranded in the shade of a large maple; and the two friends walked over a gently rolling field that sloped up from the level of the lake.

"It seems to me you ought to find a buyer for so handsome a piece of land as this!" said Mr. Allerton, watching a timid flock of sheep that stood gazing at them, ready to turn and flee. "It would make a beautiful little farm."

"Within ten miles of here," Toby replied, "there are at least ten abandoned farms, that can be had for less than the money they have been mortgaged for. Some of them have good buildings on them; but the owners could n't compete with western farmers in raising grain, or even in making butter and cheese. Some of them have died, and others have gone to seek their fortunes elsewhere."

"That is a sad state of things," said Mr. Allerton. "It seems to me it ought to be remedied. In places where there are summer boarders, garden vegetables and fresh milk are sure to be in demand. And as for a place like this,"—he turned to get a view of the lake,—"what a noble site for a fine summer residence!"

"Perhaps we may sell it for that some time, if we can afford to keep it long enough," said Toby. "Look at those sheep! I am sure the boys have been frightening them. They will generally run to me, expecting salt."

"It is the guns that alarm them," suggested the schoolmaster, as he followed his companion along a path that led up through a bushy ravine. "The swallows, too, act as if they had been disturbed."

Toby hastened forward anxiously. There was a smell of smoke in the air, and the report of a gun sounded close at hand, just over the crest of a green knoll. The top of the hollow chestnut was already visible, and they could see the small black bodies and darting wings of the swallows that were circling about it in great numbers.

"I never saw such a sight!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, while Toby quickly mounted the crest, threw up his arms with an excited gesture, and uttered a fierce shout:

"What are you doing here?"

Yellow Jacket had not given up his search for Tom's rifle; but thinking they might see it better after the reflection of the sunlight had disappeared from the surface of the water, he had proposed to his companions to go off and wait an hour. In the mean time they were having a little fun ashore.

The cavity of the chestnut extended all the way down the trunk to an opening at its roots. This might have been large enough for a slim boy to crawl into; and if Butter Ball had been slim his companions would certainly have forced him to attempt that difficult feat, in order "to see what was to be seen," by looking up through the inhabited hollow.

Then a dispute had arisen as to whether these were true chimney-swallows; and whether chimney-swallows objected to smoke. Tom and Yellow Jacket maintained that they did n't; while Lick Stevens declared that they never built their nests in chimneys used for fires in summer. Butter Ball remained neutral; and it was he who had the credit of suggesting a settlement of the question, by kindling a fire in the hole at the base of the tree.

"Oh, I would n't bother the birds that way!" said Yellow Jacket.

"But, according to your own argument, it won't bother 'em; they 'll rather like a little smoke," Lick replied. "Run, Butter Ball, and bring sticks and brush and dry leaves from the ravine!"

Butter Ball obeyed. Tom had some matches.

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It may here be said that he also had cigarettes. Since his father refused to give him again the twenty dollars he had once received and lost, he felt himself justified in breaking the promise he had made, to leave off smoking.

He lighted his cigarette. Lick lighted the fire. Then, while it was kindling, both amused themselves by shooting at the swallows on the wing.

The smoke created a great commotion among the birds, both outside and within the hollow tree. Butter Ball was stuffing more rubbish into the opening, and Tom was on the point of shooting into the flock of swallows over their heads, when Toby made his appearance on the scene, followed immediately by Mr. Allerton coming up over the knoll.

At the sound of Toby's voice, at the sight of his threatening gesture and angry face, Tom lowered his gun and stared.

"I never saw such a set of cowards!"

With this wrathful exclamation, Toby rushed in, and began to pull the burning rubbish away from the aperture. The sound of young birds fluttering, and peeping, and dropping down within the hollow trunk to the ground or into the fire, redoubled his fury.

Mr. Allerton hastened to his assistance, exclaiming:

"Boys! what are you thinking of, to make war upon these harmless birds? I would not have believed it of you, Patterson!"

Yellow Jacket sulked; and both Tom and Butter Ball were too much surprised to make any reply. But Lick Stevens remained cool, with a polite smile on his sarcastic lips, and a sparkle of malice in his eyes, as he answered:

"We are not harming the birds, sir. You can't hit one on the wing, if you try a week. And they like smoke. So the boys say."

"Like it!" Toby exclaimed. "It is driving the young ones out of their nests, and you can hear them falling — here is one now!"

And he snatched the poor little thing out of the fire.

"Oh, that is too cruel!" said the schoolmaster, in pitiful accents.

"I did n't know it would do that," Tom muttered, with mingled resentment and mortification.

"You might have known it, if you had n't been worse than a —"

Toby's furious speech was in full career when Mr. Allerton stopped him.

"Don't call hard names, Tobias; they will not right any wrongs."

"But look at that!" And Toby, full of ire and grief, held out in the hollow of his hand the scorched and suffering bird. "And there are more of them!"

He raked away the fire with the end of a partly burnt branch, and took out two more half-fledged swallows. Tom offered to help him, but was rudely pushed aside. Mr. Allerton secured the birds, while Toby looked for more and tried to extinguish the fire.

"I guess it 's about time for us to get out of this," said Lick Stevens, cool as ever; "it almost seems as if we were not wanted here, as the tax-collector said when he got kicked down stairs."

"You are *not* wanted here; and I 'll thank you never to come near this tree nor set foot on this lot again. I mean every one of you!" cried Toby, as the intruders went off together.

"I am sorry you were so violent with them," said Mr. Allerton, "though I can hardly blame you. It was certainly an exasperating act. But even when you are in the right it is n't best to be too severe. Nobody ever gains anything by losing his temper."

"I know it. But I could n't help it!" replied Toby. "There are more birds in there now — if I could only get at them. I hope the fire has n't reached them. But they will be sure to starve to death."

Mr. Allerton remarked that the fire had attacked the tree itself, and would be sure to eat into the dry shell, if every spark was n't extinguished. "I should think we might get water in the little ravine yonder; I noticed a wet place as we came by," he added, pointing toward the lake.

"Yes; and there is the lake-full, just as there was when I wanted to put out that other fire!" said Toby. "I have a bailer in my boat. It won't take five minutes to fetch it."

"Don't have any words with those boys, if you fall in with them," the teacher warned him, as he was starting off.

"I 'll try not to," replied Toby.

He saw nothing of the marauders, who had

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not returned to their boat; and having hastily dipped up his bailer-full of lake water, he set out to carry it back up the hill. But the bailer—an old tin basin—was rusty, and he had not gone far before he perceived that the water was fast escaping through three or four holes. He tried to stop them with his fingers, and ran as fast as he could; but, by the time he reached the tree of the swallows, the basin was nearly empty.

"I am sure you can get some here in the ravine," Mr. Allerton said, and went himself to scoop out a hollow place, which was soon filled with dirty water. "There seems to be a spring here; and I 've no doubt we should find it very good water, if we gave it time to settle."

"It is good enough for our purpose, as it is," said Toby, filling his basin and running with it to the tree.

Chapter XXXI.

"Promise never to tell!"

The fire was quickly extinguished; and then there seemed nothing else to do but to put out of their misery the poor little fledglings that had suffered from it.

It made Toby's heart bleed to do this. Nor could he cease to express his wonder and indignation at what he called the "inhuman deed."

"It was bad enough, certainly," said Mr. Allerton; "but I am inclined to call it thoughtless rather than inhuman. Patterson, I am sure, would n't willingly have caused these innocent little creatures to suffer. I am especially sorry for what has occurred, on his account. He is extremely sensitive; and I am afraid we may lose our hold upon him. You forgot to speak of finding the gun."

"Yes, I forgot everything but the mean and cowardly business we caught them at," said Toby. "Even if I had remembered, I would n't have mentioned it. I would have taken the gun Tom had in his hands, and thrown it into the middle of the lake, if I could. Such fellows ought never to have a gun. I have thought so much of the swallows in this old tree."

"The smoke is getting out of it, and they are quieter now," said Mr. Allerton. "I don't think many young ones have hopped out of their nests. Can we do better than to leave the well ones where they are? The parent birds may possibly find them."

"I 've a good mind to take these two home to Milly," said Toby. "If anybody can nurse them and keep them alive, she can. She has a great fondness for such pets. She had a young swallow once."

Mr. Allerton approved the suggestion, and, making a nest of his handkerchief, he carried the two helpless, half naked, ungainly little creatures to the boat. He and Toby never knew how many more were left to their fate, in the cavity where they had fallen, nor what became of them.

Half an hour later, Tom and his friends returned from an excursion they had made farther over the hill; sending Butter Ball ahead, "to see if the coast was clear," in the vicinity of the hollow tree.

The scout reporting that Mr. Allerton and Toby were gone, he was once more sent forward to look out for them, while the others stopped at the scene of their recent exploit.

It was mere curiosity, however, that moved them, and not a desire to indulge in any more sport at the expense of the swallows.

They saw that the fire was out, and looked rather ruefully at the dead swallows whose destruction they had caused; only Lick Stevens seeming to consider it a time to joke.

"You see, boys," he said, "I was right about their not liking smoke. There 's only one biped that does like it; and he makes a chimney of himself—like you, Tom."

The spring Mr. Allerton and Toby had opened in the side of the ravine attracted Tom's attention as they passed it. The water, which had had time to clarify itself, was bright and sparkling.

Tom stooped to take up some in the hollow of his hand. Yellow Jacket got down on his knees, to drink directly from the spring. Lick made a movement with his uplifted foot as if to push the kneeler's face down into the water, when he was startled by a simultaneous exclamation from his two companions.

"What is it?" he asked, as both appeared to be gazing into the bottom of the brimming hollow. "A gold mine?"

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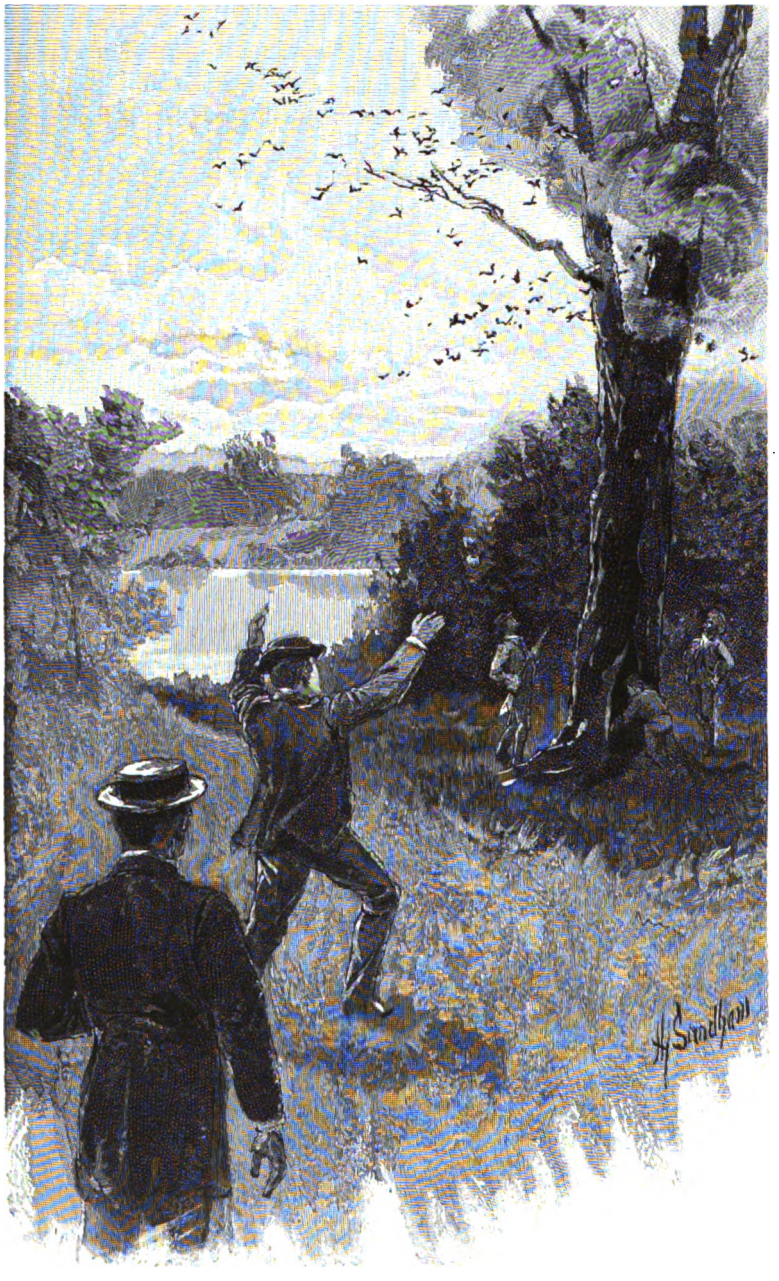
Tom rose to his feet, looking very much excited. Lick, too, with all his coolness, betrayed a lively interest as they discussed the nature of the discovery. Yellow Jacket sat down on the grass and laughed.



"TOBY THREW UP HIS ARMS WITH AN EXCITED GESTURE, AND UTTERED A FIERCE SHOUT."

"It 's on Mrs. Trafford's lot," he said, wiping his dripping nose, and once more gazing into the pool.

"For that reason," cried Tom, "don't either of you breathe a word of it to a living soul! After Toby's treatment of us to-day, I would n't have him know for anything. I 'm glad Butter Ball is n't here; three are better than four to keep such a secret as this. Promise, boys, never to tell!"

"You won't catch me telling anything that will do *him* any good," said Lick Stevens, with a malicious grin. "But maybe he has found it out for himself."

"I don't believe so," Tom replied. "He just scooped up the muddy water to get some to put out the fire; and he could n't have discovered the *gold mine*, as you call it, without waiting a while. I 'll make it worth something to both of you, if you 'll keep mum. You will, Yellow Jacket?"

"It 's nothing I shall go blabbing about," Yellow Jacket replied.

"So now," cried Tom, elated, "let 's fill up the hole and cover it with brush!"

Chapter XXXII.

FISHING FOR THE GUN.

Meanwhile, Mr. Allerton had made the purchase of the boat at the Springs, and was returning down the lake with it, in the wake of the Milly. As there was no wind, the sail had been furled by wrap-

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ping it tightly around the mast, and was laid in the bow; the new owner pulled a pair of light spruce oars.

"As it has no name," said he, talking from one boat to the other, "I am going to call it the 'Swallow,' in memory of this afternoon's adventure. It rows almost as easily as your boat, though built for carrying a sail. I am really delighted with it!"

"There 's Yellow Jacket's boat on the shore, where we left it," said Toby. "Those fellows are still up on the hill somewhere. Do you believe they will meddle with the swallows again?"

"I hardly think so," Mr. Allerton replied. Then in a little while he asked, "What will you do about that gun?"

"I don't know; I 'm going to have up my rowlock, anyway," said Toby.

"I think we can get the rifle," said Mr. Allerton.

Projecting from the bow, with the end of the mast, was a bamboo fishing-pole that had happened to be in the boat at the time of the purchase. The former owner had given the pole to Toby. With this Mr. Allerton thought the rifle might be "fished up."

Arrived on the spot, however, they met with unexpected difficulties. The floating cork was there; but the sun no longer shone into that part of the lake, and even after the water had become tranquil the gun was nowhere to be seen. Only a faint glimmer at the bottom showed the place of the sunken rowlock. From that the position of the rifle had to be guessed.

"It is a doubtful experiment," said the schoolmaster; "but there will be no harm in trying it. After the hard names you called Tom and his friends, I am all the more anxious you should recover the gun for him."

He had already got into Toby's boat, and the end of the line attached to the cork had been made fast to the fishing-pole.

"Now, if you will hold the boat in place, Tobias, I 'll see what I can do, working without seeing."

He thrust the end of the pole, with the line, down into the lake, until he felt that it touched bottom. Then he raised it a few inches, and began to move it in a wide circle, in the hope of carrying the line around the gun. This, it will be remembered, had been found sticking in the mud, with the butt-end upwards.

It was only now and then that he caught glimpses of the rowlock, through the water which his movements troubled. But he was soon able to determine the position of the gun, from the revolutions the pole, with its radius of string, made around it.

"It is getting wound up on something," he said. "Tobias, I think we shall succeed!"

Though lukewarm as to doing Tom "a good turn," Toby was keenly interested in the result of the experiment, which exhibited the master's ingenuity and skill. And when, after the line was entirely wound up, Mr. Allerton began to draw upon it gently, the boy watched as eagerly as if the rifle to be restored had been his own.

"It has settled deeper in the soft mud than I had thought possible," said the schoolmaster. "Something is giving way, though!"

Was the line tightening around the gun, or slipping over the butt? He took a few more turns to wind up the slack, then slowly and firmly lifted on the pole. Up it came perpendicularly; followed by another and clumsier object, in a tangle of string.

It was the gun, which Toby made haste to seize and lift over the rail into the boat, with exclamations of delight.

The rowlock also came up, dangling at the end of the line.

"That was the bait we caught the fish with!" laughed Toby. "A gun will sometimes snap, but I never got a bite from one before! Oh, is n't it a joke on Tom and Yellow Jacket!"

"How so?"

"To think of their trying for two hours to do what we have done almost without trying! It is n't the first time Yellow Jacket has looked for it, either. And he is such a brag!"

"We 'll be careful not to brag of what we have done," replied Mr. Allerton. "Did you ever consider how a little boasting sometimes spoils a good deed?"

"Yes!" said Toby; "for I have heard Yellow Jacket tell about the persons he has saved, until I have almost wished he had let 'em drown."

The line, which was found looped and twisted

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around the lock and stock of the rifle, and caught on the hammer, was uncoiled by the schoolmaster, and wound up again on the cork by Toby. The gun was washed by dashing it into the clear water of the lake, and carefully wiped with the boat sponge. Then the "Milly" was pulled to Toby's wharf, with the "Swallow" in tow.

"Now, what are we going to do with it?" Toby asked, after making the boats fast, as he stood on the wharf with the rifle in his hands.

"I will leave it at Mr. Tazwell's house, on my way home," said Mr. Allerton. "I 'll take these young birds to your sister first."

Mildred, who came to the door at Toby's call, looked into the folded handkerchief which the schoolmaster held out to her, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

"For me! Oh, Toby, how could you think of such a thing? The poor, forlorn little midgets!"

"He says that you had one once," Mr. Allerton explained, "and that you are fond of pets."

"Fond of pets!" she repeated, drawing back, with glistening eyes, and a smile of tender mirthfulness. "So I am, so very fond of them that I can't bear to see them pine away and die, as my dear little swallow did, spite of all I could do. Besides, did you imagine, Toby, I had nothing else to do but to catch flies and devote my days and nights to trying to keep these helpless orphans alive? But I will take them, Mr. Allerton, if you wish it."

"No; I see it will be too much of a trial for you, after your other unfortunate experiment," said the schoolmaster. "I will try what I can do with them myself."

"Let me keep one of them," she said, giving another look at the half-fledged things in his hand — a pitying, yearning look. "Oh, yes! one! And we 'll see which has the best success."

"You can make a bet on it, and let me hold the stakes," said Toby. "I hope it will be candy! I 'll make a swallow of that!"

Mr. Allerton laughed, hesitated, and finally said:

"Would n't it be too bad to separate them? They will probably do better if kept together."

"Then give me both!" said Mildred.

Thinking she made the request against her choice and judgment, merely to relieve him of the birds, he would not consent; but departed, carrying his handkerchief carefully in one hand and the gun in the other.

It is to be feared that Toby, when he came to relate the afternoon's adventures to his mother and sister, failed to follow the master's advice in one or two particulars. He did call Tom and his companions some hard names; and he did brag.

To his credit, however, it must be said, that the bragging was mostly in favor of Mr. Allerton; with two interested listeners, he could not say enough in praise of his wise and generous friend.

Mildred was mildly sarcastic.

"I have no doubt that he is perfect, and knows everything," she said. "But now we 'll see if he knows enough to bring up two young swallows by hand!"

Chapter XXXIII.

WHAT BECAME OF THE BIRDS.

Meanwhile Mr. Allerton on his way home stopped at Mr. Tazwell's house to leave the gun. Bertha, who came to the door, looked up at him with bright, questioning eyes.

"Tom's rifle!" she exclaimed, when he told his errand. "Why, he has gone to hunt for it this afternoon."

"So I heard," said Mr. Allerton. "Please say to him that Tobias and I had the good fortune to recover it without much trouble; and that we are very glad to return it to him."

"He will be so much obliged to you!" said Bertha. "How long has it been in the water?"

"Not quite a week yet, I believe," said Mr. Allerton, standing the rifle against the doorpost.

"That 's true!" she replied. "And yet it seems weeks and weeks!"

"You went into the water with it, I understand," said the master.

"Fortunately, I went into the water with something not quite so heavy as that!" she answered, with a laugh, "— an oar that buoyed me up till the boat came to our rescue."

"Patterson was a lucky fellow that day!" said Mr. Allerton.

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"How so?" she asked, meanwhile wondering what was contained in the handkerchief, which he held so carefully.

"Why, was n't it he who had the good fortune to save your life? That 's what I heard."

"That Patterson? Yellow Jacket?" Bertha looked up, with a frown knitting her pretty brows. "I have heard that story!"

"Was n't your life in danger?"

"In danger! I might have been burned alive, or drowned, two or three times over—if such a thing were possible—for all he could have done for me. *Somebody* did save my life, and set me afloat with the oar, before he came near me. Yellow Jacket did all he could, and I was thankful enough to be taken into his boat; but why should people claim for him all the credit that belongs to somebody else?"

This was evidently a subject she could n't speak of without betraying too much feeling. She shrugged, bit her lips, tapped the floor with her small foot, and said, as she took hold of the gun to carry it into the house:

"But it 's of no use!—and I ought not to have said anything."

"I am glad to have heard you say so much. I think I understand the situation." He was turning to go, when he paused and said: "Since you may feel some curiosity in regard to what I have here, let me show you."

And he uncovered the birds in his handkerchief.

"Oh! what are they? Where did you get them?" she cried, with eager interest.

"They are young swallows that Tobias and I picked up at the root of a hollow tree. We took them home to his sister, thinking she might like to raise them, but she was afraid she could n't."

"Oh, give them to me!" exclaimed Bertha.

"Do you think *you* would like to try?"

"If you will let me! What do they live on?"

"That is the troublesome question," said the schoolmaster. "The old birds live on insects,—flies, moths, anything they can catch in the air,—and I suppose they must feed their young ones on the same sort of food."

"I can catch flies enough, if they will only eat them!" said Bertha.

"In that case," Mr. Allerton replied, "I shall be only too well pleased to have you take them, and Tobias, I am sure, will be delighted."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!"

And, forgetting all about the gun, Bertha gathered the birds softly into her warm hands, and ran with them into the house.

Mr. Allerton, greatly relieved, shook out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, gave his little coil of hair a long-needed pat, and walked away, with a smile of serene satisfaction.

Not long after that, Tom Tazwell came home. Yellow Jacket, on their return trip down the lake, had refused to dive again for the gun.

"No use," he said, finding it less easy to see into the depths of the water than when the sun was on it. "You might as well look for a lost toothpick in the Adirondack woods. You can take my opinion for what it 's worth."

He gave his head a shake, implying that the said opinion was that of an expert, and "worth considerable."

"It 's jest as I told you in the first place. That gun has sunk down in the mud, where you never 'll set eyes on it again."

It might have been a satisfaction to the village idler to recover the gun, and secure the reward Tom had offered for it. But it was also a satisfaction to have his original prediction fulfilled. That, to a boaster like Yellow Jacket, was worth at least five dollars.

Tom was not so greatly disappointed as his companions expected he would be.

"Well, never mind!" he said cheerfully. "I 'll go home and tell father."

Imagine then his surprise when he mounted the steps of the porch, and found the lost gun leaning quietly and naturally beside the door!

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed, staring at it. "How in thunder!—" He took it up and handled it. "It can't be! But it is, though! Dogs and cats and little elephants! how did this happen?"

He ran into the house in great excitement, bawling out:

"Where did my rifle come from? We have been diving for it all the afternoon, and here it is at the door! Say, who knows anything about it?"

At first it appeared that nobody did; for Bertha, in her raptures over the young swallows, had forgotten to mention the gun.

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"Why, Thomas!" said his mother, "if you did n't bring it yourself, I 've no idea how it got here."

"Bring it myself!" cried Tom, impatiently. "Don't I tell you I 've been searching the bottom of the lake for it, for the last five hours? Where 's Bert?"

"In the kitchen, caring for some young birds. Perhaps she can tell you about it."

To the kitchen Tom went, brandishing the firearm and blustering.

"Oh, yes!" cried Bertha, at a side table, leaning over a tiny basket in which she had her birdlings imbedded in cotton-wool. "I can tell you all about it. Mr. Allerton brought it. He said he and Toby found it without the least trouble, and were glad to return it to you."

"Found it without the least trouble?" Tom muttered, with black looks. "I 'd like to know how! I don't believe it. And I wish they would mind their own business!"

"What a return that is for all their trouble!" said Bertha indignantly.

"You just said it was no trouble!" Tom retorted, glowering first at his sister, then at the gun. "Why should they meddle?"

"But if they found it, what would you have had them do with it? Tom, you are so unreasonable!"

"They did n't do it out of any kindness to me," Tom answered. "And if they did, I did n't want any of their kindness. Perhaps they think they 'll get the five dollars I offered for a reward. But that was a special offer to Yellow Jacket."

"Tom, in your heart, you don't believe they had any such mean motive! You almost make me think," said Bertha, "that you don't care to have your gun again."

"I don't care to get it in this way." Then, without thinking how the words would sound if reported to his father, he added angrily, "Why should I want it, anyhow? I was bound to look for it, of course, but I knew if I found it there would be no chance of my making that trade with Lick Stevens."

"Oh, Tom! what will father say to that?" Bertha asked indignantly.

"He won't say anything, for you won't be such a little goose as to tell him. If you do, I 'll come up with you! What have you got there?"

"Two dear little birds; see if you can tell of what kind they are."

Bertha uncovered the basket, willing to divert the storm of her brother's wrath, and never suspecting how much more terrible a tempest she was about to raise.

"Where did you get those?" he demanded, recognizing the young swallows which his own thoughtless cruelty had assisted in driving from their nests.

It was not a sight to please him. Poor Bertha, frightened at the fierceness of his look, attempted to explain.

"Now I know it was all intended as an insult!" he said, interrupting her. "But it shan't succeed with me, you can tell them!"

And snatching up the basket he ran with it out of the house.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" shrieked Bertha, following and endeavoring to overtake him, "what are you going to do?"

He flung the little basket back at her, and when she stopped to pick it up, only to find it empty, he disappeared in the barn, fastening the door behind him.

She pounded and clamored to be let in; but in vain. She had grown strangely quiet, when at length the door was opened, and he came out, empty-handed, with a hard smile on his face, showing that all was over with the birds.

"Tom Tazwell," she said, choking with emotion, "I never will forgive you in this world!"

"I 'm not going to have any such game played on me!" said Tom, stalking past her toward the house. "When Toby asks how I liked his swallows, tell him the cat liked them very well."

"Cruel! cruel!" cried Bertha, with an intolerable sense of wrong, but with eyes flashing through tears.

(To be continued.)

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A TALK ABOUT WILD FLOWERS.

By John Burroughs.

NATURE has curious and hidden ways in the vegetable, as well as in the animal world. For instance, that pretty and very abundant spring flower of ours, the adder's-tongue, or dog's-tooth violet, presents a problem which I have not yet been able to solve. This plant, you know, is a lily, and all the lilies, so far as I know, have a bulb that sits on top of the ground. The onion is a fair type of the lily in this respect. But here is a lily with a bulb deep in the ground. How does it get there? that is the problem. The class-book on botany says the bulb is deep in the ground, but offers no explanation. Now it is only the bulbs of the older or flowering plants that are deep in the ground. The bulbs of the young plants are near the top of the ground. The young plants have but one leaf, the older or flowering ones have two. If you happen to be in the woods at the right time in early April, you may see these leaves compactly rolled together, piercing the matted coating of dry leaves that covers the ground, like some sharp-pointed instrument. They do not burst their covering, or lift it up, but pierce through it like an awl.

But how does the old bulb get so deep into the ground? In digging some of them up last spring in an old meadow-bottom, I had to cleave the tough, fibrous sod to a depth of eight inches. Some smaller ones were only two inches below the surface. A friend of mine tells me he has discovered how the thing is done. Next summer I hope either to disprove or else to confirm his observation. In the mean time, if any of the young readers of this magazine can solve the problem, they will be acquiring a bit of fresh and original knowledge that will, I know, taste wonderfully good to them.

The field of natural history has been so closely gleaned, so little remains to be found out about the habits of our familiar birds and flowers, that an unsolved problem like this is something to be prized. It is a pity that this graceful flower has no good and appropriate common name. It is the earliest of the true lilies, and it has all the grace and charm that belong to this

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order of flowers. *Erythronium*, its botanical name, is not good, as it is derived from a Greek word that means red, while one species of our flower is yellow and the other is white. How it came to be called adder's-tongue I do not know; probably from the spotted character of

ADDER'S-TONGUE, OR DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET.

the leaf, which might suggest a snake, though it in no wise resembles a snake's tongue. A fawn is spotted, too, and "fawn-lily" would be better than adder's-tongue. The "dog's-tooth" may have been suggested by the shape and color of the bud, but how the "violet" came to be added is a puzzle, as it has not one feature of the violet. It is only another illustration of the haphazard way in which our wild flowers, as well as our birds, have been named.

In my spring rambles I have sometimes come upon a solitary specimen of this yellow lily growing beside a mossy stone where the sunshine fell full upon it, and have thought it one of the most beautiful of our wild flowers. Its two leaves stand up like a fawn's ears, and this feature, with its re-curved petals, gives it an alert, wide-awake look. The white species I have never seen.

Another of our common wild flowers, which I always look at with an interrogation-point in my mind, is the wild-ginger. Why should this plant always hide its flower? Its two fuzzy, heart-shaped green leaves stand up very conspicuously amid the rocks or mossy stones, but its one curious, brown, bell-shaped flower is always hidden beneath the moss or dry leaves, as if too modest to face the light of the open woods. As a rule, the one thing which a plant is anxious to show and to make much of, and to flaunt before all the world, is its flower. But the wild-ginger reverses the rule and blooms in secret. Instead of turning upward toward the light and air, it turns downward toward the darkness and the silence. It has no corolla, but what the botanists call a lurid, that is, brown-purple calyx, which is conspicuous like a corolla. Its root leaves in the mouth a taste precisely like that of ginger.

This plant and the closed gentian are apparent exceptions, in their manner of blooming, to the general habit of the rest of our flowers. The closed gentian does not hide its flower, but the corolla never opens; it always remains a closed bud. It probably never experiences the benefits of insect visits, which Darwin showed us were of such importance in the vegetable world. I once plucked one of the flowers into which a bumble-bee had forced his way, but he had never come out; the flower was his tomb.

There is yet another curious exception which I will mention, namely, the witch-hazel. All our trees and plants bloom in the spring, except this one species; this blooms in the fall. Just

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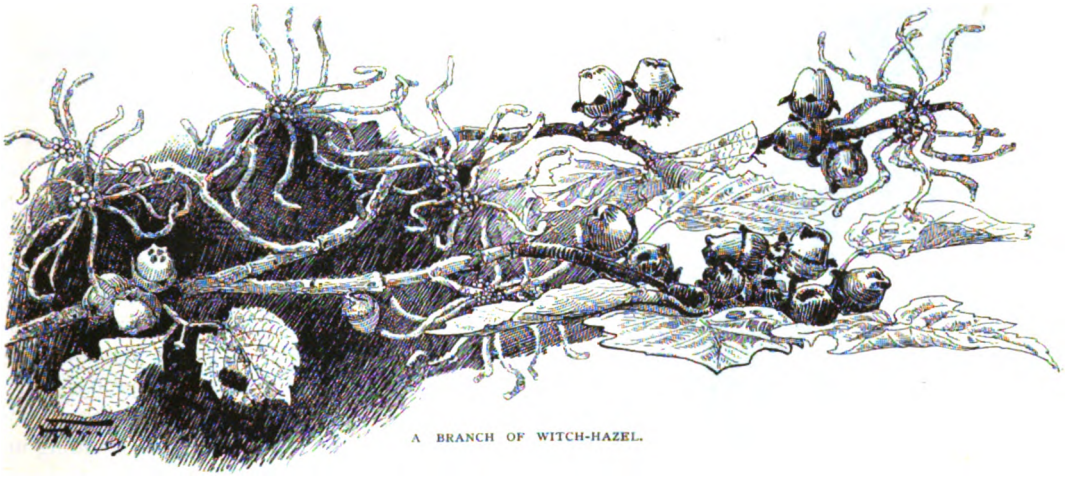
as its leaves are fading and falling, its flowers appear, giving out an odor along the bushy lanes and margins of the woods that is to the nose like cool water to the hand. Why it should bloom in the fall instead of in the spring is a mystery. And it is probably because of this very curious trait that its branches are used as divining-rods by certain credulous persons, to point out where springs of water and precious metals are hidden.



A BRANCH OF WITCH-HAZEL.

One of the most fugitive and uncertain of our wild flowers, but a very delicate and beautiful one, is the climbing corydalis, or mountain-fringe. It is first cousin to squirrel-corn and ear-drop, our two species of dicentra; but, unlike these, it seems to have no settled abode nor regularity in its appearance. In my locality it comes, as the wild pigeons used to do in my boyhood, at long intervals. I had not found any in my walks for years, till after the West Shore Railroad was put through. Then suddenly a ledge that had been partly blasted away in the edge of the woods was overrun with it. It appeared also at other points in the path of the destroyers along the road. The dynamite and giant-powder seemed to have awakened it from the sleep of years. It has now gone to sleep again, as none is ever seen in these localities. Probably an earthquake or another gang of railroad builders would wake it up. I gathered some seed and sowed them in other places, but no plants have appeared there.

Most young people find botany a dull study. So it is, as taught from the text-books in the schools; but study it yourself in the fields and woods, and you will find it a source of perennial delight. Find your flower and then name it by the aid of the botany. There is so much in a name. To find out what a thing is called is a great help. It is the beginning of knowledge; it is the first step. When we see a new person who interests us, we wish to know his or her name. A bird, a flower, a place,— the first thing we wish to know about it is its name. Its name helps us to classify it; it gives us a handle to grasp it by, it sheds a ray of light where all before was darkness. As soon as we know the name of a thing, we seem to have established some sort of relation with it.

The other day, while the train was delayed by an accident, I wandered a few yards away from it along the river margin seeking wild flowers. Should I find any whose name I did not know? While thus loitering, a young English girl also left the train and came in my direction, plucking the flowers right and left as she came. But they were all unknown to her; she did not know the names of one of them, and she wished to send them home to her father, too. With what satisfaction she heard the names; the words seemed to be full of meaning to her, though she had never heard them before in her life. It was what she wanted: it was an introduction to the flowers, and her interest in them increased at once.

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CARDINAL-FLOWER, AND JEWEL-WEED.

"That orange-colored flower which you just plucked from the edge of the water, that is our jewel-weed." I said.

"It looks like a jewel," she replied.

"You have nothing like it in England, or did not have till lately; but I hear it is now appearing along certain English streams, having been brought from this country."

"And what is this?" she inquired, holding up a blue flower with a very bristly leaf and stalk.

"That is viper's-bugloss or blueweed, a plant from your side of the water, one that is making itself thoroughly at home along the Hudson and in the valleys of some of its tributaries among the Catskills. It is a rough, hardy weed, but its flower, with its long, conspicuous purple stamens and blue corolla, as you see, is very pretty."

"Here is another emigrant from across the Atlantic," I said, holding up a cluster of small white flowers each mounted upon a little inflated brown bag or balloon,—the bladder-campion. "It also runs riot in some of our fields as I am sure you will not see it at home." She went on filling her hands with flowers, and I gave her the names of each,—sweet-clover or melilotus, probably a native plant, vervain (foreign), purple loosestrife (foreign), toad-flax (foreign), chelone, or turtle-head, a native, and the purple mimulus or monkey-flower, also a native. It was a likely place for the cardinal-flower, but I could not find any. I wanted this hearty English girl to see one of our native wild flowers so intense in color that it would fairly make her eyes water to gaze upon it.

Just then the whistle of the engine summoned us all aboard, and in a moment we were off.

When one is stranded anywhere in the country in the season of flowers or birds, if he feels any interest in these things he always has something ready at hand to fall back upon.

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TURTLE-HEAD.

And if he feels no interest in them he will do well to cultivate an interest. The tedium of an eighty-mile drive which I lately took (in September), cutting through parts of three counties, was greatly relieved by noting the various flowers by the roadside. First my attention was attracted by wild thyme making purple patches here and there in the meadows and pastures. I got out of the wagon and gathered some of it; I found honey-bees working upon it, and remembered that it was a famous plant for honey in parts of the old world. It had probably escaped from some garden; I had never seen it growing wild in this way before. Along the Schoharie Kill, I saw acres of blueweed or viper's-bugloss, the hairy stems of the plants, when looked at toward the sun, having a frosted appearance.

What is this tall plant by the roadside thickly hung with pendent clusters of long purplish buds or tassels? The stalk is four feet high, the lower leaves are large and lobed, and the whole effect of the plant is striking. The clusters of purple pendents have a very decorative effect. This is a species of nabalus, of the great composite family, and is sometimes called lion's-foot. The flower is cream-colored, but quite inconspicuous. The noticeable thing about it is the drooping or pendulous clusters of what appear to be buds, but which are the involucres, bundles of purple scales, like little staves, out of which the flower emerges.

In another place I caught sight of

LOOSESTRIFE.

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something intensely blue in a wet, weedy place, and on getting some of it found it to be the closed gentian, a flower to which I have already referred as never opening but always remaining a bud. Four or five of these blue buds, each like the end of your little finger and as long as the first joint, crown the top of the stalk, set in a rosette of green leaves. It is one of our rarer flowers, and a very interesting one, well worth getting out of the wagon to gather. As I drove through a swampy part of Ulster County, my attention was attracted by a climbing plant overrunning the low bushes by the sluggish streams, and covering them thickly with clusters of dull white flowers. I did not remember ever to have seen it before, and on taking it home and examining it found it to be climbing boneset. The flowers are so much like those of boneset that you would suspect their relationship at once.

MONKEY-FLOWER.

TOAD-FLAX.

Without the name any flower is still more or less a stranger to you. The name betrays its family, its relationship to other flowers, and gives the mind something tangible to grasp. It is very difficult for persons who have had no special training to learn the names of the flowers from the botany. The botany is a sealed book to them. The descriptions of the flowers are in a language which they do not understand at all. And the key is no help to them. It is as much a puzzle as the botany itself. They need a key to unlock the key.

One of these days some one will give us a hand-book of our wild flowers, by the aid of which we shall all be able to name those we gather in our walks without the trouble of analyzing them. In this book we shall have a list of all our flowers arranged according to color, as white flowers, blue flowers, yellow flowers, pink flowers, etc., with place of growth and time of blooming. Also lists or sub-lists of fragrant flowers, climbing flowers, marsh flowers, meadow flowers, wood flowers, etc., so that, with flower in hand, by running over these lists we shall be pretty sure to find its name. Having got its name we can turn to Gray or Wood and find a more technical description of it if we choose. Indeed, I have heard that a work with some such features has actually been undertaken by a lover of birds and flowers in the western part of this State.

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BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR TOFFY.

By Sophie Swett.

There were so many of the Primes and they grew so fast that their father's long-tailed coat was handed all the way down to little Amos, the seventh boy; and last year Tudy actually made her "fore-and-aft" cap of one of the tails. If one is a minister's daughter in a little out-of-the-world Cape Cod town, where some people pay for their share of preaching with salt codfish, and others with cranberries, one must develop a contriving bump,—and especially if one is the only girl in a family of eight, and one's father cherishes the old-fashioned opinion that a girl is not of much account, anyway.

Papa Prime's heart yearned over his boys, running wild with bare feet among the sand hills, apparently becoming amphibious, but acquiring very little book-learning. How to educate them was a problem which absorbed much of his thought, but it never occurred to him that it was of any consequence, whatever, that Tudy wished to be an artist. He knew that her head had been full of this fancy from the time when, a mite of a girl, she had got into disgrace by drawing, in the "long prayer," an old Portuguese sailor, with ear-rings and a wooden leg, who had strayed into church, until the last school-examination when the committee had ordered that the ship which she had drawn should remain on the blackboard, being an honor to the district. If Tudy learned, from her Aunt Rebekah, to be a thrifty housekeeper, that was about all the education that was necessary for her, he thought. So it happened that Tudy ate her heart out with longing for drawing materials, colors to set forth the glories of the East Tilbury marshes in September, and lessons that would show her just how to express the conceits that were thronging her brain and fairly tingling at her fingers' ends. When, besides being the only girl in a family of eight, one is a twin, one's difficulties and trials are increased. Tudy was very apt to be held responsible not only for her own shortcomings but also for her twin brother's; and to be responsible for Toffy was sometimes not a trifling matter.

Their father had settled upon Toffy to be the minister of the family. Ben, the eldest son, had sorely disappointed him by a persistent determination to become a sailor; failing to obtain his father's consent, Ben had run away to sea, and now no one dared to mention his name in his father's presence, but Tudy and Aunt Rebekah cried themselves to sleep every stormy night. It seemed to Tudy that her father had grown ten years older since Ben had run away. And now here was Toffy manifesting a trading-bump, apparently the only one in the family. His father had talked to him earnestly of the hopes which he had centered in him, and Tudy, with a deep sense of responsibility, had set before him the delights of learning, all in vain. It is possible that Tudy's arguments might have had more effect if Toffy had not been acquainted with her great weakness in the matter of the multiplication table, and with her private opinion of parsing. But Toffy, even in dresses, had yearned to play marbles "for keeps," and while the front yard fence still overtopped him he had, through the slats, challenged every passer to "swop knives" with him. Almost ever since he had worn jackets, he had been saving up to buy a cranberry meadow, and the walls of the wood-shed were covered with an imaginary profit and loss account of the cranberry business; but, alas for poor Toffy! on this summer when he was fourteen his prospects of owning a cranberry meadow were represented by thirty-seven cents, and he suspected Aunt Rebekah of having dark designs upon that sum for the purchase of his straw hat.

Even his poultry business, upon which he could generally depend, had proved unprofitable this season; his sitting hens all "rose up" (as Ann Kenny, the Irish washerwoman, said), a

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great mortality visited his young turkeys, and Aunt Rebekah had an unprincipled way of making cake and custards of his eggs before the egg-man came around.

But Toffy's determination to become a business man was not overthrown by these reverses, nor by the elusiveness of the cranberry meadow. He could see no advantage in grinding over Latin declensions, and when Tudy exhorted him to work his way through college as a preliminary to being President,—to be a minister meant, in Tudy's experience, to be so poor that she had not the heart to keep that calling steadfastly before Toffy's eyes,—Toffy replied that he would rather keep a store.

"HIS FATHER HAD TALKED TO HIM EARNESTLY."

Aunt Rebekah said, when she heard of Toffy's ambition, that she had known folks to serve the Lord keeping store, and make money, too. And it was evident that Aunt Rebekah thought that this combination of aims was not to be despised. But Papa Prime, who had never scraped the flour-barrel, nor made over a coat seven times, sighed heavily, and began to look among the rest of his flock for the one who should follow in his footsteps. Isaiah, who came next to the twins, was addicted to truancy and eccentric spelling; even now the minister's heart was heavy over a soiled and crumpled scrawl which had been presented to the school-teacher by Isaiah and by him forwarded to the culprit's father: "pleez igscuz the barer for beeing Late. And Oblidge yures truly, rev absalom Prime."

As to his morals Isaiah might reform, but Papa Prime despaired of his spelling. Samuel, who came next, owned an imagination which imparted an "Arabian Nights" flavor to his simplest statements, and in matter-of-fact East Tilbury the minister's distressed ears had heard him called "Lying Sammy." Then Lysander was inordinately fat and fond of pie, and his father was afraid that he would never be spiritually minded; and, to say nothing of Absalom's fixed determination to become a circus clown, it was feared that his stammer was incurable. Peleg and little Amos were notoriously mischievous and troublesome, but as they were but six and seven respectively, a less despondent soul than the minister's might cherish hopes of their reform.

Papa Prime doubted whether the Lord had blessed him in his children, and perhaps it was unfortunate that Tudy should have taken the very day on which he had heard Toffy's remark about keeping store and been led by it to this gloomy survey of his whole family, to tell him that Miss Halford, the drawing-teacher

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at the S—— Academy, had kindly offered to give her a drawing-lesson twice a week. The minister said, decidedly, that Tudy could not walk four miles to S——, and he could not afford to pay her fare in the stage. Moreover, she would better give her time to such useful occupations as cooking and sewing.

Here was another child who was a disappointment with her desire for vain accomplishments, the minister thought bitterly. And Tudy went away feeling herself the most deeply injured and unhappy girl in the whole round world. If she were not the only girl in the family she would run away, like Ben, she said to herself; but some one must help Aunt Rebekah to level the weekly mountain of patching and darning, avert their father's anger from Isaiah and Lysander, keep Peleg and little Amos from setting the house on fire or falling into the well, and, last but not least, be responsible for Toffy. Oddly enough, what he felt to be a great stroke of good fortune had come to Toffy on this very day. It is seldom that one's dearest ambitions are realized so soon, but Toffy had actually had an opportunity to become a partner in a store. Dave Rickerby, whose father was postmaster and storekeeper of East Tilbury, had planned to go into business in this summer vacation. Dave already had several irons in the fire, being the owner of a small cranberry meadow, part-owner of the "Frisky Kitty," a jaunty little cat-boat which thriftily went fishing in the fall and spring, and then, being thoroughly cleansed of her fishiness and thickly painted, took the summer guests of the Tilbury House on pleasure excursions; moreover Dave this summer had taken the contract to supply the Tilbury House with clams and band concerts (himself reinforcing the somewhat feeble Sandy Harbor band with a drum and fish-horn). Dave was nothing if not enterprising; he had keen eyes for a business opening, and great promptness in availing himself of it. Toffy greatly respected Dave Rickerby.

Now that Tilbury Center had become a watering-place, and the summer guests drove or sailed over to East Tilbury every day, and excursion boats often landed there, Dave was of the opinion that a small store, kept in an old fish-curing establishment that belonged to his father, down on the wharf, would be a paying investment. He meant to keep fruit, candy, and nuts, ginger beer and pickled limes, the latter a delicacy much esteemed by the youthful population of East Tilbury.

"It 's well to look out for the home trade," explained Dave with his legs dangling from his father's counter, while Toffy astride a barrel listened open-mouthed as if he were literally drinking in wisdom.

Toffy was very proud to have been selected as a partner by Dave.

"Of course I could have found a partner with money," Dave had said; "but I know business talent when I see it." And Toffy felt that, for the first time in his life, he was appreciated.

But when Tudy heard the terms of the partnership she thought that Toffy's share of the profits was to be small. Toffy had scarcely thought of that, he had been so flattered by Dave's appreciation. "He is n't giving you a fair share, Toffy," she said, indignantly.

"It 's Capital; Labor can't contend against it," said Toffy gloomily. Toffy read the newspapers and heard the questions of the day discussed in the store, but he had never felt quite sure with which side of the "labor question" he sympathized, until now.

"By the time that he gets ten per cent. on the money he invests there will be no more profits left to divide!" said Tudy, who was not obtuse if she did have difficulties with the multiplication table. "And he will expect you to do all the work."

"Yes, of course; that 's what he wants me for; that 's the way you have to do if you have no capital," said Toffy. "But it 's a great opening for me, as Dave says. There 's the experience, you know. But I don't know what father will say about it. *You 'd* better ask him, Tudy."

Tudy's face lengthened dolefully. The experience which she had just had with her father was not encouraging.

"I could n't ask him to-day, and I would n't if I were you," she said. The minister had moods like other people, and his daughter thought that he might be less severe upon

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Toffy's shopkeeping ambitions if the question were presented another day.

"Perhaps we 'd better not ask him at all," suggested Toffy, after reflection. "It 's safer."

At any previous time Tudy would have strongly dissented from this proposition, but now she was very bitter over the destruction of her own hopes. It would be too bad if her father should crush Toffy's in the same way.

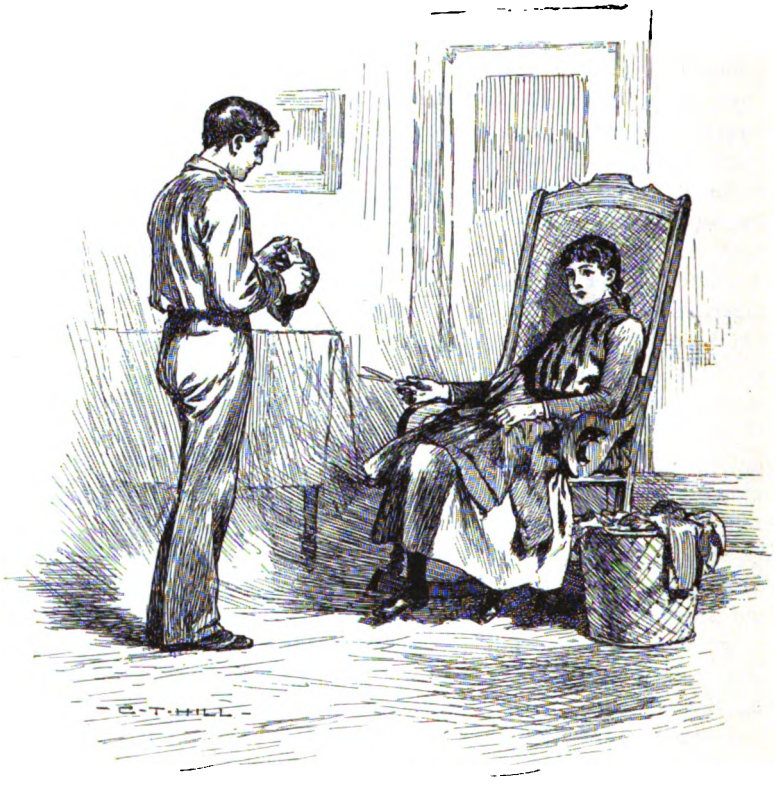
"If anybody should speak to him of my being in the store, we could let him think that I was just tending for Dave. That 's all it amounts to, any way. And it may be a failure, so there won't be any need of telling him."

Toffy looked somewhat surprised, and very much relieved that Tudy made no attempt to refute this logic. Tudy's generally stern views of duty and propriety were sometimes distasteful to Toffy. "I can do my Latin just the same. He says I 've got to stick to it all through vacation." Toffy made a wry face. "You can tend for me sometimes, can't you? I would n't dare to trust any of the boys."

Tudy reflected that it was very pleasant down there on the wharf, and if one were obliged to count one's fingers in making change one could probably do it under the counter; and she always wished to help Toffy — poor Toffy! — whose tastes, like hers, were frowned upon.

So it came about that when the little place on the wharf had been thoroughly scrubbed and whitewashed — somewhat dingy and tumble-down and very fishy it was — Tudy pinked blue and white paper for the shelves, and pinned some of her sketches upon the walls.

And Dave appreciated her assistance so highly as to offer for her acceptance a small pickled lime, which was quite wonderful for Dave, who disapproved of giving anything away. And Tudy was called upon to tend store almost every day. Dave superintended affairs for a



"'IT 'S CAPITAL; LABOR CAN'T CONTEND AGAINST IT,' SAID TOFFY GLOOMILY."

while, every morning, and he kept the books (the accounts were, in fact, set down upon a broken slate, but Dave had impressed Toffy with the desirability of giving an air of importance to the establishment, so they always spoke of "keeping the books"), but Toffy was expected to be there constantly, and the Latin lessons, to say nothing of the cares of wood chopping and poultry keeping, and the occasional beguilement of a game of ball, which not even the sternest business principles could resist, made this very difficult.

Aunt Rebekah was forced to do the mending alone, and even to make the ginger cookies for which Tudy was famous, and it became

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necessary to use much discretion to prevent the minister from finding out about the store.

Being responsible for Toffy was harder than ever. Business was brisk at first; for the most part, the customers were children with a few pennies to spend. But, sometimes, when the fishing-boats were in, or an excursion steamer made a landing at the wharf, the stock would be almost exhausted in a few minutes, and Tudy, racking her brains and frantically counting her fingers under the counter, would firmly resolve to privately master the multiplication table before the next boat came in.

But, after the novelty wore away, the home trade, as Dave called it, began to fall off; the tin banks of East Tilbury began to give forth their wonted jingle, and a virtuous sense of "saving up" again filled many an over-tempted breast. Except when the boats came in, it was dull, and Toffy allowed himself to be beguiled more and more by the charms of ball playing; moreover, he was securing jobs to row and sail boats for the summer visitors; he hoped to earn enough money to have a store of his own, by another summer. To be a partner in a business where labor was so overridden by capital was not only offensive to Toffy's feelings, but against his principles. Tudy carried her sketch-book to the store, and cheered herself by drawing pictures in dull times; she would have taken the pile of mending, but Dave objected to that as looking unbusinesslike.

One morning, when the only customer was little Smith Atwood, who wanted to change his stick of candy after he had taken a bite of it, Tudy devoted herself to sketching, from the window, Smith's small and stocky figure; struggling manfully along under the same disadvantage as "my son John" in the ancient rhyme, and with his tow head protruding from the crown of his tattered hat, he struck her as a promising subject. But suddenly Smith stood still and shrieked, to the full extent of his small lungs, and his shrieks were mingled with the frantic barking of a dog. If it had not been for the dog, Tudy would have taken it for granted that the cause of Smith's woe was the fact that his candy was all eaten; he had been known to give utterance to his feelings in like manner under such circumstances. But the dog was barking on the banks of the cove which made in behind the wharf; there was a pile of boards there, and something hidden in it seemed to be the cause of the dog's excitement.

"It 's my ki-ki-kitten!" screamed Smith, "and that 's Nye's dog that breaks ki-ki-kittens' backs!"

Tudy dropped her sketch-book and ran to the upper end of the wharf and jumped down upon the pile of boards. It was easy to drive Nye's dog away, but the terrified kitten squeezed herself out from the boards, and took a flying leap on to a rock which was surrounded by water.

"Now she 's a-goin' to der-der-drownd herself!" howled Smith.

"Don't cry! I 'll get her, Smithy!" and in a moment Tudy had taken the flying leap, too, and catching the kitten tossed her lightly back to Smith, who by this time had laboriously descended to the water's edge.

When it came to taking the flying leap back again, without the excitement of the chase, Tudy found it another matter.

"I shall jump short, and it is quicksandy about here!" she said to herself. "I don't see how I ever did it!"

The tide was coming in, and while she deliberated the breach widened. She caught sight of a piece of driftwood floating about on the waves. It looked long enough to cross the space between her rock and the shore, and the incoming tide was bringing it directly towards her. It was tossed back again on a retreating wave; forward and backward it wavered, and in watching and trying to reach it Tudy failed to note the rapid passing of time until the rock on which she stood was almost covered with water. Just in time to escape a wetting she seized the piece of board and made a bridge of it to the shore.

"I never left the store so long before," she said to herself, as she climbed quickly to the wharf. "But I should have seen any one who came along the road, and if an excursion boat had come in I am sure that I should have heard the whistle."

But when Tudy reached the store she felt like the little old woman on the king's highway who cried, "Oh, lawk 'a' mercy on me, this surely can't

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be I!" From the counter had vanished the jar of pickled limes, the basket of lemons, the figs, and dates, and nuts, and from the shelves were gone the tins of fancy crackers and cakes, the boxes of caramels and chocolates, all the ginger beer! Nothing was left but a few jars of the poorer candy, and some peanuts. Nothing was in disorder; there were no signs that the thief had been in haste. Tudy looked out upon the water, but saw no sign of a boat on all its broad surface.

Could Dave or Toffy have taken away the goods to frighten and punish her for having left the store? They had been going to take a party out sailing in the Frisky Kitty, but there had been so little wind all the forenoon that Tudy had half expected to see them come back; a fine breeze was blowing now, however, which Dave surely would not miss. She must wait until night to know whether it was they who had done it. It had seemed at first as if the thieves must have vanished into thin air, but when she remembered how long she had remained on the rock, she thought it possible that a boat, the Frisky Kitty or another, might have put in there, taken the things, and with that breeze have sailed out of sight, around the point, before she returned. She reflected, with a heavy heart, that it was more likely to have been another boat; for Dave was too businesslike for a joke, and it would not be like Toffy to do anything that would distress her so much.

"TUDY HAD TAKEN THE FLYING LEAP, AND CATCHING THE KITTEN TOSSED HER LIGHTLY BACK TO SMITH."

At one moment she was tempted to give an alarm and try to get some one on the track of the thieves, but in the next she reflected that this would not be easy, since there was no telegraph in Tilbury, and she might make a great deal of trouble and bring everything to her father's knowledge all to no purpose. And then, if it should prove to be the boys' joke, she would have made herself a laughing-stock.

The day came to an end, as even long days will, and up to the wharf came the Frisky Kitty with the sunset gay on her sails.

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"You did — Oh, *did n't* you take the things away?" gasped Tudy, with all the day's anxiety in her voice. One glance at the boys' faces told her that her hope was in vain. And they were both very severe, even Toffy showing no regard for her feelings. He said it was "just like a girl to neglect business to run after a kitten," and Dave said, loftily, that "it would never have been *his* way to trust a girl, and he hoped that Toffy realized that he was responsible for the loss." And then he got out the broken slate and reckoned up the loss; he said it was no more than fair that he should charge the retail price for everything because that was what he should have got; and he brought the figures up to a height that made Tudy dizzy, and Toffy turn pale. Even arithmetic was never so dreadful before! Oh, why had Providence permitted Smith Atwood to have a sweet tooth, or his stupid kitten to follow him?

"You 've ruined me, that 's all!" Toffy said to her bitterly, when Dave had brought his account up to nineteen dollars and eighty-seven cents.

He must have half the money at once to restock his store, Dave said; the rest Toffy might "work out" on board the Frisky Kitty, and in his cranberry meadow. Of course the partnership was at an end; he should be obliged to have a partner with money. Nolly Van Dusen, a New York boy who was spending the summer at the Tilbury House, was desirous of being admitted into the firm.

While Tudy was having her miserable day, Miss Halford, the drawing-teacher at S——, was visiting the minister. She had been much impressed by Tudy's talent, and had come to try to persuade her father to allow her to take lessons. Mr. Prime was quite unmoved by her arguments while she remained, but after she had gone one of them returned to him with some force. Tudy might be obliged to earn her own living, and many womanly occupations, such as sewing and teaching, were overcrowded. Aunt Rebekah had once said something of the kind to him. The minister, who, when he was convinced of a duty, lost no time in performing it, walked over to Tilbury Center, under a hot sun, and called at the bank.

He met Tudy at the gate when she came home, and put some money into her hand.

"Miss Halford has been here, and has convinced me that it would not be amiss for you to take drawing-lessons," he said. "Your Uncle Phineas put five dollars into the bank for each of you when you were born. Yours amounts to nearly eight dollars now, as you see. It will be enough to buy your materials and pay your fare to S——."

Poor Tudy strangled the largest sob that had ever filled her throat.

"Oh, Father, I shall have to take it to pay a debt! I owe somebody — such a lot! I can't tell you about it, because — because it concerns somebody else," she stammered.

The minister fairly groaned. Were ever children so troublesome and disappointing as his? "You would better tell your aunt. A girl like you should not have secrets or debts. I don't understand."

"Oh, you could n't, Father, you could n't!" cried Tudy, hastily trying to forestall inquiry. "It was all about a kitten and things, and something that was carried off."

The minister frowned severely, and turned away. He had a great distaste for the petty, practical details of living, and he disapproved of kittens. Tudy had a guilty sense of having taken advantage of her father's weakness, but as she ran out to the poultry yard to find Toffy she was not without a thrill of happiness in the possession of the money. She found Toffy ruefully surveying his bantams, to discover whether he could bear to sell them.

"Here 's almost half the money, Toffy, and I will sell a pair of my guinea-hens to make up the difference!" she cried.

Toffy had to hear all about it; such a miracle as the possession of eight dollars must be explained.

"It 's too bad about your drawing-lessons, but probably you would n't have done much at it; girls can't," said Toffy philosophically, as he pocketed the money. "I 'm going to charge Dave Rickerby well for my labor!" he added. "He 'll find out! And I 'm going to be a Labor Reformer — an Agitator." Toffy pronounced the words as if they were spelled with very large capitals.

But in spite of the high charges it took a long time to work out the rest of the debt.

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Tudy sewed stockings from the factory to help, and she tried not to think of drawing. Her sketch-book had been carried away in the raid on the store; she remembered that she had dropped it into the basket of lemons; probably the thieves had thrown it away.

But one September day when Toffy had picked cranberries for Dave after school, as the last instalment of his debt, a large box arrived at the post-office for "Miss Arethusa Prime." It was such a very unusual event that Tudy walked around and around the box, on the back porch, and dared not open it. And Toffy was not at all sure that it was not an infernal-machine intended to blow him up for being an Agitator.

It was not until Dave Rickerby had come around, and the minister, too, had arrived, that the box was opened. There was a letter on the top addressed, like the box, to Miss Arethusa Prime, and beneath it lay the sketch-book which Tudy had expected never to see again.

The letter, which Tudy read aloud with increasing wonder in her voice, set forth that the writer, who was the proprietor of the yacht "Spitfire," having, on a certain day of July, been so long becalmed that provisions on board the yacht were entirely exhausted, had sent his steward on shore at East Tilbury, to secure whatever provisions he could in the least possible time, that they might catch a sudden breeze; that finding no one in the store the man had carried off whatever he could lay his hands on, and the sketch-book had been found in a basket of lemons; that he, being an artist — "Oh, he is the great artist, C——!" interpolated Tudy, actually turning pale as she looked at the name signed on the last sheet — had been much interested in her sketches, which he thought showed remarkable talent, and this opinion was shared by the whole party of artists on board the yacht; that only a severe accident, which had disabled both his yacht and himself — "Oh, I read about the Spitfire; a schooner ran into her in the fog, and two or three fellows got hurt," cried Dave.

"A severe accident," continued Tudy, "had prevented him from paying for the goods taken, and restoring the sketch-book. Would Miss Prime accept from brother artists the enclosed materials, which must be somewhat difficult to obtain in her remote home, and would she kindly reimburse the injured shopkeeper, and afterward use anything that might remain of the one hundred dollars enclosed to further her artistic career? If she would prefer to consider it a loan she might repay it at her convenience."

The great box was full of drawing-paper, drawing-materials, and colors.

"Oh, how could they know just what I wanted only from seeing my name?" cried Tudy, looking through tears of joy from the precious contents of the box to the thin little strip of paper which had fluttered from the letter, and which was a check that meant a hundred dollars.

"I say, you can't blame me if I did hurry you up a little about paying me, because now it 's all yours," said Dave.

The minister was hearing it all. They had to explain to him just how the robbery occurred.

"And you 've been working to pay it?" was all he said.

"Toffy has worked like — like a bear!" said Tudy. "But listen! There 's some more."

"We should hardly have been able to discover the name of the place where our theft was committed," the letter went on, "if it had not happened that our sailing-master was a native of East Tilbury, a young man of your name, Benjamin Prime. He had suffered great hardships on a foreign voyage, and so was glad to take the comparatively easy position of captain of a yacht for the summer. You may be pleased to know that his ability, fine character, and the bravery shown at the time of the accident interested us so greatly in him that we have helped him to secure a very responsible position, for so young a man, with a steamship company in New York."

The minister swallowed something hard; in another moment tears were running down his thin, severe face.

"My boy Ben! — of course he was brave! He must come home, Tudy, he must come home!"

Tudy's heart danced. That was almost better than all the rest! And to hear her father say, "The Lord has blessed me in my children, after all, Rebekah!"

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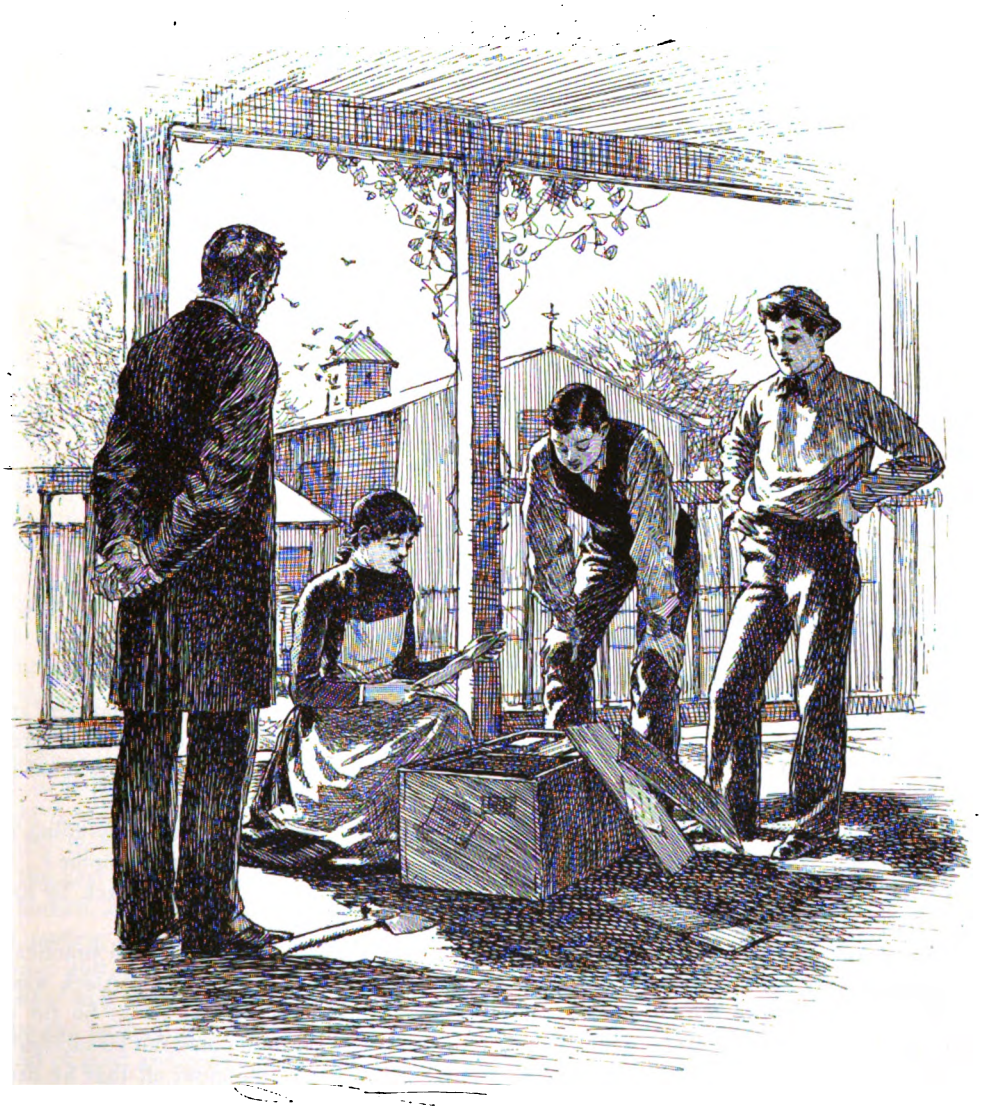
During the reading of the letter, Dave had been somewhat ill at ease.

"I say, Toffy, you and I must try a partnership again, next spring," he broke out, at the first opportunity. "I 'm glad that fellow Nolly Van Dusen is going home to-morrow; he 's a reg'lar cheat — claiming everything, because he has more money than I! I don't know but I have been a little mean, Toffy, but a — a fellow has to look out. We 'll share and share alike, except fair interest on money."

"I 'll try it. There ought not to be any contest between Capital and Labor," said Toffy, seriously. "But sometimes I don't think I know quite enough to go into business yet. Tudy thinks Latin would help."



"TUDY READ THE LETTER ALOUD WITH INCREASING WONDER IN HER VOICE."

Dave looked a little alarmed. He did n't altogether approve of Tudy's influence.

"Oh, I was going to say — about girls, you know. We won't have 'em to tend, will we? They will run after kittens and things, and another time it might not turn out so well."

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THE LITTLE BUTTERFLY HUNTER.

THE BOY SETTLERS.

By Noah Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XVI.

A GREAT DISASTER.

The hunters had better success on their second day's search for buffalo; for they not only found the animals, but they killed three. The first game of the day was brought down by Younkins, who was the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the party, and Oscar, the youngest of them all, slew the second. The honor of bringing down the third and last was Uncle Aleck's. When he had killed his game, he was anxious to get home as soon as possible, somewhat to the amusement of the others, who rallied him on his selfishness. They hinted that he would not be so ready to go home, if he yet had his buffalo to kill, as had some of the others.

"I 'm worried about the crop, to tell the truth," said Mr. Howell. "If that herd of buffalo swept down on our claim, there 's precious little corn left there now; and it seemed to me that they went in that direction."

"If that 's the case," said the easy-going Younkins, "what 's the use of going home? If the corn is gone, you can't get it back by looking at the place where it was."

They laughed at this cool and practical way of looking at things, and Uncle Aleck was half-ashamed to admit he wanted to be rid of his present suspense, and could not be satisfied until he had settled in his mind all that he dreaded and feared.

It was a long and wearisome tramp homeward. But they had been more successful than they had hoped or expected, and the way did not seem so long as if they had been returning empty-handed. The choicest parts of their game had been carefully cooled by hanging in the dry Kansas wind, over night, and were

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now loaded upon the pack-animals. There was enough and more than enough for each of the three families represented in the party; and they had enjoyed many a savory repast of buffalo meat cooked hunter-fashion before an open camp-fire, while their expedition lasted. So they hailed with pleasure the crooked line of bluffs that marks the big bend of the Republican Fork near which the Whittier cabin was built. Here and there they had crossed the trail, broad and well pounded, of the great herd that had been stampeded on the first day of their hunt. But for the most part the track of the animal multitude bore off more to the south, and the hunters soon forgot their apprehensions of danger to the corn-fields left unfenced on their claim.

It was sunset when the weary pilgrims reached the bluff that overlooked the Younkins claim where the Dixon party temporarily dwelt. The red light of the sun deluged with splendor the waving grass of the prairie below them, and jack-rabbits scurrying hither and yon were the only signs of life in the peaceful picture. Tired as he was, Oscar could not resist taking a shot at one of the flying creatures; but before he could raise his gun to his shoulder, the long-legged, long-eared rabbit was out of range. Running briskly for a little distance, it squatted in the tall grass. Piqued at this, Oscar stealthily followed on the creature's trail. "It will make a nice change from so much buffalo meat," said the lad to himself, "and if I get him into the corn-field he can't hide so easily."

He saw Jack's long ears waving against the sky on the next rise of ground, as he muttered this to himself, and he pressed forward, resolved on one parting shot. He mounted the roll of the prairie and before him lay the corn-field. It was what had been a corn-field! Where had stood, on the morning of their departure, a glorious field of gold and green, the blades waving in the breeze like banners, was now a mass of ruin. The tumultuous drove had plunged down over the ridge above the field, and had fled, in one broad swath of destruction, straight over every foot of the field, their trail leaving a brown and torn surface on the earth, wide on both sides of the plantation. Scarcely a trace of greenness was left where once the corn-field had been. Here and there, ears of grain, broken and trampled into the torn earth, hinted what had been; but for the most part hillock, stalk, corn-blade, vine and melon were all crushed into an indistinguishable confusion, muddy and wrecked.

Oscar felt a shudder pass down his back, and his knees well-nigh gave way under him as he caught a glimpse of the ruin that had been wrought. Tears were in his eyes, and, unable to raise a shout, he turned and wildly waved his hands to the party who had just then reached the door of the cabin. His Uncle Aleck had been watching the lad, and as he saw him turn he exclaimed: "Oscar has found the buffalo trail over the corn-field!"

The whole party moved quickly in the direction of the plantation. When they reached the rise of ground overlooking the field, Oscar, still unable to speak, turned and looked at his father with a face of grief. Uncle Aleck, gazing on the wreck and ruin, said only: "A whole summer's work gone!"

"A dearly bought buffalo-hunt!" remarked Younkins.

"That 's so, neighbor," added Mr. Bryant, with the grimmest sort of a smile; and then the men fell to talking calmly of the wonderful amount of mischief that a drove of buffalo could do in a few minutes, even seconds, of time. Evidently, the animals had not stopped to snatch a bite by the way. They had not tarried an instant in their wild course. Down the slope of the fields they had hurried in a mad rush, plunged into the woody creek below, and, leaving the underbrush and vines broken and flattened as if a tornado had passed through the land, had thundered away across the flat floor of the bottom land on the further side of the creek. A broad brown track behind them showed that they had then fled into the dim distance of the lands of the Chapman's Creek region.

There was nothing to be done, and not much to be said. So, parting with their kindly and sympathizing neighbors, the party went sorrowfully home.

"Well," said Uncle Aleck, as soon as they were alone together, "I am awful sorry that we have lost the corn; but I am not so sure that it is so very great a loss after all."

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The boys looked at him with amazement, and Sandy said:

"Why, Daddy, it 's the loss of a whole summer; is n't it? What are we going to live on this winter that 's coming, now that we have no corn to sell?"

"There 's no market for Free State corn in these parts, Sandy," replied his father; and, seeing the look of inquiry on the lad's face, he explained: "Mr. Fuller tells us that the officer at the post, the quartermaster at Fort Riley who buys for the Government, will buy no grain from Free State men. Several from the Smoky Hill and from Chapman's have been down there to find a market, and they all say the same thing. The sutler at the post, Sandy's friend, told Mr. Fuller that it was no use for any Free State man to come there with anything to sell to the Government, at any price. And there is no other good market nearer than the Missouri, you all know that,—one hundred and fifty miles away."

"Well, I call that confoundedly mean!" cried Charlie, with fiery indignation. "Do you suppose, Daddy, that they have from Washington any such instructions to discriminate against us?"

"I cannot say as to that, Charlie," replied his father, "I only tell you what the other settlers report; and it sounds reasonable. That is why the ruin of the corn-field is not so great a misfortune as it might have been."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

UNCLE ALECK and Mr. Bryant had gone over to Chapman's Creek to make inquiries about the prospect of obtaining corn for their cattle through the coming winter, as the failure of their own crop had made that the next thing to be considered. The three boys were over at the Younkins cabin in quest of news from up the river, where, it was said, a party of California emigrants had been fired upon by the Indians. They found that the party attacked was one coming from California, not migrating thither. It brought the Indian frontier very near the boys to see the shot-riddled wagons, left at Younkins's by the travelers. The Cheyennes had shot into the party and had killed four and wounded two, at a point known as Buffalo Creek, some one hundred miles or so up the Republican Fork. It was a daring piece of effrontery, as there were two military posts not very far away, Fort Kearney above and Fort Riley below.

A GREAT DISASTER. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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"But they are far enough away by this time," said Younkins, with some bitterness. "Those military posts are good for nothin' but to run to in case of trouble. No soldiers can get out into the plains from any of them quick enough to catch the slowest Indian of the lot."

Charlie was unwilling to disagree with anything that Younkins said, for he had the highest respect for the opinions of this experienced old plainsman. But he could n't help reminding him that it would take a very big army to follow up every stray band of Indians, provided any of the tribes should take a notion to go on the war-path.

"Just about this time, though, the men that were stationed at Fort Riley are all down at Lawrence to keep the Free State people from sweeping the streets with Free State brooms, or something that-a-way," said Younkins, determined to have his gibe at the useless soldiery, as he seemed to think them. Oscar was interested at once. Anything that related to the politics of Kansas the boy listened to greedily.

"It 's something like this," explained Younkins. "You see the Free State men have got a government there at Lawrence which is lawful under the Topeka Legislatur', as it were. The Border State men have got a city government under the Lecompton Legislatur'; and so the two are quarreling to see which shall govern the city; 't is n't much of a city, either."

"But what have the troops from Fort Riley to do with it? I don't see that yet," said Oscar, with some heat.

"Well," said Younkins, "I am a poor hand at politics, but the way I understand it is that the Washington Government is in favor of the Border State fellows, and so the troops have been sent down to stand by the mayor that belongs to the Lecompton fellows. Leastways, that is the way the sutler down to the post put it to me when I was down there with the folks that were fired on up to Buffalo Creek; I talked with him about it yesterday. That 's why I said they were at Lawrence to prevent the streets from being swept by Free State brooms. That is the sutler's joke. See?"

"That 's what I call outrageous," cried Oscar, his eyes snapping with excitement. "Here 's a people up here on the frontier being massacred by Indians, while the Government troops are down at Lawrence in a political quarrel!"

The boys were so excited over this state of things that they paid very little attention to anything else while on their way back to the cabin, full of the news of the day. Usually, there was not much news to discuss on the Fork.

"What 's that by the cabin-door?" said Sandy, falling back as he looked up the trail and beheld a tall white, or light gray, animal smelling around the door-step of the cabin, only a half-mile away. It seemed to be about as large as a full-grown calf, and it moved stealthily about, and yet with a certain unconcern, as if not used to being scared easily.

"It 's a wolf!" cried Oscar. "The Sunday that Uncle Aleck and I saw one from the bluff yonder, he was just like that. Hush, Sandy, don't talk so loud or you 'll frighten him off before we can get a crack at him. Let 's go up the trail by the ravine, and perhaps we can get a shot before he sees us."

It was seldom that the boys stirred abroad without firearms of some sort. This time they had a shot-gun and a rifle with them, and, examining the weapons as they went, they ran down into a dry gully, to follow which would bring them unperceived almost as directly to the cabin as by the regular trail. As noiselessly as possible the boys ran up the gully trail, their hearts beating high with expectation. It would be a big feather in their caps if they could only have a gray wolf's skin to show their elders on their return from Chapman's.

"You go round the upper side of the house with your rifle, Oscar, and I 'll go round the south side with the shot-gun," was Charlie's advice to his cousin when they had reached the spring at the head of the gully, back of the log-cabin. With the utmost caution the two boys crept around opposite corners of the house, each hoping he would be lucky enough to secure the first shot. Sandy remained behind, waiting with suppressed excitement for the shot. Instead of the report of a firearm, he heard a peal of laughter from both boys.

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"What is it?" he cried, rushing from his place of concealment. "What's the great joke?"

"Nothing," said Oscar, laughing heartily, "only that as I was stealing round the corner here by the corral, Charlie was tiptoeing round the other corner with his eyes bulging out of his head as if he expected to see that wolf."

"Yes," laughed Charlie, "and if he had been a little quicker, he would have fired at me. He had his gun aimed right straight ahead as he came around the corner of the cabin."

"And that wolf is probably miles and miles away from here by this time, while you two fellows were sneaking around to find him. Just as if he was going to wait here for you!" It was Sandy's turn to laugh, then.

The boys examined the tracks left in the soft loam of the garden by the strange animal, and came to the conclusion that it must have been a very large wolf, for its footsteps were deep as if it were a heavy creature, and their size was larger than that of any wolf-tracks they had ever seen.

When the elders heard the story on their arrival from Chapman's, that evening, Uncle Aleck remarked, with some grimness, "So the wolf is at the door at last, boys." The lads by this understood that poverty could not be far off; but they could not comprehend that poverty could affect them in a land where so much to live upon was running wild, so to speak.

"Who is this that rides so fast?" queried Charlie, a day or two after the wolf adventure, as he saw a stranger riding up the trail from the ford. It was very seldom that any visitor, except the good Younkins, crossed their ford. And Younkins always came over on foot.

Here was a horseman, who rode as if in haste. The unaccustomed sight drew all hands around the cabin to await the coming of the stranger, who rode as if he were on some important errand bent. It was Battles. His errand was indeed momentous. A corporal from the post had come to his claim, late in the night before, bidding him warn all the settlers on the Fork that the Cheyennes were coming down the Smoky Hill, plundering, burning, and slaying the settlers. Thirteen white people had been killed in the Smoky Hill country, and the savages were evidently making their way to the fort, which at that time was left in an unprotected condition. The commanding officer sent word to all settlers that if they valued their lives they would abandon their claims and fly to the fort for safety. Arms and ammunition would be furnished to all who came. Haste was necessary, for the Indians were moving rapidly down the Smoky Hill.

"But the Smoky Hill is twenty-five or thirty miles from here," said Mr. Bryant; "why should they strike across the plains between here and there?"

Battles did not know; but he supposed, from his talk with the corporal, that it was expected that the Cheyennes would not go quite to the fort, but, having raided the Smoky Hill country down as near to the post as might seem safe, they would strike across to the Republican Fork at some narrow point between the two rivers, travel up that stream, and so go back to the plains from which they came, robbing and burning by the way.

The theory seemed a reasonable one. Such a raid was like Indian warfare.

"How many men are there at the post?" asked Uncle Aleck.

"Ten men including the corporal and a lieutenant of cavalry," replied Battles, who was a pro-slavery man. "The rest are down at Lawrence to suppress the rebellion."

"So the commanding officer at the post wants us to come down and help defend the fort, which has been left to take care of itself while the troops are at Lawrence keeping down the Free State men," said Mr. Bryant, bitterly. "For my own part, I don't feel like going. How is it with you, Aleck?"

"I guess we had better take care of ourselves and the boys, Charlie," said Uncle Aleck, cheerily. "It 's pretty mean for Uncle Sam to leave the settlers to take care of themselves and the post at this critical time, I know; but we can't afford to quibble about that now. Safety is the first consideration. What does Younkins say?" he asked of Battles.

"A rendezvous has been appointed at my house to-night," said the man, "and Younkins said he would be there before sundown. He told me to tell you not to wait for him; he would meet you there. He has sent his wife and chil-

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dren over to Fuller's, and Fuller has agreed to send them with Mrs. Fuller over to the Big Blue, where there is no danger. Fuller will be back to my place by midnight. There is no time to fool away."

Here was an unexpected crisis. The country was evidently alarmed and up in arms. An Indian raid, even if over twenty miles away, was a terror that they had not reckoned on. After a hurried consultation, the Whittier settlers agreed to be at the "randyvoo," as Battles called it, before daybreak next morning. They thought it best to take his advice and hide what valuables they had in the cabin, make all snug, and leave things as if they never expected to see their home again, and take their way to the post as soon as possible.

It was yet early morning, for Mr. Battles had wasted no time in warning the settlers as soon as he had received notice from the Fort. They had all the day before them for their preparations. So the settlers, leaving other plans for the day, went zealously to work packing up and secreting in the thickets and the gully the things they thought most valuable and were least willing to spare. Clothing, crockery, and table knives and forks were wrapped up in whatever came handy and were buried in holes dug in the plowed ground. Lead, bullets, slugs, and tools of various kinds were buried or concealed in the forks of trees, high up and out of sight. Where any articles were buried in the ground, a fire was afterwards built on the surface so that no trace of the disturbed ground should be left to show the expected redskins that goods had been there concealed. They lamented that a sack of flour and a keg of molasses could not be put away, and that their supply of side-meat, which had cost them a long journey to Manhattan, must be abandoned to the foe—if he came to take it. But everything that could be hidden in trees or buried in the earth was so disposed of as rapidly as possible.

THE RETREAT TO BATTLES'S.

Perhaps the boys, after the first flush of apprehension had passed, rather enjoyed the novelty and the excitement. Their spirits rose as they privately talked between themselves of the real Indian warfare of which this was a fore-

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taste. They hoped that it would be nothing worse. When the last preparations were made, and they were ready to depart from their home, uncertain whether they would ever see it again, Sandy, assisted by Oscar, composed the following address. It was written in a big boyish hand on a sheet of letter-paper, and was left on the table in the middle of their cabin:

GOOD MISTER INDIAN: We are leaving in a hurry and we want you to be careful of the fire when you come. Don't eat the corn-meal in the sack in the corner; it is poisoned. The flour is full of crickets, and crickets are not good for the stomach. Don't fool with the matches, nor waste the molasses. Be done as you would do by, for that is the golden rule.

Yours truly,
THE WHITTIER SETTLERS.

Even in the midst of their uneasiness and trouble, their elders laughed at this unique composition, although Mr. Bryant thought that the boys had mixed their version of the golden rule. Sandy said that no Cheyenne would be likely to improve upon it. So, with many misgivings, the little party closed the door of their home behind them, and took up their line of march to the rendezvous.

The shortest way to Battles's was by a ford farther down the river and not by the way of the Younkins place. So, crossing the creek on a fallen tree near where Sandy had shot his famous flock of ducks, and then steering straight across the flat bottom-land on the opposite side, the party struck into a trail that led through the cottonwoods skirting the west bank of the stream. The moon was full and the darkness of the grove through which they wended their way in single file was lighted by long shafts of moonbeams that streamed through the dense growth. The silence, save for the steady tramp of the little expedition, was absolute. Now and again a night-owl hooted, or a sleeping hare, scared from its form, scampered away into the underbrush; but these few sounds made the solitude only more oppressive. Charlie, bringing up the rear, noted the glint of the moonlight on the barrels of the firearms carried by the party ahead of him, and all the romance in his nature was kindled by the thought that this was frontier life in the Indian country. Not far away, he thought, as he turned his face to the southward, the cabins of settlers along the Smoky Hill were burning, and death and desolation marked the trail of the cruel Cheyennes.

Now and again Sandy, shivering in the chill and dampness of the wood, fell back and whispered to Oscar, who followed him in the narrow trail, that this would be awfully jolly if he were not so sleepy. The lad was accustomed to go to bed soon after dark; it was now late into the night.

All hands were glad when the big double cabin of the Battles family came in sight about midnight, conspicuous on a rise of the rolling prairie and black against the sky. Lights were burning brightly in one end of the cabin; in the other end a part of the company had gone to sleep, camping on the floor. Hot coffee and corn-bread were ready for the newcomers, and Younkins, with a tender regard for the lads, who were unaccustomed to milk when at home, brought out a big pan of delicious cool milk for their refreshment. Altogether, as Sandy confessed to himself, an Indian scare was not without its fun. He listened with great interest to the tales that the settlers had to tell of the exploits of "Gray Wolf," the leader and chief of the Cheyennes. He was a famous man in his time, and some of the elder settlers of Kansas will even now remember his name with awe. The boys were not at all desirous of meeting the Indian foe, but they secretly hoped that if they met any of the redskins they would see the far-famed Gray Wolf.

While the party, refreshed by their late supper, found a lodging anywhere on the floor of the cabin, a watch was set outside, for the Indians might pounce upon them at any hour of the night or day. Those who had mounted guard during the earlier part of the evening went to their rest. Charlie, as he dropped off to sleep, heard the footsteps of the sentry outside and said to himself, half in jest, "The Wolf is at the door."

But no wolf came to disturb their slumbers. The bright and cheerful day, and the song of birds dispelled the gloom of the night, and fear was lifted from the minds of the anxious settlers, some of whom, separated from wives and children, were troubled with thoughts of homes despoiled and crops destroyed. Just as they

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had finished breakfast and were preparing for the march to the fort, now only two or three miles away, a mounted man in the uniform of a United States dragoon dashed up to the cabin, and, with a flourish of soldierly manner, informed the company that the commanding officer at the post had information that the Cheyennes, instead of crossing over to the Republican as had been expected, or attacking the fort, had turned and gone back the way they came. All was safe, and the settlers might go home assured that there was no danger to themselves or their families.

Having delivered this welcome message in a grand and semi-official manner, the corporal dismounted from his steed, in answer to a pressing invitation from Battles, and unbent himself like an ordinary mortal to partake of a very hearty breakfast of venison, corn-bread, and coffee. The company unslung their guns and rifles, sat down again, and regaled themselves with pipes, occasional cups of strong coffee, and yet more exhilarating tales of the exploits and adventures of Indian slayers of the earlier time on the Kansas frontier. The great Indian scare was over. Before night fell again, every settler had gone his own way to his claim, glad that things were no worse, but grumbling at Uncle Sam for the niggardliness which had left the region so defenseless when an emergency had come.

Chapter XVIII.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

Right glad were our settlers to see their log-cabin home peacefully sleeping in the autumnal sunshine, as they returned along the familiar trail from the river. They had gone back by the way of the Younkins place and had partaken of the good man's hospitality. Younkins thought it best to leave his brood with his neighbors on the Big Blue for another day. "The old woman," he said, "would feel sort of scary-like" until things had well blown over. She was all right where she was, and he would try to get on alone for a while. So the boys, under his guidance, cooked a hearty luncheon which they heartily enjoyed. Younkins had milk and eggs, both of which articles were luxuries to the Whittier boys, for on their ranch they had neither cow nor hens.

"Why can't we have some hens this fall, Daddy?" asked Sandy, luxuriating in a big bowl of custard sweetened with brown sugar, which the skilful Charlie had compounded. "We can build a hen-house there by the corral, under the lee of the cabin, and make it nice and warm for the winter. Battles has got hens to sell, and perhaps Mr. Younkins would be willing to sell us some of his."

"If we stay, Sandy, we will have some fowls; but we will talk about that by and by," said his father.

"Stay?" echoed Sandy. "Why, is there any notion of going back? Back from Bleeding Kansas? Why, Daddy, I 'm ashamed of you."

Mr. Howell smiled and looked at his brother-in-law. "Things do not look very encouraging for a winter in Kansas, bleeding or not bleeding; do they, Charlie?"

"Well, if you appeal to me, Father," replied the lad, "I shall be glad to stay and glad to go home. But, after all, I must say I don't exactly see what we can do here this winter. There is no farm work that can be done. But it would cost an awful lot of money to go back to Dixon, unless we took back everything with us and went as we came. Would n't it?"

Younkins did not say anything, but he looked encouragingly at Charlie while the other two men discussed the problem. Mr. Bryant said it was likely to be a hard winter; they had no corn to sell, none to feed to their cattle. "But corn is so cheap that the settlers over on Solomon's Fork say they will use it for fuel this winter. Battles told me so. I 'd like to see a fire of corn on the cob; they say it makes a hot fire burned that way. Corn-cobs without corn hold the heat a long time. I 've tried it."

"It is just here, boys," said Uncle Aleck. "The folks at home are lonesome; they write, you know, that they want to come out before the winter sets in. But it would be mighty hard for women out here, this coming winter, with big hulking fellows like us to cook for and with nothing for us to do. Everything to eat would have to be bought. We have n't even an ear of corn for ourselves or our cattle. Instead of selling corn at the post, as we expected, we

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should have to buy of our neighbors, Mr. Younkins here, and Mr. Fuller, and would be obliged to buy our flour and groceries at the post, or down at Manhattan; and they charge two prices for things out here; they have to, for it costs money to haul stuff all the way from the river."

"That 's so," said Younkins resignedly. He was thinking of making a trip to "the river," as the settlers around there always called the Missouri, one hundred and fifty miles distant. But Younkins assured his friends that they were welcome to live in his cabin where they still were at home, for another year, if they liked, and he would haul from the river any purchases that they might make. He was expecting to be ready to start for Leavenworth in a few days, as they knew, and one of them could go down with him and lay in a few supplies. His team could haul enough for all hands. If not, why then they could double up the two teams and bring back half of Leavenworth, if they had the money to buy so much. He "hated dreadfully" to hear them talking about going back to Illinois.

But when the settlers reached home and found amusement and some little excitement in the digging up of their household treasures and putting things in place once more, the thought of leaving this home in the Far West obtruded itself rather unpleasantly on the minds of all of them, although nobody spoke of what each thought. Oscar had hidden his precious violin high up among the rafters of the cabin, being willing to lose it only if the cabin were burned. There was absolutely no other place where it would be safe to leave it. He climbed to the loft overhead and brought it forth with great glee, laid his cheek lovingly on its body and played a familiar air. Engrossed in his music, he played on and on until he ran into the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," to which he had added many curious and artistic variations.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"Don't play that, Oscar; you make me homesick!" cried Charlie, with a suspicious moisture

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in his eyes. "It was all very well for us to hear that when this was the only home we had or expected to have; but Daddy and Uncle Charlie have set us to thinking about the home in Illinois, and that will make us all homesick, I really believe."

"Here is all my 'funny business' wasted," cried Sandy. "No Indian came to read my comic letter, after all. I suppose the mice and crickets must have found some amusement in it; I saw any number of them scampering away when I opened the door; but I guess they are the only living things that have been here since we went away."

"Is n't it queer that we should be gone like this for nearly two days," said Oscar, "leaving everything behind us, and come back and know that nobody has been any nearer to the place than we have, all the time? I can't get used to it."

"My little philosopher," said his Uncle Charlie, "we are living in the wilderness; and if you were to live here always, you would feel, by and by, that every new-comer was an interloper; you would resent the intrusion of any more settlers here, interfering with our freedom and turning out their cattle to graze on the ranges that seem to be so like our own, now. That 's what happens to frontier settlers, everywhere."

"Why, yes," said Sandy, "I s'pose we should all be like that man over on the Big Blue that Mr. Fuller tells about, who moved away when a new-comer took up a claim two miles and a half from him, because, as he thought, the country was getting too crowded. For my part, I am willing to have this part of Kansas crowded to within, say, a mile and a half of us, and no more. Hey, Charlie?"

But the prospect of that side of the Republican Fork being over-full with settlers did not seem very imminent about that time. From parts of Kansas nearer to the Missouri River than they were, they heard of a slackening in the stream of migration. The prospect of a cold winter had cooled the ardor of the politicians who had determined, earlier in the season, to hold the Territory against all comers. Something like a truce had been tacitly agreed on, and there was a cessation of hostilities for the present. The troops had been marched back from Lawrence to the post, and no more elections were coming on for the present in any part of the Territory. Mr. Bryant, who was the only ardent politician of the company, thought that it would be a good plan to go back to Illinois for the winter. They could come out again in the spring and bring the rest of the two families with them. The land would not run away while they were gone.

It was with much reluctance that the boys accepted this plan of their elders. They were especially sorry that it was thought best that the two men should stay behind and wind up affairs, while the three lads went down to the river with Younkins and thence home by steamer from Leavenworth down the Missouri to St. Louis. But, after a few days of debate, this was thought to be the best thing that could be done. It was on a dull, dark November day that the boys, wading for the last time the cold stream of the fork, crossed over to Younkins's early in the morning, while the sky was red with the dawning, carrying their light baggage with them. They had ferried their trunks across the day before, using the ox-cart for the purpose and loading all into Younkins's team, ready for the homeward journey.

Now that the bustle of departure had come, it did not seem so hard to leave the new home on the Republican as they had expected. It had been agreed that the two men should follow in a week, in time to take the last steamboat going down the river in the fall, from Fort Benton, before the closing of navigation for the season. Mr. Bryant had, unknown to the boys, written home to Dixon directing that money be sent in a letter addressed to Charlie, in care of a well-known firm in Leavenworth. They would find it there on their arrival, and that would enable them to pay their way down the river to St. Louis and thence home by the railroad.

"But suppose the money should n't turn up?" asked Charlie, when told of the money awaiting them. He was accustomed to look on the dark side of things sometimes, so the rest of them thought. "What then?"

"Well, I guess you will have to walk home," said his uncle, with a smile. "But don't worry about that. At the worst, you can work your passage to St. Louis, and there you will find your uncle, Oscar G. Bryant, of the firm of

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Bryant, Wilder & Co. I 'll give you his address, and he will see you through, in case of accidents. But there will be no accidents. What is the use of borrowing trouble about that?"

They did not borrow any trouble, and as they drove away from the scenes that had grown so familiar to them they looked forward, as all boys would, to an adventurous voyage down the Missouri, and a welcome home to their mothers and their friends in dear old Dixon.

The nights were now cold and the days chilly. They had cooked a goodly supply of provisions for their journey, for they had not much ready money to pay for fare by the way. At noon they stopped by the roadside and made a pot of hot coffee, opened their stores of provisions and lunched merrily, gipsy-fashion, caring nothing for the curious looks and inquisitive questions of other wayfarers who passed them. For the first few nights they attempted to sleep in the wagon. But it was fearfully cold, and the wagon-bed, cluttered up with trunks, guns, and other things, gave them very little room. Miserable and sore, they resolved to spend their very last dollar, if need be, in paying for lodging at the wayside inns and hospitable cabins of the settlers along the road. The journey homeward was not nearly so merry as that of the outward trip. But new cabins had been built along their route, and the lads found much amusement in hunting up their former camping-places as they drove along the military road to Fort Leavenworth.

In this way, sleeping at the farm-houses and such casual taverns as had grown up by the highway, and usually getting their supper and breakfast where they slept, they crept slowly toward the river. Sandy was the cashier of the party, although he had preferred that Charlie, being the eldest, should carry their slender supply of cash. Charlie would not take that responsibility; but, as the days went by, he rigorously required an accounting every morning; he was very much afraid that their money would not hold out until they reached Leavenworth.

Twenty miles a day with an ox-team was fairly good traveling; and it was one hundred and fifty miles from the Republican to the Missouri, as the young emigrants traveled the road. A whole week had been consumed by the tedious trip when they drove into the busy and bustling town of Leavenworth, one bright autumnal morning. All along the way they had picked up much information about the movement of steamers, and they were delighted to find that the steamboat "New Lucy" was lying at the levee, ready to sail on the afternoon of the very day they would be in Leavenworth. They camped, for the last time, in the outskirts of the town, a good-natured Border State man affording them shelter in his hay-barn, where they slept soundly all through their last night in Bleeding Kansas.

The New Lucy, from Fort Benton on the upper Missouri, was blowing off steam as they drove down to the levee. Younkins helped them unload their baggage, wrung their hands, one after another, with real tears in his eyes, for he had learned to love these hearty, happy lads, and then drew away with his cattle to pen them for the day and night that he should be there. Charlie and Oscar went to the warehouse of Osterhaus & Wickham, where they were to find the letter from home, the precious letter containing forty dollars to pay their expenses homeward.

Sandy sat on the pile of trunks watching with great interest the novel sight of hurrying passengers, different from any people he ever saw before; black "roustabouts," or deck-hands, tumbling the cargo and the firewood on board, singing, shouting, and laughing the while, the white mates overseeing the work with many hard words, and the captain, tough and swarthy, superintending from the upper deck the mates and all hands. A party of nice-looking, citified people, as Sandy thought them, attracted his attention on the upper deck, and he mentally wondered what they could be doing here, so far in the wilderness.

"Car' yer baggage aboard, boss?" asked a lively young negro, half-clad, and hungry-looking.

"No, not yet," answered Sandy, feeling in his trousers' pocket the last quarter of a dollar that was left them. "Not yet. I am not ready to go aboard till my mates come." The hungry-looking darky made a rush for another more promising passenger and left Sandy lounging

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where the other lads soon after found him. Charlie's face was a picture of despair. Oscar looked very grave, for him.

"What 's up?" cried Sandy, starting from his seat. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"Worse than that," said Charlie. "Somebody 's stolen the money!"

"Stolen the money?" echoed Sandy, with vague terror, the whole extent of the catastrophe flitting before his mind. "Why, what on earth do you mean?"

Oscar explained that they had found the letter, as they expected, and he produced it, written by the two loving mothers at home. They said that they had made up their minds to send fifty dollars, instead of the forty that Uncle Charlie had said would be enough, It was in ten-dollar notes, five of them; at least, it had been so when the letter left Dixon. When it was opened in Leavenworth, it was empty, save for the love and tenderness that were in it. Sandy groaned.

The lively young darky came up again with "Car' yer baggage aboard, boss?"

It was sickening.

"What 's to be done now?" said Charlie, in deepest dejection, as he sat on the pile of baggage that now looked so useless and needless. "I just believe some of the scamps I saw loafing around there in that store stole the money out of the letter. See here; it was sealed with that confounded new-fangled 'mucilage'; gum-stickum I call it. Anybody could feel those five bank-notes inside of the letter, and anybody could steam it open, take out the money, and seal it up again. We have been robbed."

"Let 's go and see the heads of the house there at Osterhaus & Wickham's. They will see us righted," cried Sandy indignantly. "I won't stand it, for one."

"No use," groaned Charlie. "We saw Mr. Osterhaus. He was very sorry — oh, yes! — awfully sorry; but he did n't know us, and he had no responsibility for the letters that came to his place. It was only an accommodation to people that he took them in his care, anyhow. Oh, it 's no use talking! Here we are, stranded in a strange place, knowing no living soul in the whole town but good old Younkins, and nobody knows where he is. He could n't lend us the money, even if we were mean enough to ask him. Good old Younkins!"

"Younkins!" cried Sandy, starting to his feet. "He will give us good advice. He has got a great head, has Younkins. I 'll go and ask him what to do. Bless me! There he is now!" for as he spoke, the familiar slouching figure of their neighbor came around the corner of a warehouse on the levee.

"Why don't yer go aboard, boys? The boat leaves at noon, and it 's past twelve now. I just thought I 'd come down and say good-by-like, for I 'm powerful sorry to have ye go."

The boys explained to the astonished and grieved Younkins how they had been wrecked, as it were, almost in sight of the home port. The good man nodded his head gravely as he listened, softly jingled the few gold coins in his trousers' pocket, and said, "Well, boys, this is the wust scald I ever did see. If I was n't so dreadful hard up, I 'd give ye what I 've got."

"That 's not to be thought of, Mr. Younkins," said Charlie, with dignity and gratitude, "for we can't think of borrowing money to get home with. It would be better to wait until we can write home for more. We might earn enough to pay our board." And Charlie, with a sigh, looked around at the unsympathetic and hurrying throngs.

"You 've got baggage as security for your passage to St. Louis. Go aboard and tell the clerk how you are fixed. Your pa said as how you would be all right when you got to St. Louis. Go and 'brace' the clerk."

This was a new idea to the boys. They had never heard of such a thing. Who would dare to ask such a great favor? The fare from Leavenworth to St. Louis was twelve dollars each. They had known all about that. And they knew, too, that the price included their meals on the way down.

"I 'll go brace the clerk," said Sandy stoutly; and before the others could put in a word he was gone.

The clerk was a handsome, stylish-looking man, with a good-natured countenance that reassured the timid boy at once. Mustering up his waning courage, Sandy stated the case to him, telling him that that pile of trunks and guns on the levee was theirs, and that they

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would leave it on board when they got to St. Louis until they had found their uncle and secured the money for their fares.

The handsome clerk looked sharply at the lad while he was telling his story. "You 've got an honest face, my little man. I 'll trust you. Bring aboard your baggage. People spar their way on the river every day in the year; you need n't be ashamed of it. Accidents will happen, you know," and the busy clerk turned away to another customer.

With a light heart Sandy ran ashore. His waiting and anxiously watching comrades saw by his face that he had been successful, before he spoke.

"That 's all fixed," he cried blithely.

"Bully boy!" said Younkins admiringly.

"Car' yer baggage aboard, boss?" asked the lively young darky.

"Take it along," said Sandy, with a lordly air. They shook hands with Younkins once more, this time with more fervor than ever. Then the three lads filed on board the steamboat. The gang-plank was hauled in, put out again for the last tardy passenger, once more taken aboard, and then the stanch steamer New Lucy was on her way down the turbid Missouri.

"Oh, Sandy," whispered Charlie, "you gave that darky the last cent we had for bringing our baggage on board. We ought to have lugged it aboard ourselves."

"Lugged it aboard ourselves? And all these people that we are going to be passengers with for the next four or five days watching us while we did a roustabout's work? Not much."

Charlie was silent. The great stern-wheel of the New Lucy revolved with a dashing and a churning sound. The yellow banks of the Missouri sped by them. The sacred soil of Kansas slid past as in a swiftly moving panorama. One home was hourly growing nearer, while another was fading away there into the golden autumnal distance.

"We don't 'cross the prairies as of old our fathers crossed the sea,' any more; do we, Charlie?" said Oscar.

"No," said the lad. "We may or may not be here to see it; but Kansas will be the homestead of the free, for all that. Mind what I say."

HOW DID SHE TELL?

(*A True Story.*)

By Caroline Evans.

In little Daisy's dimpled hand two bright, new pennies shone;
One was for Rob (at school just then), the other Daisy's own.
While waiting Rob's return she rolled both treasures round the floor.
When suddenly they disappeared, and one was seen no more.
"Poor Daisy. Is your penny lost?" was asked in accents kind.
"Why, no, *mine 's* here!" she quickly said. "It 's Rob's I cannot find."

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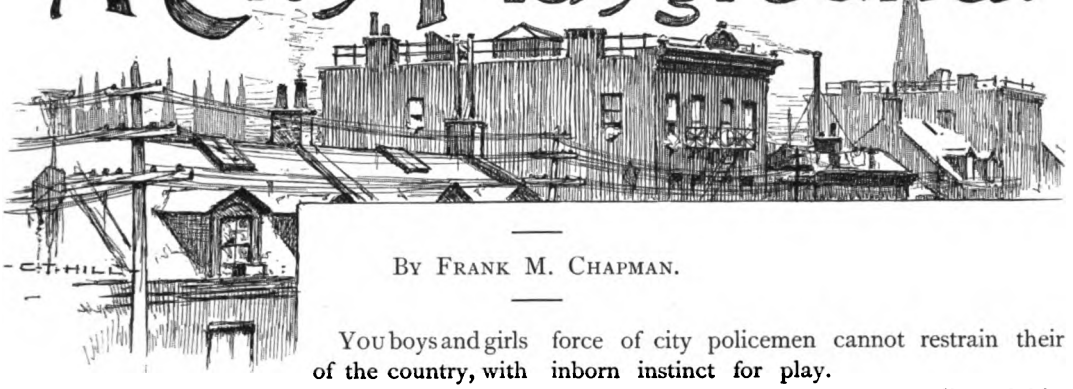
A City Playground.



By Frank M. Chapman.

You boys and girls of the country, with your shaded lawns and grassy commons, your fields and woods, tell me, did you ever think how the boys and girls of cities exist without ever a sight of nature's playgrounds? I do not mean your little city cousins who visit you when the leaves come, or who flee to the seashore with the first breath of summer. I mean the real city boys and girls to whom the word "country" is only a name, and whose ideas of a rolling lawn are ever associated with a warning to "keep off!"

Just think of it, the grass, which was surely intended for running and jumping, wrestling and tumbling, base-ball and cricket, and almost every sport known to boyhood, is for them only a thing to be looked at and wished for in vain!

Now, without all your great natural advantages, what is it these city children do? Don't imagine they do not play, for they do. They play every game that you know, and probably play some of them even better—a true statement, though you may question it. Play is as natural and necessary for children as it is for kittens. The life, the animation of youth, must find physical expression. The body outgrows the brain; the mind as yet demands but a small part of the rapidly increasing strength; hands and arms, feet and legs, are safety-valves for the escape of the rest.

Because the playground of these city boys and girls is restricted to a cobbled street, do you suppose they are going to forfeit one of the rights of youth? Not at all. The crowded condition of our thoroughfares and the whole force of city policemen cannot restrain their inborn instinct for play.

Come with me from your boundless fields, and after watching these unknown kin of yours at their games, tell me frankly whether you, with the same difficulties to encounter, could do one half so well. I will take you to a west-side street, uptown in New York; I pass through it daily, and there have seen the sights you and I may witness together. It is a very busy street. Two lines of horse-cars pass through it, and a railway terminus at the river adds largely to the number of passing vehicles. Let us stroll quietly up and down this one block. Here tenement houses stretch in one unbroken line from avenue to avenue. It is not unusual to see here, on pleasant afternoons, and counting only one side of the street, from sixty to eighty children, all under fifteen years of age. I have counted ninety-six. So you see we shall have plenty of players for any game you may mention.

We will take no note of the workers, worthy as they may be of our attention. You will see them of all sizes, doing everything boys of their ages can do, from the very little, barefooted youngster scarcely tall enough to catch the railing of a passing car and swing himself aboard with his bundle of daily papers, to the larger boy carrying a bootblack's outfit on his back. They are workers, and in their work have little in common with you. We have come to see how boys and girls can play your field-games in this crowded city street.

First, let us notice the girls. Their quieter games do not meet with the drawbacks which beset those of their brothers. Steps, doorways,

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and sidewalks form their playgrounds. Here they sit and chatter, or, with their "babies," promenade up and down in quaint imitation of their elders. But their "babies" are not all of wax or of china, and perhaps many a little daughter finds carrying a baby brother or sister almost as large as she is, too realistic to be called play. Neither are the baby-carriages all "make-believe"; and the beautiful, pinkcheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired dolly, in brightly colored dress, places in sad contrast the poorly clad, sickly looking infant riding at her side.

Seated in a doorway you will see a group deep in the mysteries of jack-stones, which with girls takes the place of "mumblety-peg"; or, in some spot not directly in the way of passers-by, a small party is making one of the unending visits to "Miss Virginia Jones," who receives them with dignity befitting the occasion. There are many things these girls do; they race hoops, and skip ropes; they play house, of course, and have "company"; and are very earnest and serious about it all. But most of their games are far beyond my understanding, though perhaps you other girls might find nothing puzzling in them.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

A GAME OF "JACK-STONES."

With the boys' games I am more at home. Let us see whether you will not learn from these boys some games to take to your friends out of town.

First and foremost comes base-ball. If any one doubts the universal popularity of this game, one afternoon upon this street will convince him that the Amer-

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ican boys' love of base-ball has become hereditary. It seems almost as if these boys no sooner left the cradle than a base-ball found its way into their hands. They commence to play as soon as they can roll a ball across the pavement. From a real game, with nine "men" on a side and three bases, we shall see everything in ball-playing, down to the solitary youngster who rolls the ball up an awning and catches it as it returns to him. And these boys can play base-ball, too. I hesitate to admit it, for I was a country boy; but I 'll warrant you that from the inhabitants of that block I can select nine boys, none of whom shall be over ten years of age, who can defeat the best nine of thirteen-year-old fellows your village can produce.

They play in the streets; they play on the sidewalk; and they go at it with a vim and earnestness one grows enthusiastic in watching. They pitch "curves," and why their catchers' intent and maskless little faces are not more frequently damaged by the bat they "catch off" of, no one can say. All this, remember, on the cobblestones, with slippery car-tracks dividing the "field," and wagons, drays, and cars constantly passing. On any field, a quick and practised eye is required to measure the arc of a "fly ball," and to select the spot from which it may be captured; but when the ground is a crowded street, and there is added the more or less rapidly passing vehicle, the chances are even that the fielder may get under a horse's hoofs and the descending "fly" at the same time. Many narrow escapes have I seen, but somehow the active little bodies always manage to be missed.

But the cars and wagons and pedestrians are as nothing; the players look out for the former two, the last must care for themselves if they wish to avoid a batted ball or a runner making a frantic dash for "first." What these boys really mind, because it is an effectual preventive of ball-playing, is the blue-coated policeman, known by the boys as a "cop," an abbreviation of "copper," the origin of which name is uncertain.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY AND HER BIG BROTHER.

Here is a game in active progress; there is intense excitement; shouts of encouragement fill the air. Turn away your head for an instant. now look again. Where are our players? Not one of them to be seen; only a few boys strolling along the sidewalk; not a bat nor ball in sight. What does it all mean? Truly, you have never seen so abrupt an ending to a game of ball. But look; coming up the street, a block or more away, in all the stateliness of blue uniform and brass buttons, idly twirling his club, appears the awe-inspiring "copper." For you must remember that it is illegal to play base-ball in the street, and every player is liable to imprisonment. How would *you* like to have one of your games so interrupted? Is the

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BASE-BALL. "CALL THE GAME! THE COP'S GOT THE BALL!"

game ended? By no means; wait a moment, this is only "time." Slowly the retreating blue-coat fades in the distance; then like magic each player resumes his place, and the game is resumed with all its former ardor.

Real base-ball, however, has been obliged to give way in a measure to ball-games more suited to the surroundings: We shall see, of course, all varieties of "old cats," and an abundance of "fungoes" or, "batter up." But several substitutes have been evolved, and these, I think, will be new to many of you. One bears some resemblance to cricket, and may be an imitation of that game. Two bricks are placed on the sidewalk, opposite each other and about four inches apart; across them is laid a small stick

A GAME OF "DUCK ON THE ROCK."

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six or eight inches in length. This constitutes a "wicket" before which the batsman stands. The bowler occupies the usual position and rolls the ball over the pavement at the wicket trying to dislodge the stick resting on the bricks. If the stick is dislodged, or the batsman is caught out, or is thrown out while running, a new batsman takes his place. In this game but one base, generally a neighboring telegraph-pole, is required.

out, attempts to run to a base and return before the ball can be fielded "home." Interesting as we shall find this base-ball in its endless variations, and fascinating as are these miniature but expert little players, we must not spend all our time with them.

Look above you at the telegraph-wires. Sooner or later they become the natural end of every kite flown in this street; and the tattered fragments with which the wires are adorned

PLAYING MARBLES ON THE SIDEWALK.

Another and more singular game has for its foundation an ash-barrel. Across the top of this is placed a board two or three inches in width, which projects about the same distance over the rims of the barrel. On one of these projecting ends a ball is balanced; the batsman then takes his bat and with all his strength strikes the other end of the board. The ball flies up and away in a before-unknown direction, and the batsman, should he not be caught

bear witness that kite-flying is a popular pastime, even if disastrous to the kites. In this sport you may fairly claim superiority. Comparatively few of these boys know how to fly a kite; they never seem able to manage the tail. Kites here can only be successfully flown from the house-tops, and we will not leave our street for a visit to so dangerous a resort.

Marbles we shall see, of every kind, "miggles" and "alleys," "taws" and "agates." Gen-

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erally the games are played in a ring drawn with chalk on the sidewalk, for holes are not made or found here so easily as they are in your playground.

After every rain-storm there is an outbreak of "suckers." Do you know what a "sucker" is? A circular piece of rather heavy leather, two or three inches in diameter, has a string passed through a hole in the center, and a large knot both stops up the hole and prevents the string from pulling through. For some unknown reason, "suckers" are at times very popular; nearly every boy in the street has one, and the curbs will be dotted with figures soaking these leathern disks in the muddy water of the gutters. For, to be effective, the "sucker" must be thoroughly moistened, when it becomes sufficiently pliable to adhere closely to the paving or cobblestone upon which the boys pat it with their feet. The air being completely driven out from between the leather and stone, the pressure caused by the weight of the air is all from above, fourteen pounds of it to every square inch of leather, so you see that in theory they may carry the cobblestones with ease so far as the "sucker" is concerned. I confess I cannot see wherein the great popularity of this sport lies, unless it be that owing to slight irregularities in the surface of the leather the "sucker" rarely adheres with all its sucking-power, and for this reason it is considered quite a feat to carry a stone ten yards or more. So here arise the spirit of competition and desire to excel, which are the life and mainspring of every game.

Should the rain-storm be unusually severe, the overcharged sewers cannot convey the volume of water flowing into them, and the gutters develop into rushing brooklets, or occasionally, where there is a slight depression in the street, small ponds are formed. Now every boy becomes a sailor, and fleets of odd craft are launched in these muddy waters. At this time, too, they come as near bathing as they ever do, I fear.

PLAYING STORE IN A NEW YORK STREET.

To pass from water to fire, these boys have one amusement which I hope you will not care to imitate. For lack of a better name I have called it "playing tinker." As in most of their games, the outfit for playing tinker is home-made, and consists of an old tin can with a bit of wire for a handle. As a source of supply, a bonfire is also necessary; indeed, these are made whenever any combustible material can be gathered. Over and into these fires boys dash with the confidence of salamanders, but somehow always manage to escape being singed. From the bonfire, "the tinker" scrapes a mass of glowing coals into his pail, then holding it by the wire handle he swings it over his head, before him, behind him, in rapid circles,—you perhaps have done the same

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thing with a pail of water,—and when you see twenty or thirty boys whirling these fire-pails in the dusk of evening, and all of them yelling like little demons—why, you take the other side of the street as you walk to the ferry!

I suppose that we occasional pedestrians are very naturally regarded as trespassers, for is this not their playground and the only one they have? Let us remember this, then, when we find our way impeded by a game of hop-scotch or "shinny"; or when some nimble little fellow finds in us a convenient object around which to dodge in an attempt to escape the boy who is "it."

But we cannot hope to see the games of a year in one afternoon, for there is a great natural law which governs the times and seasons of boys' sports. What it is, no one can say; but it is as regular in its workings as the laws which control the material universe.

A GAME OF "SHINNY" ON THE AVENUE.

Is it instinct—an instinct like that of a migratory bird—which causes the simultaneous appearance of tops, marbles, or kites, throughout the town? To-day not a marble is to be seen; to-morrow every boy at school has his pockets filled.

These children are undoubtedly happy in their play, but I cannot watch them without sadness and a regret that the fuller pleasures of a country life will never be theirs at the time they are best fitted to enjoy them. The earnest pleading for a leaf or blossom from the flower-laden tourist as, returning from his outing, he passes up this street; the eager band of merry children in pursuit of a wandering butterfly—fairy-like visitor from a strange land—tell of a formless longing for the unknown freedom of the woods and fields. What can we do to add to the joys of a youth which is all too brief? As you enter your high-school, these boys and girls enter on the serious duties of life. Then follows the struggle for existence, and a severe one it usually is.

We cannot give all these children homes in the country, we cannot give them all even an outing there; but we can give them playgrounds in the city; a very little plot here and there will do. We have reserved great parks and squares which we permit them to look at and sometimes to venture on. But as playgrounds, these are practically useless; they are accessible to comparatively few. A vacant building-lot in the proper district is far more to the purpose. Happy is the boy who lives near one! Notice the evidences of constant use it shows, the small base-ball "diamond" clearly outlined, every smooth place pitted with marble holes.

What better investment could our cities make

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than to purchase small plots like this at intervals throughout the city, tear down the buildings, fill up the cellars, and leave them, with no forbidding sign, open to the children? Their little feet will soon grade and harden the ground. In giving the nation's future workers such an opportunity to lay the foundation for stronger and healthier bodies and brighter wits, the city would reap abundant interest on the capital expended.

THE SLEEPING FLOWERS.

By Emily Dickinson.

"WHOSE are the little beds," I asked,
"Which in the valleys lie?"
Some shook their heads, and others smiled,
And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said,
I will inquire again.
"Whose are the beds—the tiny beds
So thick upon the plain?"

"'T is daisy in the shortest;
A little further on,—
Nearest the door, to wake the first,—
Little leontodon.

"'T is iris, sir, and aster,
Anemone and bell;
Batschia in the blanket red,
And chubby daffodil."

Meanwhile, at many cradles,
She rocked and gently smiled,
Humming the quaintest lullaby
That ever soothed a child.

"Hush! Epigea wakens!
The crocus stirs her hood,—
Rhodora's cheek is crimson,
She 's dreaming of the wood."

Then turning from them, reverent,
"Their bedtime 't is," she said;
"The bumblebees will wake them
When April woods are red."

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CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. Davidson.

Chapter III.

THE PRISONERS.

Omitting from our record of events the occurrences of four days succeeding our last chapter, we travel some three hundred miles southward from the scene there described, and find ourselves out of sight of land on the China Sea. The hour is noon, and the day is one in that lovely time to the eye of a sailor or an artist, the trade-wind season in the East. As far as the eye can reach, heaves and rolls a vast expanse of bright blue water on which a toy boat could sail straight away, day after day on the same course, without a flaw in the changeless wind to disturb it. The pure blue of the heavens is flecked with little feathery cloudlets like snowflakes, all drifting in endless procession toward the invisible distance where ocean, heaven, and clouds melt into one broad band of warm, golden color, somewhere within which lies the invisible horizon. No living thing disturbs the quiet of the scene, excepting the motionless frigate-bird, that rests aloft on wide outstretched wings, close beneath the clouds, and a white-winged gull (lone fisherman of the sea) sweeping in narrowing circles toward the water. The surface is broken now and then, as the gull falls with a heavy plunge to rise again overburdened with a fish too large to manage. Suddenly, while struggling upward, a shadow drops from heaven. There is a sharp blow given, and the stunned gull drops its prey. But before the silvery fish can reach its watery home again, the noiseless frigate-bird falls upon the stolen prey and soars tranquilly away with its prize. The frightened gull also flies hurriedly off; but, after a short flight, wheels to the left where a black speck appears on the ocean's rim.

As in fancy we follow the gull's rapid flight, we see that the object grows larger and larger till the sails and spars of a junk are defined. As the bird hovers above the junk, it is seen that her sails are spread widely to the breeze as she lightly skims over the water with helm lashed fast.* The crew are at the gangway; a plank extends over the side, its inner end lashed fast to the trunnions of a gun; and surrounded by the natives are our friends, Frank, Herrick, Proddy, and Kanaka Joe. They stand closely together, their arms are pinioned, their eyes blindfolded, and they sway unsteadily on their feet to the rolling of the junk; while the crew about them carry on an excited discussion, as is shown by their threatening looks and drawn weapons. Evidently the pirate crew are discussing the fate of their captives.

"What are they fighting over now?" growled Herrick. "Can't they kill us and be done with it at once, without all this sing-song palaver?"

"All no wanchee kill us, Mr. Herrick," replied Joe. "Some wanchee take us their Captain, so he keep us, maybe, for plopper ransom."

"Golly!" cried Proddy, with a sickly grin spreading over his dusky face, as he shook his tightly bound arms, "we 's gone shore, dis time! Who 's goin' to buy us thin scarecrows, Mas'r Cap'n Frank?"

"Never mind, Proddy; we should be glad of any chance of life. Even future slavery is better than being shot now; for 'while there is life, there is hope,'" exclaimed Frank, who from sheer weakness was leaning on Herrick.

"Coolie no like shoot with powder, they say. We walk plank like white man, or hang maybe, they say," spoke up Joe, who had been quietly listening to the crew's noisy discussion.

"Aye, aye, lads!" growled Herrick, as his elbow touched the end of the board on the gun,

* The trade-winds are so steady and gentle that the natives often fasten the helms amidships, allowing their craft to sail themselves for hours at a time.

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"and here 's the plank we are to walk! It 's too much of a dog's death," the old man resumed bitterly. "Better to have died like men, fighting in that cabin, with ten to one agin us, or to have been blown up with the junk, as I meant we should be, than to come to this!"

To be forced on the fatal plank, goaded along its bending length, pierced with sharp knives, and tortured until, in sheer agony, the last step is taken, to fall into the sea with pinioned arms and perish miserably—it was a fate to appal the boldest.

"Work my hand loose, some of ye, and we 'll die fighting yet!" hissed Ben, as he turned so as to bring his wrists toward Proddy.

"No, no!" cried Joe, in a whisper; "they no kill, now! They say they play toss-up-stick to see what luck-joss says. One side win, we die; other side win, we live!"

"Golly! me wish *other side* good luck for sure!" exclaimed Proddy, earnestly.

The crew then proceeded to decide the prisoners' fate by chance. Ten of them squatted on the deck, five on a side, one row facing the other. Then one sailor, tossing up two short pieces of an ivory chop-stick, one of which was marked, caught one in each hand; and held out his closed hands. A sailor of the opposite side guessed as to which hand held the marked stick, indicating his choice by pointing with the finger. If he guessed rightly, one point was scored for his side, and it became his turn to toss the sticks. After a given number of turns had been played the scores were reckoned, and the side having succeeded in winning the greater number of guesses won the game.

For ten minutes the captives waited in a fearful suspense, while the game progressed, Ben had managed to slip the bandage from his eyes just as the game was decided.

"Hooray, Mr. Frank, we 're safe!" he shouted, seizing and shaking Frank's pinioned hand. The blow of a stick admonished him to be silent, and amid the jabbering of the discontented losers, and the mocking gibes of the winning party, our friends were pushed roughly to the mast, and there fastened securely by ropes.

"Well, if I ever saw the beat of this for a scrape!" said Ben, after they had been left awhile to themselves. "We 've been 'most murdered by cannon, and by coolie knives; and if my pistol had n't snapped in that 'ere powder-chest, we 'd all been blown to match-sticks, the night of the fight! We 've been nearly beaten to death since, and pretty nigh smothered down below, in this craft; just missed walking the plank to Davy Jones, a moment ago; and now here we are, trussed up to this mast. And I 'm that starved that I can almost feel my backbone from in front! Ah! Proddy, if we only had some of your plum-duff and skillygolee, we might brighten up a bit, under this ill luck. Ah! that 's the ticket!" he resumed joyfully; and all looked up to find one of the crew bringing some rice and salt fish.

The sailor set the food before them, and untied one hand of each of the prisoners so that they might help themselves to the food. After the scanty meal was finished, each was allowed to take a short walk along the deck.

Chapter IV.

THE BATTLE OF THE JUNKS.

In the evening a junk was sighted; and this occurrence seemed for a time to cause the crew some uneasiness; but a nearer approach proved the craft to be no larger than their own, and they were reassured. Signals being made from their junk and remaining unanswered, the crew ran to their quarters and prepared for a fight if necessary. The vessel was put before the wind, and the larger sails were allowed to swing on both sides, presenting little mark to side shots, and as an additional precaution, several reefs were taken in the largest of them. Strong nettings were tied along the low bulwarks, to prevent boarding, and others were stretched overhead to catch falling blocks and splinters from aloft. The guns were then loaded and pointed, and a dozen heavy sweeps, or long oars, were run out.

"Aye, aye, they know their business, the rascals!" said Ben grimly, as some of the crew now busied themselves soaking all the sails with a curiously contrived force-pump made of leather.

"They no wanchee fight," remarked Joe, who had watched the preparations for battle; "but

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if stranger junk strike first, then they fight quick!"

The prisoners were tied to the mast, and made to understand that any attempt to escape would be punished by death. The crew then lay down on the deck and awaited hostilities.

By this time the two boats were close together, and a man on the stern of the strange junk began to beat a gong, and set off firecrackers, and throw out bits of burning paper which spluttered and crackled in the water.

"Those other fellows not proper pirates!" contemptuously exclaimed Proddy; "they coast-traders. Pirates no beat gong so-fashion, and no burn joss-paper for good luck."

"Not pirates!" replied Ben wrathfully; "why, it 's my opinion there 's nothing but pirates in all these waters. Even the most cowardly fishing-junk turns thief as soon as it meets another weaker than itself! Now look at those hypocrites, burning joss-papers and beating gongs,— praying to have the fight all their own way! It may be better for us all if they do thrash the others, but I can't help hoping they will get well whipped for being so mean about it! If I only—"; but here he was interrupted by the report of a gun, and a shot came crashing through the junk's side and knocked down two of the crew.

"Well aimed, that!" growled Ben with grim satisfaction, "a yard more this way, though, and some of us Christians would have been done for!"

Another, and still another, shot came aboard, cutting ropes and knocking splinters about; but still there was no reply from their own vessel. Frank and his friends began to be uneasy.

"What keeps them so quiet?" asked Frank. "We 'll be hit soon, if this keeps on!"

"Dey is up to some mischief, sure," replied Proddy. "Dat coolie capting berry smart man, Mas'r Aus'in. He know what he about!"

Sure enough, he did; as they all soon perceived. The stranger, misled by the junk's silence, supposed her not to be well armed, and boldly approached her, with the crew massed well forward, prepared to board. Then the moment came for which the pirates had been waiting. Their helm was thrown to port; the head-sails came down by the run, the oarsmen bent to their work, and the junk wheeled about directly in front of her adversary, now but a few score yards distant.

Without needing an order, the gunners sprang from the deck, cast off the gun-covers, and sent the charges of the six guns tearing through the crowded ranks of the foe, completely clearing of men their enemy's forward deck. The discharge of the cannons was followed by a volley from the small arms, and then began the throwing of small, round objects the purpose of which Frank did not understand.

"Phew!" he suddenly cried. "What a horrible smell! Ugh! I 'm almost suffocated!"

"You 'd be worse off, you 'd choke to death, if you were on the other craft!" laughed Ben. "These rascals are firing chemicals, and it 's all up with those fellows yonder. The fumes from those chemicals are so suffocating that one can't stay near 'em; and when they get to burning they cannot be put out, even with water. See there, sir, how they are jumping overboard."

When the smoke had cleared away, Frank could see that the strange junk was in flames and rapidly sinking. The bow was torn to pieces, her sails were in tatters, while her suffocating crew were being driven overboard by the deadly fumes of the burning compound.

On board their own junk, the pirates were quietly securing the guns and setting the boat to rights without any apparent interest in the burning wreck or her drowning crew.

As soon as everything was in order, the boat was put on her course again and sailed away, leaving her late assailants far astern, to save themselves as best they might.

"That's as neat a bit of work as ever I saw!" said Ben in a satisfied way. "Now just see what those wicked chaps have come to by trying to turn highway-robbers, instead of going about their own business!"

"But why do they leave them, when they might have put the fire out, saved the boat and taken her cargo? Do you suppose the strange junk, if stronger, would have left us in the same way?" asked Frank, much puzzled.

"No, sir, I hardly think that," said Ben. "You see, those chaps were after plunder, while our fellows wanted only to be left alone. They 've got this big boat and cargo, all safe

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and sure; and most likely they reasoned that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' They 've hardly enough men to man two junks; so they just put it out of the other rascals' power to do us any further mischief, and left 'em."

"But I noticed, Ben, that none of the other crew asked for quarter," Frank said, not yet satisfied. "They took everything so quietly,—apparently as a matter of course."

"Why, I believe, sir, those chaps are what you call—let me see, what 's the word? Fate—, something."

"Fatalists?" suggested Frank.

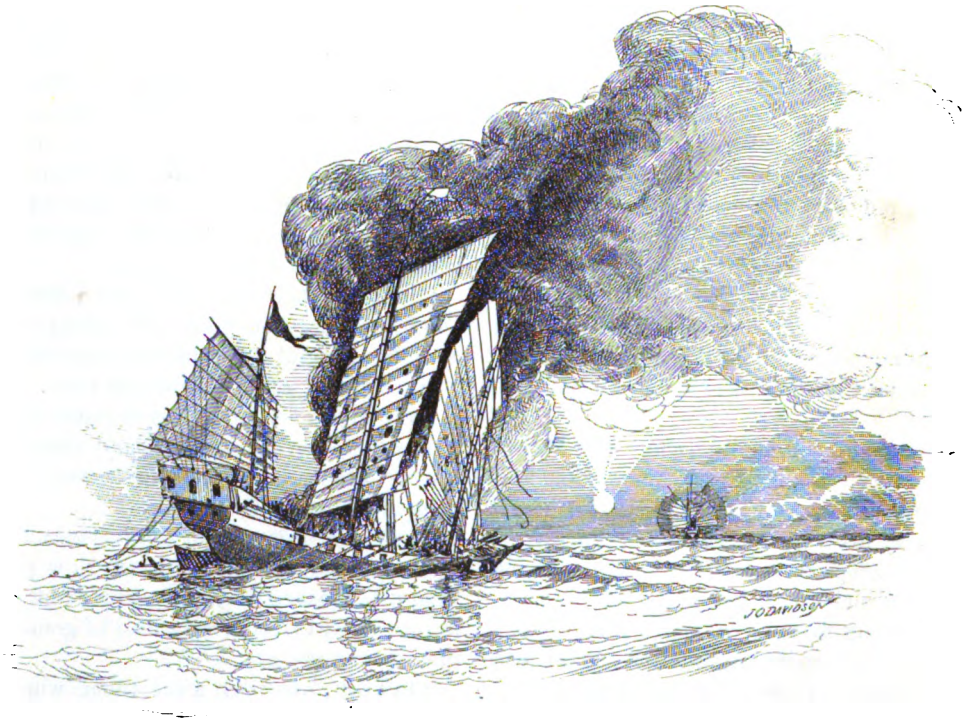
"That 's it exactly, sir; and they believe every one starts on his voyage of life with sealed orders, as it were; so everything must come about just as it is ordered beforehand. Those chaps reasoned that in spite of their fire-crackers they had been caught in a trap; their joss-papers and prayers were no good; their josses had gone back on 'em for trying to rob, and when luck goes against them, they often give up just like that."

CHAPTER V.

A HORNETS' NEST.

THE next morning's sun revealed a large, densely-wooded island close aboard; and as our friends arose from their hard beds on the deck the crew were already busy in making preparations to land.

The junk's bow pointed directly toward a perpendicular cliff, upon the summit of which stood a tall, solitary palm-tree. In this cliff, when seen from a distance, there appeared to be no opening; but when almost under its overhanging crags a narrow deep cleft was seen. This break extended entirely through the cliff, revealing a deep, inner harbor completely land-locked. A fresh breeze carried the junk swiftly through, and, firing a bow-gun, the anchor was dropped and the sails run down from aloft.



THE PIRATES ABANDON THE DEFEATED JUNK TO HER FATE.

Scarcely had the echoes of the gun's report died away, when dozens of boats put off from the shore, where some wreaths of smoke were

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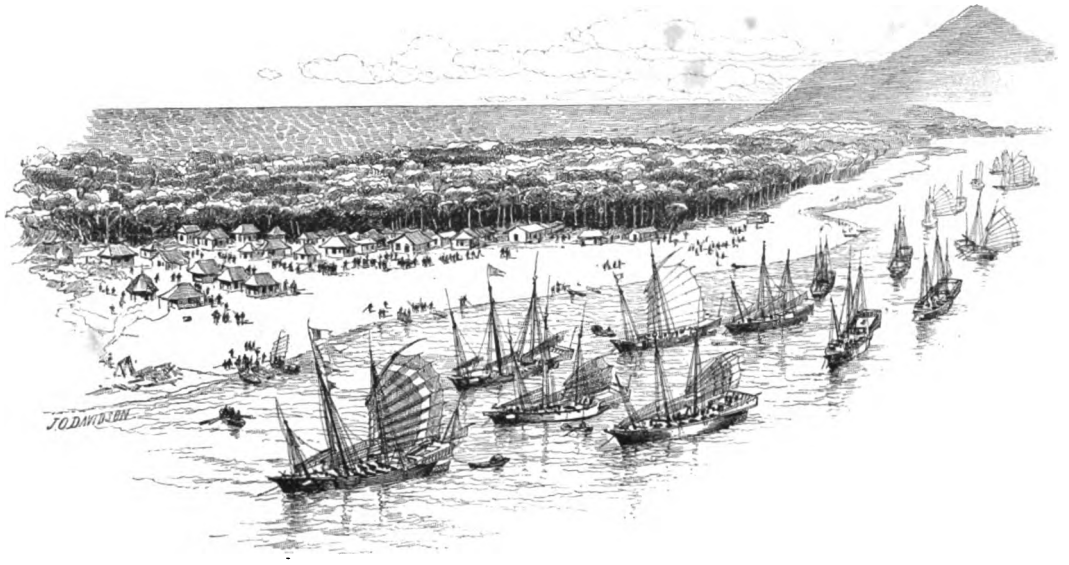

THE PIRATE FLEET, AND SETTLEMENT.

rising lazily above the tree-tops. Presently a number of natives came crowding over the side, and mingled with the crew. The new-comers uttered shouts of joy and congratulation at the safe arrival of the rich prize. Some went about the deck, examining the guns and rigging, while others dived down below to overhaul the cargo.

Then another fleet of small boats ran alongside, and a motley crowd of men, women and children was added to the first; and before long all were engaged in removing the contents of the hold.

Not the slightest notice was taken of the captives until all the cargo was removed. Then they were ordered into a canoe and swiftly paddled landward. As the canoe neared the beach, the mouth of a large river opened out, and behind the projecting point there appeared a large settlement of cane-thatched houses, all neatly fenced in and evidently kept in good order. Little gardens surrounded each house, while a cluster of much larger buildings near the center was inclosed in an open park. Off from the landing, in mid-stream, lay a number of large rakish-looking junks and proas, all heavily armed. One of these vessels gave evidence of a recent fight; for about her were clusters of busy men, plugging up shot-holes in her sides and repairing her splintered masts.

"Well, this beats all!" said Ben, as they landed; "it 's a regular hornets' nest of pirates. Why, these thieves must be making a regular business of robbery!" Ben's further remarks were cut short by a rap from one of the guards.

A short walk brought the prisoners to a long, low building, and being conducted inside and securely fastened, they were left there together. The shouts and cries heard from without testified to the delight of the settlement over the new capture, and our friends hoped for better treatment in consequence of the general rejoicing. At nightfall their guards returned and, bidding the prisoners follow, led them after a short walk, to the center of the village. Here, entering a large building, they were ushered, bound together, into a fine hall, heavily draped with hangings of rich stuffs, and decorated with swords, shields, and various suits of Eastern armor. At the further end, on a slightly raised platform, was seated a personage who, from the respect shown him by all who stood about, could be none other than the pirate chief of this pirate colony.

For several moments there was complete silence; and Frank had an excellent opportunity to study the man who now held the captives' fate in his hands. Frank expected to see a warrior, of commanding presence, brilliant

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dress, and certainly of ferocious aspect; but to his surprise, he saw that this person was of small stature, with delicate hands, and a beardless, amiable face; in short, one who might be taken for a mild-tempered, and even an effeminate youth. And although the guards and officers about him were richly and elaborately apparreled, their chieftain's dress was simple in the extreme.

After quietly regarding our friends for a few moments, he spoke in an undertone to one of his officers who was standing in shadow. The official stepped forward to reply. Frank started; for there before him stood a "Chinese merchant" who had engaged passage in Frank's vessel on its last trip!

"Aye, that 's the rascal!" whispered Ben, who had recognized the man at the same moment.

The chief now turned to Frank and said, "My lieutenant tells me, sir, that you were the captain of the junk he has just sent in; and that instead of throwing you overboard as is customary with useless prisoners, he prevailed on his men to spare your life in the hope of securing a ransom from your friends in Hong Kong. I wish to know what we may expect for your release, or whether he has saved your life for nothing."

Frank could not help a slight shudder, as he heard his death spoken of in this business-like, matter-of-fact way, but promptly answered the chief:

"I cannot tell how much they will pay for us, sir, but—"

"Us? Whom do you mean by 'us'?" asked the chief, abruptly interrupting the young captain.

"My men, here," answered Frank, motioning toward Ben, Joe, and Proddy.

"Why, those sailors are fit only for slaves!" exclaimed the chief, coolly. "Here, take these fellows away!"

At his command the three other captives were at once removed by the guard, and Frank was left alone before the pirate.

"Now, sir, go on," said the young pirate, "and be quick. How much can you promise for your release?"

"You are welcome," replied Frank, boldly, "to all I have to my credit at the Victoria Bank; but I cannot promise more from the company. They may pay something for the release of the men, and unless they are included, I decline to name any sum for my own freedom. They are brave men. They have stood by me at the risk of their lives, and fought for me, and I shall not desert them."

"Humph!" ejaculated the chief, as he eyed Frank sternly. "I lost some of my best hands through you and your crew, and now your men shall pay me back with their labor. As for you, I will give you till to-morrow to decide whether you will write to your friends for ransom, or remain here with your men, to work as a slave."

"I shall have no other answer to give!" replied Frank firmly.

"Remove him!" ordered the chief, and the face hitherto so mild now showed all the signs of a hasty and ungovernable temper. The young captain noted the cruel lines about the tightly compressed lips of the pirate, and understood the savage nature of the man into whose power he had fallen. Then, with gloomy forebodings, he returned to his prison.

About midnight, Ben, Joe, and Proddy staggered in and threw themselves on the floor, utterly exhausted from several hours of heavy toil under the blows of their cruel task-masters.

"It 's a pretty bad business, Mr. Frank," said Ben slowly, after a long silence. "Why, they worked us like dogs—and Joe heard 'em say that if we did n't fetch a good price, we were to be sent inland, to work on the rice-plantations. If that 's so, we will stand no chance whatever, for the climate inland is sure death to foreigners!"

"I hardly think the chief is so merciless as that," replied Frank, with a show of cheerfulness. "No doubt he is a pirate and thief, but he does not seem to be a man who would be guilty of wanton cruelty."

"Well, then you are deceived by his looks," said Ben; "for, judging from what Joe heard of him, he 's the most cold-hearted, bloodthirsty wretch in the Eastern seas. And, in spite of his gentle manners, there 's not a man under his command would any more dare disobey his orders than dare play with the lightning! Why, they said one of his lieutenants ran away with a captured junk, last

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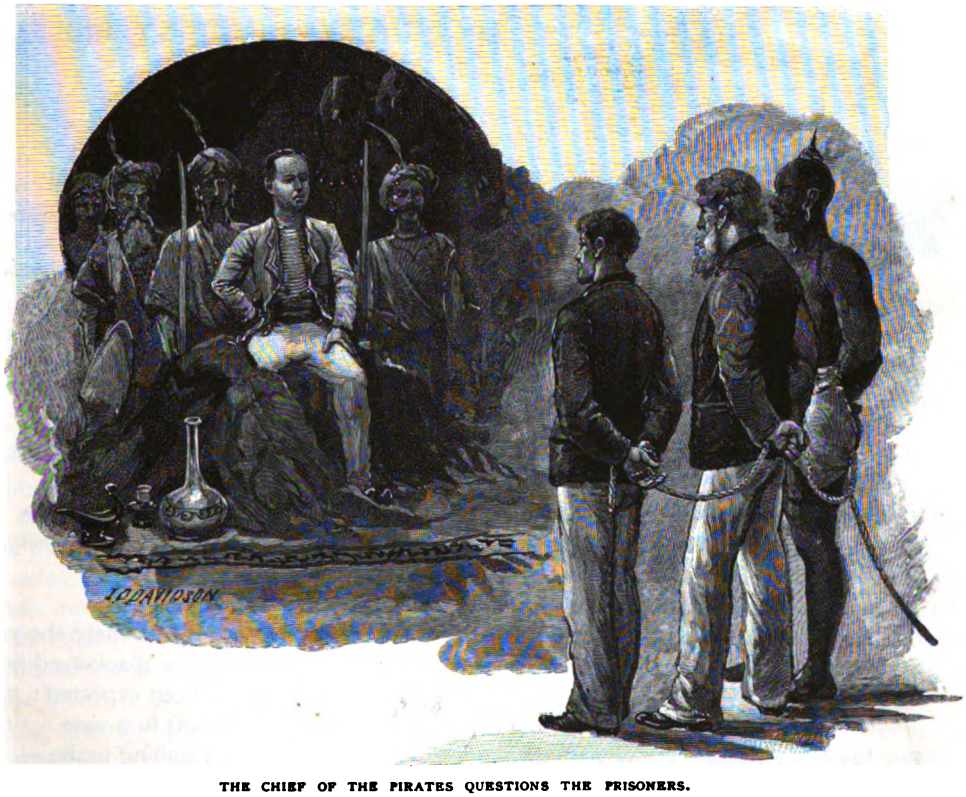
year, intending to start in the business for himself; and this quiet chap followed him all the way to the Malacca Straits, ran him aboard right under the guns of a Portuguese fort, and sunk the lieutenant's junk with one broadside! At another time they say that he landed on one of the little Sumatra Islands and destroyed an entire fishing-village, just because it had failed in its yearly tribute of dried fish,—although he knew it was only because they had had a bad season! Aye, he 's a pleasant-looking rascal, with that quiet smile of his; but I suppose he has to be cruel, or he could n't manage the set of cut-throats about him. It is said he's the son of a rich merchant in the Malay country. His father sent him to India to be educated like a European, but he was so spoilt by indulgence that nothing but having his own way in everything would do. As honest people would not stand his nonsense, he ran away and took to the piracy-trade out of pure perverseness. He carries on a regular business, I 've heard, with certain ports on the mainland, and sails his stolen goods into port twice a year, just as if he were an honest trader. He 's making a great fortune by it. Oh! piracy is considered a genteel way of making a living, hereabouts!" concluded Ben dryly.

"But why don't they break up the traffic?" asked Frank indignantly.

"Well," said the old man, "foreign powers try to; but these chaps have their paid spies and agents in every port. The officials, also, are accused of secretly favoring them. At all events, if any expedition goes after them, the pirates seem to learn all about it, either through their spies or the officials themselves, in plenty of time to sail away to other ports."



THE CHIEF OF THE PIRATES QUESTIONS THE PRISONERS.

After a few more words the tired prisoners fell asleep on their mats.

(To be continued.)

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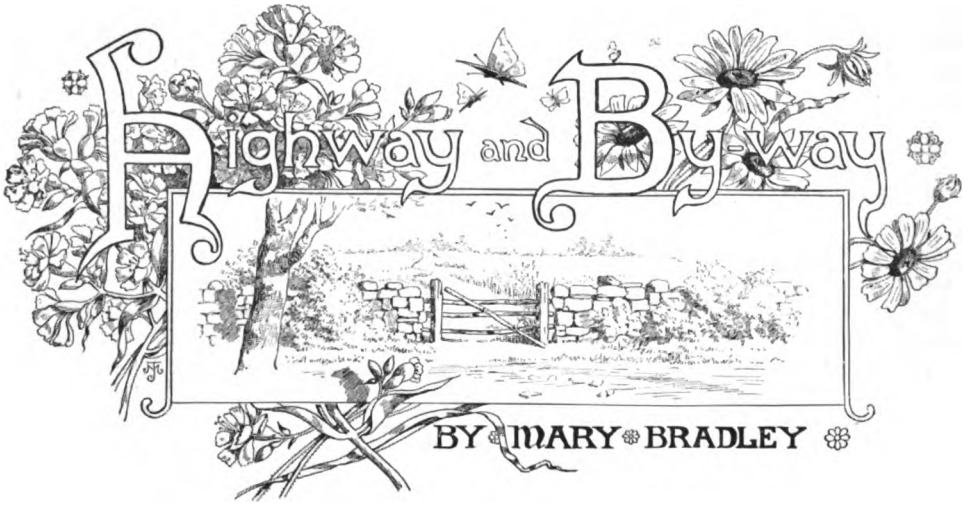

SAID Bouncing Bet to
Black-eyed Sue:
"Oh, leave your stupid
meadow, do,
And just for once try
my way:
Pull up your roots, dear, every one,
And plant yourself as I have done,
Along the busy highway.

"You see life here! And more than that,
You 're seen, yourself. It must be flat,
Beyond all computation,
To grow unnoticed hour by hour —
One might as well not be a flower
As win no admiration!"

But Black-eyed Susan answered back
That as she 'd never felt the lack,
And all her tastes were suited
With birds and butterflies and bees,
And other such simplicities,
She 'd stay where she was rooted.

Now listen, children, while I tell
The fate that Bouncing Bet befell,
By highways dry and dusty;
While meadow-blossoms still were
bright,
Her pinky bloom had faded white,
Her leaves were brown and rusty.

And people passed her where she grew
And went to look for Black-eyed Sue,
As might have been expected:
Her yellow blossoms in a vase
Won everybody's smiling praise —
And poor Bet drooped neglected!

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By Alice Wellington Rollins.

It is really a lovely garden. Never were there whiter lilies, nor bluer violets, nor more interesting pansies.

But it needs something. I think it is bees.

For bees are so picturesque! And then the hives!—the hives are as picturesque as the bees themselves. Apple-trees without beehives under them are as forlorn as lilies without bees over them.

So we bought some beautiful hives, and placed them in the orchard, just on the edge of the garden. Soon they began to be filled with delicious honey in dear little white cells; but the bees were nowhere to be seen. Every morning they disappeared, flying far out of sight, and the lilies and roses were as forlorn as ever. We had the credit of having bees, for every one could see the hives and taste the honey; but we did not have the bees.

So one morning I went out and talked to them about it.

"Dear bees," I said, "what is it that you miss in the garden? Every morning you fly away; but where can you find whiter lilies, or bluer violets, or more interesting pansies?"

"We are not looking for whiteness, or blueness, or interestingness," the bees explained. "We are looking for honey; and the honey is better in the clover-field that is only a mile away."

"Oh! if that is all," I exclaimed gladly, "Pray don't have the honey on your minds—"

"We don't," they said. "We carry it in little bags."

"I mean, don't mind about the honey—"

"Certainly not; how could we, when we have n't any minds?"

"But please don't feel obliged to hunt for honey. I don't care at all for honey; that is," I added hastily, as a slight buzzing made me fear that perhaps I had hurt their feelings, "I like you, you know, for yourselves alone, not for what you can give me. The honey is delicious, but we can buy it very nice at the grocer's. If you like honey for yourselves, I will buy some, and fill the hives for you, so that you need n't work at all, if you will only stay in the garden, and hover over the lilies, and—and—be picturesque."

They promised to try. And they did try. Whenever I looked from my library windows, I could see them practising their hovering, and they really hovered extremely well. Satisfied that my garden was at last complete, I gave up watching it, and devoted myself to literary work. Every morning I seated myself at the desk and wrote rapidly till noon. But one day I was interrupted by a bee.

He had flown in at the window. Perching himself on the lid of the inkstand, he waited awhile; then at last asked quietly:

"Why are you not out of doors this beautiful morning? The garden is lovely; I cannot see—" and he glanced critically at the vases

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about the room—"I cannot see that these lilies here are any whiter, or the violets any bluer, or the pansies any more interesting than those out there. And we miss you. A garden really ought to have people walking about in it. That is what gardens are for. I don't see why we must be out there to be seen, when there is nobody to see us."

"But, dear bee, I am not looking for flowers this morning; I am writing."

"And what are you writing?"

"A sonnet."

"Are there no sonnets to be had at the stores?"

"Oh, yes! Shakspere's, and Milton's, and Wordsworth's, of course."

"And are your sonnets better than Shakspere's?"

"Why, of course not."

"Then let your sonnet go. Come out in the garden with us, and on the way home I 'll buy you a sonnet at the store; a Shakspere sonnet,— the very best in the market."

"But, you see, I want to try making a sonnet of my own."

"Very well; let me see you try."

I took up the pen again, and was soon absorbed in my rhymes and rhythm. Indeed, I had quite forgotten that the bee was there, till he stirred uneasily and finally sighed.

"Are you not happy in the garden?" I asked.

"Not very."

"But why not? Have n't you all the liberty you want?"

"No; we have every liberty except the liberty we want."

"And that is—"

"The liberty to work. We find that it is n't lilies; it is n't clover; it is n't honey; it 's making the honey that we like. It is n't even making the honey for you, that we care so much about; because, you see, you don't like honey; it 's just making it."

"I don't understand. I can't see how anybody can really like to work."

"But we do. Suppose you finish your sonnet, while I try to think over a few arguments to present to you later."

So again I took up the pen, and again I was soon happily absorbed, and had entirely forgotten the poor bee, till I heard him say wearily:

"It does n't seem to be very easy to write a sonnet."

"No," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "it is n't at all easy. That is the charm of it. Anybody can write some kind of verse, but very few people can write sonnets. There are a great many rules for making a sonnet; you can only have just so many lines, and just so few rhymes, and the sentiment must change in just such a place, and very few people have the patience for it. Even Shakspere did not keep to the severest style of sonnet."

"And are you trying to obey all the rules?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why, for the fun of it. It is so interesting to see whether one can do it."

"But it must be awfully tedious; and from your own account, you are really working harder over it than you need to."

"Only because it is a great deal more interesting to do a thing well than just to do it. Let me read you something from Wordsworth's sonnet about the sonnet. He says:

> In truth the prison unto which we doom
> Ourselves no prison is;

meaning that, if we are willing to take pains, there is a great deal of enjoyment in working hard over a thing, even if it is a very small thing. He gives a great many comparisons, about nuns being contented with their narrow convents, and hermits in their cells, and students in their libraries, and weavers at the loom; and here, oh, here, is an allusion to you, dear bee; he tells how—

> — Bees that soar for bloom,
> High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
> Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.

That is just what you meant, is n't it?—that you are one of those he speaks of who 'have felt the weight of too much liberty'?"

"Yes, that is what I meant; but I think I said it better than he says it. If it is a fine thing to say what you mean in just fourteen lines, why is n't it a finer thing to say what you mean in fourteen words? And really it seems to me that I put the whole of his sonnet into

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saying that it is not for the honey that I care, nor for the sonnet that you care; but the fun of the work."

"The fun of the work! That is a new idea,—but I believe you are right."

"Of course I am right. Sweetness is all very well, but I should think it would be very tiresome just to *be* sweet, like a flower; I 'd rather be a bee, and have to hunt for the sweetness."

"And I 'd rather be a human being and have to make things sweet. For, after all, if a bee does n't find any sweetness, he can't have any, while people can make it for themselves. Do you know, by the way, that you have given me a splendid subject for a poem?"

"Perhaps I have. But if you will excuse me, I will be off to the clover-field; and my advice to you is, if you must write a poem, try to put it in four lines, instead of fourteen."

So I tried, and this is the poem:

Sweetness in being sweet, that 's for the flowers;
Sweetness in finding sweets, that 's for the bee;
Sweetness in making sweet sorrowful hours,
That is the sweetness for you and for me.

GRANDPA'S SWEETHEART.

By Hannah Coddington.

Daisy, Daisy Dimpledew!
  May I take a walk with you?
Fields are dotted o'er with flowers,
  Days are full of sunny hours,
What then could we better do?—
  Boy of eighty, girl of two.

Daisy, Daisy Dimpledew!
  I am now a child like you.
You are tiny, I am large,
  Fairy pinnace, heavy barge—
You shall "map the course," I 'll go
  Quite content to be "in tow."

Daisy, Daisy Dimpledew!
  You would wander all day through;
I must "port my helm," and "tack,"
  Or the woods you will ransack.
Hearts grow young, but limbs grow old,
  Little captain, pilot bold!

Daisy, Daisy Dimpledew!
  You are brave enough for two—
On the ocean of the world,
  Rides your bark with sails unfurled,
While I creep along the shore,
  With my ventures almost o'er.

Daisy, Daisy Dimpledew!
  You 're a comrade loyal, true;
Sweetest sinner, naughty saint,
  Heavenly thinkings, speeches quaint!
Grandpa's sweetheart! this you are,
  Though you 've lovers near and far.

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By Walter Storrs Bigelow.

I. "Ka-souze! Ka-souze!"

On summer vacation afternoons, we used to meet in my uncle's side yard; and the low front fence, made of short posts connected by smooth, white beams six inches square, sagged beneath a row of boys enjoying the shade of full-leaved maple-trees that lined the street. Those fence-beams were not set in corner-ways, presenting a sharp edge to sit on, but were thoughtfully placed sidewise, and thus made a most inviting seat.

After two hours of standing and sitting and lying around, such as only boys are capable of, while waiting till the July sun had slid well down the west, we adjourned with one accord, yet at no perceptible signal, like a flock of birds rising out of the grass together, to the "swimming-hole." In groups of three and four, a dozen or more of us, we loitered down the shady side-walk to a certain gate. This gate we vaulted (by preference, for it opened easily), and strolled along a green lane to its end. There, before climbing the rail fence at this point, we often paused a moment, like the young epicures we were, to look at a tree of little red apples from which we would help ourselves on our return, hungry from the bath.

One wide meadow lay between the fence and the swimming-hole, which was a place in the stream worn deep at one side by the current, though it was shallow at the other side. At this spot a great tree grew out over the water. The older boys would dive in above this tree, and,

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as they came up, seize its lower boughs, climb like young monkeys to the trunk, and walk down it to the ground.

Through the meadow, half-way between the rail fence I spoke of and the swimming-hole, ran a little brook. The direct way over this brook was at a point where it was about three feet deep. Here a young tree, perhaps eight inches in diameter, torn up by some high wind, had been laid across with its branching roots on the side toward the swimming-hole. Not far down, the brook became suddenly shallow and was forded on stepping-stones.

At this place the line was sharply drawn between the little boys and the big boys. The big boys walked the tree-bridge, but the little boys hopped across on the stepping-stones. Since to be considered a little boy was a disgrace, fear alone prevented those who did not walk the tree. One fatal day I determined to bear the stigma, "little boy," no longer. I spoke to no one of my resolution, but when we reached the brook that afternoon, I waited until several of the larger boys had crossed, and then started boldly over on the tree.

Distracting yells and cries of, "You 're in; you 're in!" arose from both banks, but I kept discreetly silent, and stepped bravely on. As I neared the other side I firmly grasped one of the projecting roots of the tree on which I stood, and now, thinking myself safe, as I heard once more the cry, "You 're in; you 're in!" exultingly replied, "*Am* I?" But just then the root acted like a lever in my hand, and turned the trunk beneath my feet. In falling, I whirled completely round, facing the way I had come. When my feet touched bottom, I was off my balance in water breast-high. I stretched out both arms, and in a wild attempt to regain an equilibrium, plunged desperately through the water until I reached the shore whence I had so valiantly set forth, and drew myself out, soaked and heavy, on the bank, looking like a drowned kitten.

I got no nearer the swimming-hole that day. And on many a day after I was treated to a clever mimicry of my performance, and heard from the lips of relentless boys:

"'You 're in; you 're in!' '*Am* I?' Ka-souze! Ka-souze!"

II. AN UNREWARDED RESCUE.

"JUMP in, Frank; you 'll never learn till you try."

Frank was tall for his age, which was about my own. He was awkward and heavy, and declared he never *could* learn to swim. I was a pretty good swimmer for a small boy, taking naturally to the water — though not often against my will, as on the day I first tried to cross the brook by means of the tree bridge. Frank was a careless, good-humored boy, not very deep, which perhaps accounted for his preference for shallow water. He looked so ridiculous wading and paddling around with urchins half his size in the riffles above the "hole," that it was no wonder that we laughed at the sight, and finally egged him on to make an attempt to swim.

From the day he first tried it he never waded with the little boys again. But his struggles in deep water were funnier than his paddling in the riffles. He would walk back some distance from the bank, turn and run to the water's edge, leap wildly into the air, and descend feet first, out of sight with a great splash. In a moment up he would come to the surface spluttering and gasping, and beating the water into foam about him with arms and legs, like the paddles of a patent churn. The current would carry him swiftly under the tree that projected over the stream, and he would clutch the low-hanging boughs like a drowning man, drag himself out upon the trunk, and thence get ashore. He was at no time in danger, for the stream was shallow just below, and had he missed his hold on the tree he would have been stranded in a moment where the water was not a foot deep. Day after day we boys stood on the bank and waited for the "circus" to begin when Frank was ready for his "swim." He came past us on a double-quick, elbows down, features set and eyes starting with determination, and then we witnessed, with shrieks of laughter, that ungainly, sprawling leap. For an instant he hung as if suspended, turned half over, and then came down like a lead image.

Early one morning Frank, Ed Bristol, and I started out on a fishing-excursion down the creek. We were all appropriately dressed in the

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oldest clothes that we could still get into; though Frank, having "sprouted" fast, looked more than the rest like a scarecrow, for his gaunt wrist-bones showed below his sleeves, and there was a wide gap between the tops of his shoes and the legs of his trousers. But he was the proud wearer of a new twenty-five-cent straw hat, with very wide brim, which made up for shortcomings elsewhere. We fished till noon along the bank, without much success, I must admit. Then we sat down and transferred to our empty stomachs the lunch we had carried thus far in a basket, and after a little rest kept on down stream.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached a spot unfamiliar to us all. The creek here widened and deepened, and was overhung with willow-trees that cast a delicious shade upon the water. "Let 's go in swimming," suggested Frank. But, in my opinion, Frank's swimming was not so well suited to this place as to one where he would be less dependent on his own skill, and I tried to dissuade him, but in vain. He was determined, and commenced to unlace his shoes at once; so I, who was ready enough for my own part, followed his example. Ed's mother had said he must not go in that day, and like a good boy he stayed on land. This I soon had reason to regret, for he was nearly Frank's size, and I was less than two-thirds as big.

Frank's swimming powers seemed to have increased for the occasion. His plunges were less frantic than before, and when he came up he struck out boldly, and scrambled on the bank with little trouble. To vary the programme, I put on Frank's new broad-brimmed hat, and dived with it. Of course, when I rose it was drawn by the water well down around my head and shoulders, but I swam with one hand and pulled it off with the other. Frank, elated by his own prowess, announced that he would perform the same feat. We both tried to prevent this, and warned him of the danger, but he laughed and said he knew his own business, crowded the hat on tight, and jumped in. I stood on the bank with Ed, and watched anxiously for his reappearance. Soon up he came, impeded as I had been, by the broad brim of his hat. This confused him, as I had feared, and threw him into a panic, for he could neither see nor breathe. His arms struck out aimlessly, and smothered cries of "Help! help!" came from under that miserable hat.

I felt like a harbor-tug called on to save a sinking ocean steamer. All I had ever heard about the death-grip of a drowning man came into mind; but I jumped in, swam warily around, back of the helpless boy, and seized him under the arms. Kicking out rapidly with all the strength in my short legs, I succeeded in propelling him within reach of Ed, who pulled him out. When I had followed, I chanced to see that hat some distance down the stream, and watched it float slowly out of sight around a bend.

Frank soon recovered, and dressed himself with our assistance. Thus far he had said no word of thanks to me. I had read of youths saving the lives of strange young ladies, who afterward gave their hands, and incidentally their fortunes, to their brave preservers. But this was not a parallel case, and words were all I expected in payment, when Frank's senses cleared. Just as we were about to start for home, Frank put his hand to his head, full recollection seemed to dawn on him all at once, and he turned to me. I was ready to stem the tide of his thanks by protesting that I had done no more than my duty; but he only exclaimed, "*Where 's my hat?*" I told him where I last had seen it, and he cried: "Why did you let it go? You might have saved it!"

All the way home he grumbled from under the handkerchief tied on his head in place of that lost straw hat.

At last I could stand it no longer, and upbraided him for his ingratitude.

This brought him to his senses, and he said, sheepishly enough, that of course he was much obliged, but he wished I had thought to save the hat, as I might easily have done. However, he said, it was no matter; but he was sorry, as it was such a nice hat, and he got it only yesterday.

(To be continued.)

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A LITTLE VISITOR.

By Elizabeth L. Gould.

I spied her in my garden.
Clasped tightly in each hand
She held a monstrous posy,
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy;
She smiled and begged my pardon,
When near her I did stand.

"I 've come to pay a visit,"
She said,— the pretty dear! —
"For thirty long, long days, sir.
And are n't you glad I 'm here."

"Now what may be your name, please?"
I gently did demand;
"And whose are all these flowers?"
She said, "Why, they are *ours!*
I 'm June; last night I came, please,
Straight from the Summer Land."

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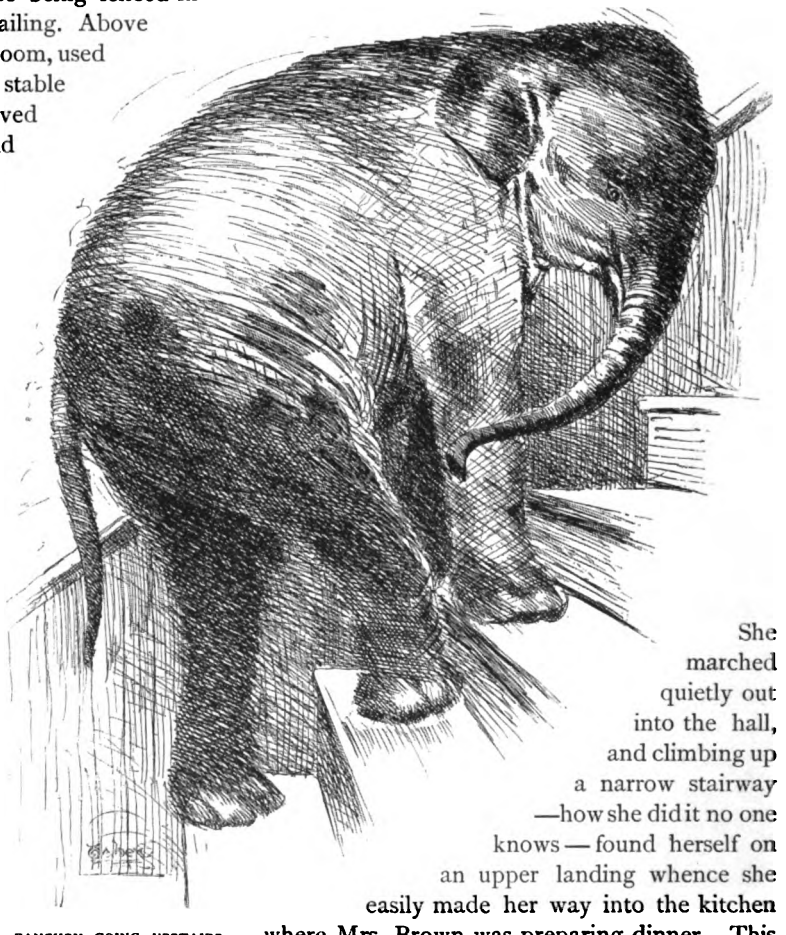
A FREE CIRCUS.

By Josephine Pollard.

Mrs. Marvin lived in East Fifty-seventh street, New York, a rather quiet part of the city, and one not accustomed to getting itself into the papers. Opposite her house was a queer-looking building which was the cause of considerable comment in the neighborhood. Downstairs appeared to be a stable with wide doors that were seldom if ever opened, and it was a matter of curiosity as to what use could be made of it. Outside was a brick wall, and beyond this a grass-plot, the whole being fenced in with the customary iron railing. Above the hall door was a small room, used as a kitchen, and over the stable a larger room in which lived Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their six children. This large room was parlor, sitting-room, bedroom, nursery, dining-room, and everything else, and I don't know where you would have found a happier home circle than the members of that particular colored family.

They knew the secret of that stable, and were paid for not letting the cat out of the bag, and very proud they were at knowing so much more than their neighbors. But there are sayings that "Murder will out," and "There is nothing hid that shall not be known," and little did the Browns surmise what a trick Fanchon was to play on them.

Fanchon? Yes, the baby elephant which was owned by Mr. Reiche, the importer of foreign birds and animals, and was taken care of by Mr. Brown, and kept in safety and seclusion until the time arrived for her to appear in public. But Fanchon grew impatient; she wished to see a little more of the strange new world into which she had been brought. So one day when her keeper was absent she took it into her head to go on an exploring expedition.



FANCHON GOING UPSTAIRS.

She marched quietly out into the hall, and climbing up a narrow stairway —how she did it no one knows — found herself on an upper landing whence she easily made her way into the kitchen where Mrs. Brown was preparing dinner. This

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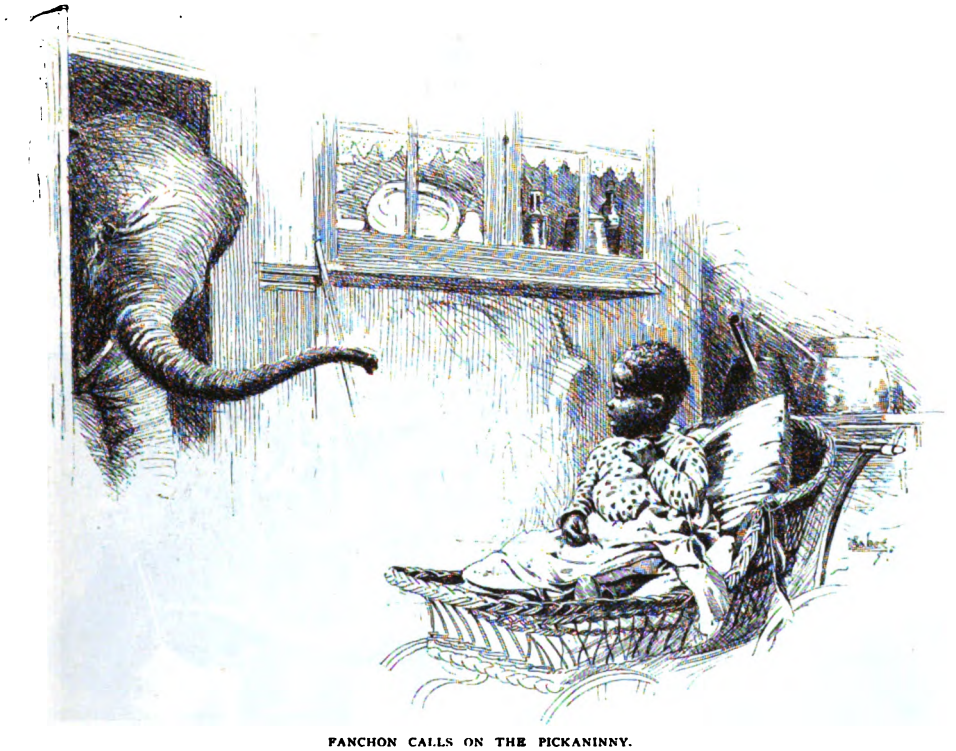
good woman, hearing a step behind her, turned and saw a sight that almost froze the blood in her veins. For a moment she stood as one paralyzed; then, recovering herself, threw open the window and screamed for dear life.

It was a February afternoon, and Mrs. Marvin sat busily sewing, when she heard a most unearthly shriek that made her spring to the window in great haste; and all her neighbors did likewise. There stood Mrs. Brown at her own window, screaming and wringing her hands in an agony of despair, while over her head was stretched out — what? Could it be possible? Was it really the trunk of an elephant? Yes, unmistakably so, and Fanchon appeared to enjoy the situation, and to take great delight in breathing the fresh outdoor air.

The newspapers and the small boy kept alive the excitement in the street, but that was nothing to the excitement in Mrs. Brown's rooms where an elephant had taken up its quarters and was making itself decidedly at home.

Fanchon was as contented as she could be, and seemed bent on having a good time; but she was an elephant and her pranks were naturally on a large scale. Now and then she would go to the kitchen sink and help herself to a drink in the cleverest and neatest way. Occasionally she would come to the window with the youngest pickaninny in her trunk, and poor Mrs. Brown could be seen following, and wringing her hands in an agony of fear. She would have turned white, had that been possible; but every one knew the fright she was in, and every mother pitied her, and, oh, how thankful they were not to be in her place! Crowds of people gathered about the building, and stood staring at it for hours at a time, hoping to catch a glimpse of the new member of Mrs. Brown's family.



FANCHON CALLS ON THE PICKANINNY.

"Luk at her now!" cried Teddy McGuire from the top of a convenient lamp-post. "She 's a tossin' the kid up in the air just like its own father! Wud ye moind the like o' that!"

"An sure she 's brought her trunk with her and means to stay!" cried Mikey Regan; and shrieks and shouts made the street like a babel from morning till night.

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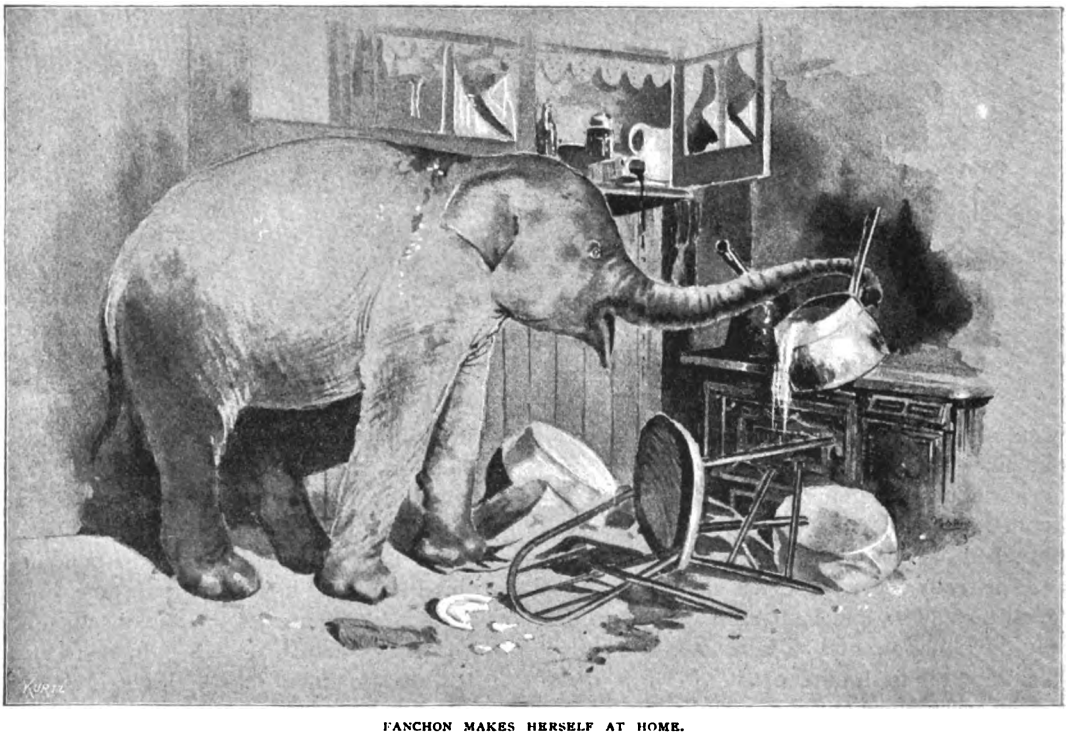
Meanwhile, Mr. Brown and Mr. Reiche were considering how they should get Fanchon downstairs again, for it was certain she could not remain where she was, and great care must be taken to prevent her being injured in any way. A prominent Safe Company offered to bring her down safe-ly for fifty dollars, but their offer was declined.

Presently, carpenters with lumber made their appearance, and five men worked like beavers to make a toboggan-slide for Mistress Fanchon. It was finished at the end of three days. It went from the upper window to the top of the stone wall — not a very steep slope — then took a turn and a gradual descent into the open space below, leading directly into the stable.

All the boys in the neighborhood were in hope that the show would take place at noon, to give them a chance to see the fun, but they were doomed to disappointment. It is an old adage that "Great bodies move slowly," and Fanchon could not be hurried. Besides, she was well satisfied with her quarters and not half so anxious to leave Mrs. Brown as the poor woman was to get rid of her unwelcome and unwieldy guest; and so the baby elephant might make considerable resistance.

Well, the day came when everything was in readiness for Fanchon's removal, and long before noon the street was packed with people gathered there to see the circus. There were at least three thousand spectators, not counting those at the windows or on the roofs of the houses, and shouts and cries, jokes, and the songs of the day made things lively for those who watched and waited for the grand exit. The crowd were prepared to give Fanchon a tremendous cheering, but after they had been requested to be as silent as possible you could have heard a pin drop. It was a most remarkable situation.

Out of the window stepped Fanchon, preceded by young Mr. Reiche, who patted her on the trunk and quietly urged her along, and all went well until they came to the end of the platform resting on top of the stone wall. Here Fanchon was at a loss to know what she was to do. What was expected of her? She stretched



FANCHON MAKES HERSELF AT HOME.

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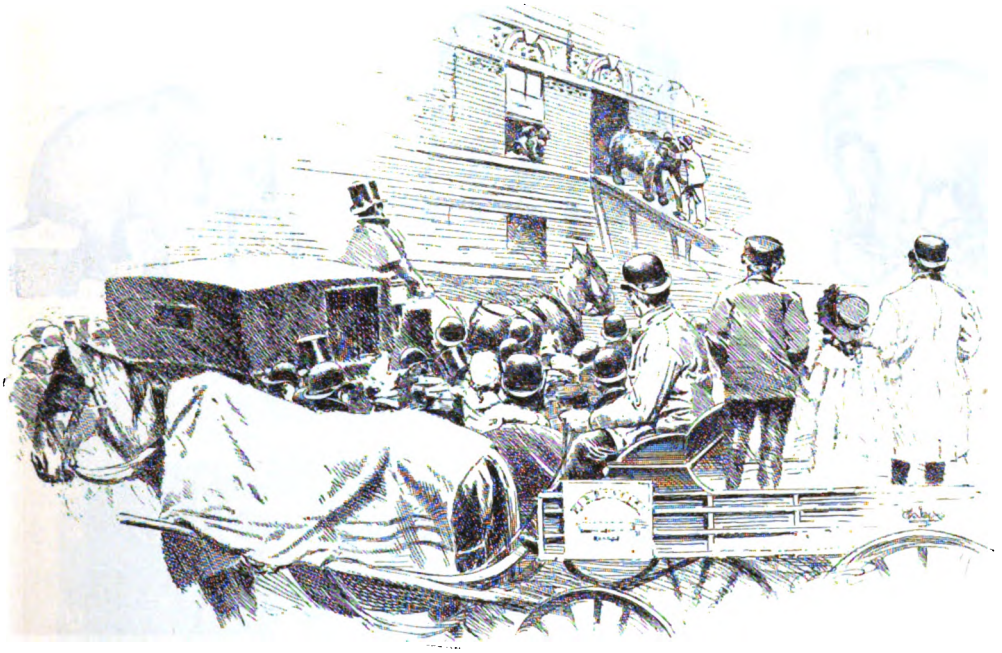
out her hind leg in search of some support, and, finding none, swayed her body against Mr. Reiche and threw him violently down upon the grass-plot, a distance of at least twelve feet A thrill of horror went through the crowd! It seemed to Mrs. Marvin that the poor young man stood on his head with his feet in the air for fully five minutes! It was a wonder his neck was not broken.

Added to this was the threatening danger that Fanchon, having lost her foothold, would fall on the young man and crush him to death. She swayed in that direction! The lookers-on were breathless; powerless to help, and scarcely daring to move! At this fearful moment, Mr. Brown, at the risk of his own life threw himself violently against the elephant and prevented the catastrophe.

Fanchon turned, made a misstep and fell, partly on the wall, and partly on the lower platform. Up to this time she had behaved exceedingly well and was as gentle as a kitten, but scared at the accident she trumpeted forth a blast that must have been heard several blocks away. The carpenters came at once to her rescue, placing timbers and boards under her, so that she would fall no further. Then they rolled out five bales of hay, and on these Fanchon got a foothold and was easily led down into the stable.

When Fanchon disappeared from view, and it was known that she was safe and all right, the crowd gave a sigh of relief and melted away like dew before the morning sun. But no one breathed more freely than Mrs. Brown, who declared that she 'd rather have a dozen pickaninnies to look after than one elephant — even a small one like that.



"THE STREET WAS PACKED WITH PEOPLE GATHERED THERE TO SEE THE CIRCUS."

But the most disappointed boy was Clarence Marvin, who was more than vexed that the show did not take place at twelve o'clock instead of two. His mother gave him all the particulars, and even acted out the way in which Fanchon stepped off and looked around, and described everything most minutely. She said it was comical to see the horses help themselves to the vegetables in the wagons ahead of them, as if there was a free lunch set out for their benefit, while the drivers paid no heed whatever to profit or loss.

All business in that quarter of the city was at a standstill for the time being, and, indeed, I put

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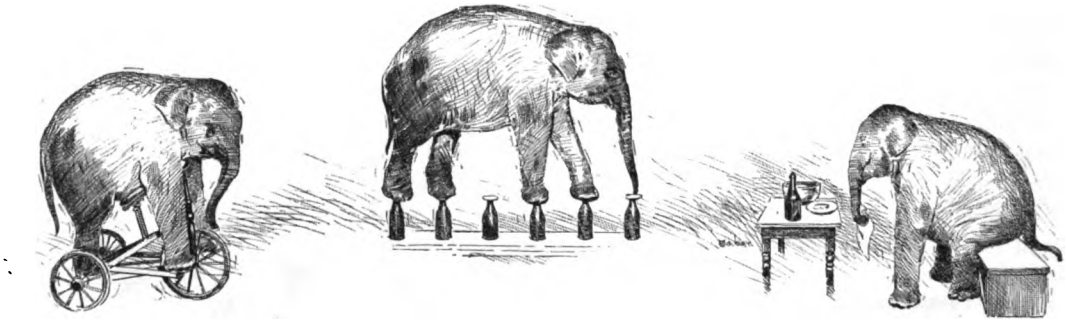
it to you if it was n't enough to make a small boy weep to have to be told about a circus which took place in front of his own door and was free to all.

And the more Clarence laughed at the story the more heartily did he grieve that he was n't on hand "to take it in," as he said, and the only thing that pacified him was the promise of a season ticket to the circus, which was soon to make its appearance at the Madison Square Garden.



A SHADOW-LESSON.

By Harlan H. Ballard.

Being delayed for fifteen minutes at Lenox Station, waiting for a train, I occupied the time and entertained myself by kneeling on a little rustic bridge, and watching the water as it ran below. The rivulet deepened to a small pool just under the bridge, and on the smoothly flowing surface a number of water-bugs were disporting themselves. I observed that except when disturbed, as by the approach of something good to eat, an aggressive enemy, or a thundering train, they rested on the water with their heads up-stream, and floated quietly down for perhaps a foot, when, by a sudden, jerky motion, too quick for the eye to follow, they regained their former positions, and then floated down again as before. I presume they are still there, and still busy, first floating down-stream, and then snapping themselves back again, and I have no doubt they enjoy life. Theirs is a species of liquid coasting that commends itself to one's approval.

But I was at once interested to discover by what means these little creatures were able to skip thus contentedly upon the surface of the water, and to learn how they propelled themselves so swiftly against the flowing current. Their brown, diamond-shaped bodies were so far below my eyes, and withal so slender, and so nearly the color of the sand below them, and their motions were so quick, that at first I could not determine whether they moved by a rowing of their legs, or whether they ejected streams of water from the back of their living craft, as many aquatic insects do. I could not class them with certainty either as side-wheelers or propellers. But presently my attention was diverted from the bugs themselves to their shadows upon the bed of the brook a foot or two below. By studying these, I found the solution of both the problems that had puzzled me.

Fig. 1 represents one of these curious shadows; only it is n't half so interesting as the real one, for this is only a dead shadow, and cannot float,

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and swim, and eat, as the live shadows seem to do. You will notice that in front of the head, which is the handle end of the trowel-shaped body-shadow (*a*), there are two overlapping circles, (*d*) connected to the body by slender lines. At each side of these are much smaller shadows (*c*), elliptical in form, and also connected to the body by long, slender lines. Behind the body are two spoon-shaped shadows, connected to it by short black lines. Remembering that insects are six-legged creatures, I had no difficulty in recognizing these portions of the shadow as caused by the water-bug's legs or feet, and my first thought was that it must have paddle-shaped feet, round in front and oval behind, by means of whose expanded disks it was enabled to "walk the water like a thing of life." But

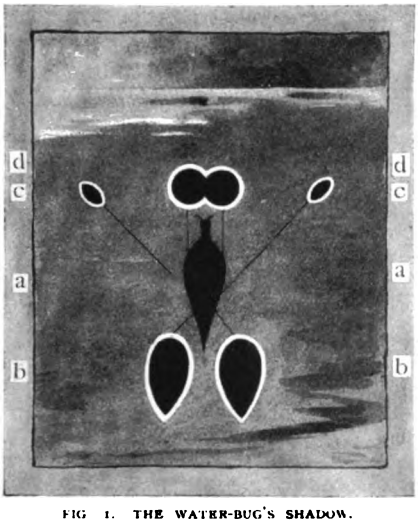

FIG. 1. THE WATER-BUG'S SHADOW.

then I noticed around each foot-shadow, but not around the body-shadow, a circle or border of brilliant light.

Here was the key to one riddle: Under each foot the water was pressed down into a little concavity or pit. This depression acted as a concave lens, refracting the light around its edges in a bright ring; and the large shadows were shadows not of the feet, but of the curving water-hollows. The feet were not, then, necessarily of the same shape as the shadows. Leaving the shadows for the moment, I now examined more attentively the insect itself; and having caught a reflection of light from the upper surface of the water beneath its legs, I saw that the feet were not essentially unlike those of other insects. They are, in fact, quite slender,

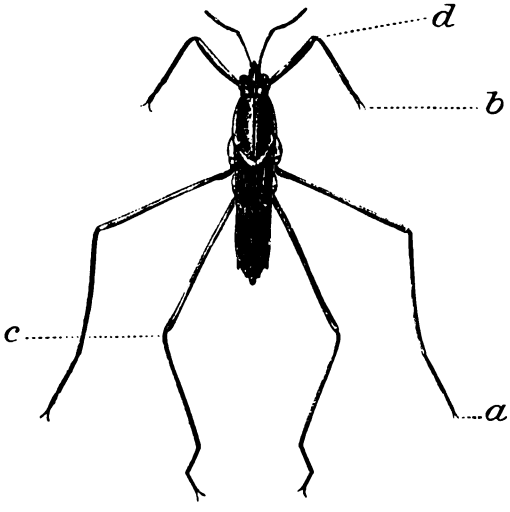

FIG. 2. THE WATER-BUG.

as may be seen in Fig. 2, which was drawn from a similar bug, although I was not able to catch one of the identical bugs I am describing. This is certainly a picture of a very near relative, however, if not of a brother, and serves our purpose sufficiently well.

The insect rests upon the water not merely

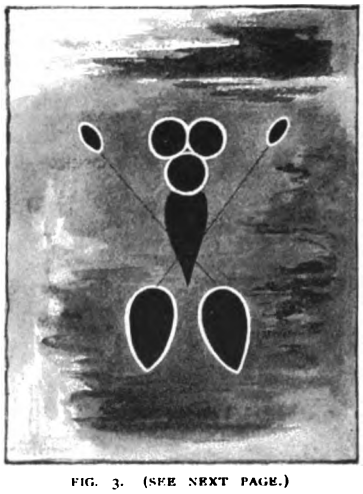

FIG. 3. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

its feet, but a considerable portion of its legs. The hind legs were in contact all the way from the joint *c*, the fore legs for the shorter distance

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from *d* to *b*, Fig. 2. This explains the differing shapes of the forward and rear shadows. If you will experiment with some little straws of different lengths, laid upon still water in full sunlight, at about one o'clock, you will see exactly how it is — the circle, the oval, and the surrounding ring of light.

It remained to determine the manner of locomotion. What I could not see by watching the insect, the shadow revealed at once. With every jerk of the bug when it started to row up-stream, the shadows *cc* flashed back (if shadows can do that), until they were on a line with the broad, oval shadows behind, and instantly returned to their normal position. The insect rows itself by means of the middle pair of legs. That word *remigis* in the name of this insect precisely indicates the motion of these tiny *oars*, and the "recover" which is effected by them would make a college oarsman green with envy. That other name, *Hygrotrechus*, water-runner, is n't so bad, either.

Well, I supposed my shadow-lesson was over, and was about to turn away, as I heard a distant engine-whistle, when I was surprised to see the shadow I was watching suddenly grow very much smaller, so that it was not more than a fifth its former size. The bug had simply floated into much shallower water, and, of course, its shadow was less magnified. The nearer it approached the bottom the smaller was the shadow. At the same time I was surprised to see the oar-shadows *(cc)* of another water-bug suddenly increase in size and become circular, and precisely like the forward circles (*dd*). The two observations explained each other. The little rower usually carries his oars dipped beneath the surface, as human boatmen carry theirs, and consequently their shadows are smaller than those of the other legs, but he can raise them to the surface and stand on them, and then they make shadows as large as the others. This also shows why the rear shadows taper to a point; the ends of the hind legs dip under the water. While I was congratulating myself on this discovery, I was once more astonished by seeing a new shadow, precisely similar to those at *dd*, appear just behind and between them, forming a triangle of circles (Fig. 3). This was an easy problem — the bug had simply lowered its proboscis to take a drink, or, perhaps, to make a sub-aqueous observation. Perhaps its dinner was ready; at all events, my train was.

May their shadows never grow less!

TO THE WINDS OF JUNE.

By Mary A. Mason.

Blow gently, Winds of June! Each downy nest
  Is full of unsung songs and unspread wings
  That will respond to patient hoverings;
Soft rockings suit the rustic cradles best.

Blow gently, Winds of June! The bud is here
  That soon will be transformed into the rose,
  The sweetest miracle that nature knows;
A breath might mar the beauty of the year.

So easily the song drops out of tune,
  So eagerly the sun absorbs the dews,
  So quickly does the rose its petals lose,
That, for their sakes, blow gently, Winds of June!

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A JUNE DAY IN THE ORCHARD.

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THE SECOND KITTEN'S HUNT.

"MAMA," said another kitten, about a week after his brother's meeting with the turtle as was told in the last ST. NICHOLAS. "I am grown up, and I should like to go and catch mice. I sha'n't catch a turtle."

"Why not wait a few weeks?" said his mother.

"I can't wait. I feel so big and strong, I must hunt," said the kitten.

"But do you know how?" his mother asked.

"It is easy," said the kitten. "All I have to do is to run after a mouse till I get him in a corner, and then put my paw on him."

"But mice are sly," said his mother. "So am I," said the kitten.

"Very well," said his mother; "and I hope you will catch one."

So the kitten walked away with his tail held up high, and went down into the cellar. The cellar was not very dark, and soon the kitten saw two rats come creeping and crawling out, to sup upon some wheat stalks which were in a corner near the big barrel. He thought they were mice. The kitten saw that there was a queer sort of box there, made of wires, but he did not know what it was. "It is a bird-cage," he said, "but some mean cat has eaten the bird already. Never mind, I will catch a mouse."

So the kitten jumped, and hit his paw very hard on the stone floor. But the rats jumped, too, and the kitten heard them laughing. So he was cross, and ran after one of the rats as hard as he could go.

Now, this was a clever rat, and he saw that the kitten did not know how to catch him. He ran about a little while, and then played he was very tired, and sat down near one end of the queer "bird-cage."

"Ah!" said the kitten, "I have tired him out; now I will jump on him."

So the kitten jumped! — away ran the rat, safe and sound, but there was a sharp click! — and the kitten found himself caught in the "bird-cage."

"Now, what would mama do, if she was in here?" said the kitten to himself. "I did not ask her how to get out of a bird-cage."

Just then the rats came up to the cage and, hearing him call it a "bird-cage," said:

"What a pretty bird! Sing, birdie, sing!"

A little rat peeked out from a hole in the wall, and said, "Tee-hee!"

The kitten was very glad when he heard his mother in soft, furry slippers, not long after, and he said, "Here I am, Mama — in the 'bird-cage'!"

"Bird-cage," said his mother, and then she began to laugh, too, and said, "Tee-hee," just as the rats had done. When she stopped laughing, she said:

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"Why, Kit, that's a rat-trap! and I think you must be taught a little before you go hunting mice again." Then she helped him out.

As they went up-stairs the kitten heard the three rats in the cellar, and they said, "Tee-hee! Tee-hee! Tee-hee!"

KIT IN THE "BIRD CAGE."

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DEAR me! This is a busy month, my hearers — not quite as ornamental or decorative, so to speak, as May, with her Japanese effects of bare branches and many blossoms, but more practical and, to my mind, more beautiful. For the blossoms have begun the work of fruit-making, the gardens are full of roses, and the fields are fairly nodding with loveliness.

And the letters! why, they are fairly raining upon this pulpit. I cannot show them to you to-day; but at our next meeting, the July meeting, you know, I think we shall have nothing but letters — good, true letters from boys and girls, all answering the questions put to you from this pulpit last month, namely, "What is this?" and "Do Animals Think?" — and let me remark right here that I am heartily proud of this congregation.

And now to present business. What have we here? Ah, I see! — something kindly sent for the poor protester by one of your favorite story-tellers, Miss Alice Maude Ewell:

A PROTEST.

DEAR PUBLIC: Allow me my wrongs to unfold.
Of me every day such queer stories are told,
Past keeping it in, I must really speak out,
And settle this matter beyond further doubt.

As steady a fellow as ever you saw,
The sturdiest stickler for order and law,
Unresting, unswerving, I hold to my way,
From life's morning dawn to the end of its day.

If faster or slower my work-hammer's beat,
If sadly a-weary or joyously fleet —
Still, still it keeps going; night, morning, and noon,
Whenever you listen you 'll hear my brave tune.

I 'm always at work, and I 'm always at home,
Nor high-days nor holidays tempt me to roam.
When all are fast sleeping at midnight, I keep
My watch to make sure they 'll wake safely from sleep.

Yet what are folks constantly saying of me?
(I 'm sure when I tell you how falsely you 'll see,)
They say I stand still when they 're shocked or amazed —
The silliest rumor e'er vanity raised!

They 'll vow that I leap to one's mouth or one's eyes.
(Now, prithee, good Public, consider my *size*.)
They 'll talk of my sinking most frightfully low,
Into somebody's boots! — monstrous fib, as you know.

They 'll say I 've been lost, or been left here or there.
(Why, I never was lost in my life, I declare!)
They 'll say I 've been stolen or traded away,
Or shot by that chit of a Cupid so gay.

They 'll even make pictures of me skewered through
With most absurd arrows, (just think of it, do!)
On pink clouds a-floating where rose garlands twine,
In a what-do-you-call-it? — ahem! — Valentine.

In short, there 's no nonsense they will not invent.
And must I, so slandered, rest meekly content?
My character 's ruined; these chattering elves
Would make me as flighty and wild as — themselves.

And now, dearest Public, I 've stated my case,
Many thanks to the friends who have granted me space,
I leave you to judge of the woes I impart,
And sign myself, yours most respectfully,
HEART.

TWO LONG WORDS.

DEAR JACK: Last evening I broke up two good English words (which shall be sent you, restored, next month) and here are the mixed pieces — just forty-one of them.

Meantime, can the dear little schoolma'am, or any of her friends, so arrange these forty-one letters as to spell the two words? Every letter here shown must be used.

P R A N S I C H E S I B E N O S M P I D S L E R
O N T I S B O N R E P L O S E N E.

Yours truly, X. Y. Z.

A JUNE ENCOUNTER.

DEAR JACK: I am one of your most devoted readers, having every number of ST. NICHOLAS. I am especially fond of reading the letters, and would like to add my mite to the fund of interest.

Coming from Europe last summer, I met with quite an adventure. It was in June, and the ocean had been "as smooth as glass," as the saying goes. But one day it appeared rougher, while far in the distance could be seen something glittering.

We were seated at dinner, when word came from above that there was an iceberg in sight. Every one rushed up on deck to see the wonder. It was perfectly beautiful! The sun shone upon it, making it glitter with all the colors of the rainbow. It looked as if it were

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made of an immense iridescent crystal. It gradually approached the vessel, much to the terror of many of the passengers. Slowly it came nearer and nearer, towering above us like some great giant bent upon destroying us.

We all thought the vessel was doomed, when, without the least warning, the iceberg tottered, and then turned over. We were saved! When it fell, it remained quiet for a few moments, and when it again started on its wanderings its course was changed, and it began to float away.

You can imagine what thankful hearts our vessel held as she sped onward toward New York.

Your loving reader,
ISABEL V. M. LIVINGSTON.

A FIJI DUDE.

DEAR MR. JACK: Perhaps "dude" is not a word in good standing with you and your congregation. Well, I am not fond of foppery myself, yet I am disposed to think that we are sometimes too severe in our judgment of this particular species of humankind. Surely it is no more than right for every person to make himself as attractive as possible, and I know that history tells us of a few great and good men who were fops. I have read that Buffon, the famous naturalist, would neither sit down to write, nor walk in his garden to think, unless he were arrayed in fine clothes, lace, frills, and ruffs, and was jeweled and perfumed.

But whether we tolerate or despise the dude, we must admit that he is a natural variety of the human race; for he is found in every inhabited part of the globe, be it burning Africa, or frozen Greenland, a vast continent, or a tiny island in mid-ocean. And, by speaking of islands, I have brought myself by degrees to the particular dude which I have in mind — the Fiji dude.

I remember telling you some years ago of a South Sea Island fop * who had the very pretty fancy of attaching living butterflies to his hair, by means of almost invisible threads, thus permitting the beautiful creatures to flutter about his head as he walked abroad. The Fiji dude has an even prettier fancy.

He seems to have a passion for flowers, which, in the moist, warm climate of the islands, grow with a luxuriance and splendor unknown to men who live in more temperate regions. Orchids and other brilliantly colored and exquisite flowers may be plucked on every hand, and the ordinary Fijian, indeed, does not take the trouble to gather them. But the native dandy, the superlative young man, does so when he sets out for his lazy afternoon stroll.

He has prepared himself for it by lounging all the day, and his air, as he struts along, is that of a person who finds living a great trouble. He is on the lookout, nevertheless, for any especially gorgeous blossom, and when he finds one, he lazily plucks it, leaving a long stem, and fastens it in his hair, disposing it so that it will nod in graceful harmony with his languid walk.

Unfortunately, he does not know moderation, but keeps adding flower after flower, until it sometimes happens that his head is one mass of nodding, drooping posies of such brilliant coloring that the man himself becomes an insignificant part of the display. As the flowers wilt and fade they are replaced by the fresh ones which are to be gathered on every hand.

A FIJI DUDE.

Yours truly,
JOHN R. CORYELL.

* See ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. 12, p. 713.

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CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of the ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read letters from a great many places, but I never saw one from the Naval Academy. My papa is an officer stationed here; and the grounds are beautiful all the year, but the spring is the best time here, for the cadets have drills at four o'clock every afternoon. During commencement week in June there is a flag-drill; the cadets are divided into four companies, and the company that drills the best carries the colors during all the next year; the marking is very strict, so they must be particular not to make the least mistake.

I am seven years old, and have had you for a Christmas present, for three years. I go to school, and can read, and I love all the verses you have in your magazine. I wanted to tell you about my cat, "Teddie," but I am afraid it will make my letter too long.

DALE S. B——.

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear something about the opening of Parliament in Rome, which is a *very* fine affair. The king always opens Parliament early in December, and he, the queen and some of the court drive from the palace to the state-house in the state carriages, which are splendid old-fashioned coaches — masses of carving and gilding. The coachmen and footmen have on scarlet and gold liveries, with white silk stockings, powdered wigs, and cocked hats. Three footmen stand behind, holding on to the straps. It is exactly like the pictures of Cinderella, except that the queen is in modern dress, of course. The king's carriage is drawn by six horses with white plumes on their heads and with splendid harness.

The sidewalks are packed with people, but two lines of soldiers keep all carriages away except those of the procession.

When they get to the house of Parliament, the king, in a fine uniform with a brass helmet and an immense white plume on it, gets out of his carriage and helps the queen out of hers, and then the people shout: *Viva il Rè!* and *Viva la Regina!* Inside, the great Parliament chamber is in the form of a semicircle; the king's throne is on the straight side of the wall. The deputies wear evening dress with white gloves. The queen and court ladies sit in a box high up on the right, the diplomatic corps in another large box on the left, and other people who have tickets in the gallery between. The king makes a speech, each deputy in turn takes the oath of allegiance, cheers the royal family, and it is over. This year the king's son, the prince of Naples, and his nephew the duke of Aosta, both just twenty-one, took the oath, too, which everybody seemed to think very interesting. Then all march out in great state, the king and queen drive away slowly, eye-glasses, opera-glasses, and cameras point at them from all sides, soldiers present arms, and beggars beg, bands play, and dogs bark, and all go home to breakfast.

I am one of your constant readers, just ten years old (I mention it as it seems to be the fashion to tell ages in the letters). As my papa is a U. S. official abroad I have traveled much, and have seen many interesting things in the world. Ever your loving friend,

HELOÏSE S——.

NAPLES, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are traveling in Italy and have done so much in the last few days that I thought I would write you a letter to-day. Yesterday we went up Mount Vesuvius. We bought our tickets at the hotel, then took a cab down to Cook's office, where we had our tickets stamped. The carriages did not start until nine o'clock. There were some men around the office who wanted to sell canes to help us climb. The carriage we went in was a regular two-horse carriage only it had three horses. For almost an hour after we passed the gates it was just the same as in the city. There were a great many beggars who ran along beside the carriage, and

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the farther away from Naples we got, the more beggars there were. About two hours from Naples we came to the lava streams. It was the funniest looking stuff you ever saw. We got to the place called the Hermitage at twelve, where we took the wire-rope railroad. At the top we had to walk. There are some men that want to pull you up but we did not take any of them. The path was very zigzaggy and not very steep until we reached the old crater, which does not let out much smoke. After that the path was very steep. Walter and I climbed up alone. About half-way up we both got so much sulphur in our lungs and were out of breath that we felt like going back, but we took a little rest and put our handkerchiefs up to our mouths and got up to the top of the crater. I did not want to go any farther because I was scared, but the guide took hold of me and pulled me down into the crater. Every few seconds there would be a big boom, and red-hot stones would fly up and fire would go up, too, and a puff of smoke would go up, and it was awful. All the bad people in the world ought to see that and I am pretty sure they would all turn good. I think that Mt. Vesuvius is the best part of Europe so far.

Your faithful reader,
FRED.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sick, so my aunt is writing this for me. I went in a ship around Cape Horn to Liverpool, and I was one hundred and thirty days, and the ship's name was the *I. F. Chapman*. At Cape Horn it was very cold. In rough weather, the steward would carry me over on his back to the galley and I made doughnuts with the cook and steward. My father bought eighteen chickens, and the carpenter on board made a chicken-coop for them, and I fed them all the way, and seven of them died, six were killed, two we gave to the captain, and three left are coming back on the ship to me. I expect them every day now. I went to Brighton and stayed there a little over five months in boarding-school, while my mama and papa traveled in Europe. I was glad to get back to California.

I have a little brother four years old, and I am nine, and we are both Americans. Your little friend,
EDWIN O——.

STAUNTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen in a paper a short account of Margaret of Orleans, and thinking that the readers of "Lady Jane," would like to know more of "Mother Margaret" I send you the following little history: She lived in New Orleans and was known simply as "Margaret." Her name was Margaret Hauggery, and years ago she took care of the cows in a large stable, situated near the spot where the statue now stands. She fed and milked the cows and sold the milk from a cart which she drove about the city. She had lost both husband and child and, at that time, was entirely alone in the world. In the course of a few years, by exercising strict economy, she managed to save enough to buy a small bakery. She prospered in her new undertaking and was soon able to build a larger house. Before long bread carts were running all over the city bearing the simple words "Margaret's Bakery." Her bread and rolls became famous and she had many patrons. During the war, and in fever epidemics, she ran free bread carts through the city, generously supplying those who were too poor to buy.

Margaret always furnished the bread free to the city asylums and hospitals.

She founded several orphan asylums herself, and at the time of her death her little charges were numbered by the thousands.

She spent very little on herself. She dressed in calico, and wore coarse, heavy shoes, and she had no luxuries in her modest dwelling. She cared nothing for her own comfort and ease, but devoted her life to the good of others.

When Margaret died all business houses were closed and the city put on mourning.

Thousands of little orphans and school children took part in the funeral procession. All the bells in the city were tolled, the houses all along the line of march were draped in mourning, and all classes joined in the procession.

The statue to her memory was erected by the city. It represents her seated, with one arm around a child who stands at her side. Her dress is plain and simple. Her fine head with its smoothly parted hair and her pleasant, though serious face show a true womanhood, and make the statue both striking and unique. It stands in a little triangular park, at the junction of Camp and Prytanea streets, directly in front of an orphan asylum. At the time of its erection, it was the only public statue in the United States in memory of a woman.

I have been reading ST. NICHOLAS for four years and enjoy it very much. Your constant and devoted reader,
MARGARET C——.

THE illustrated jingle which follows is the work of our young contributor, Master E. A. Cleveland Coxe. We commend the moral to all young lawbreakers.

POKLISA, TRANSYLVANIA, AUSTRIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I do not remember ever seeing a letter from Transylvania in your charming magazine, I thought I might write you one from this out-of-the-way corner of the world. We are the only English people in this part of the country, and live in an old white house in a little village called Poklisa. I wonder if any of your readers have ever seen a Transylvanian village. I can scarcely call it pretty, with its thatched, wooden huts, fences formed of interlaced twigs and branches, muddy roads, and abundance of pigs. Ex-

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cept for ourselves and one or two Hungarians, the rest of the inhabitants of Poklisa are Rumanian peasants. I am very interested in these people. They speak a pretty language, and dress quite picturesquely. The men wear loose white linen clothes, a sheepskin waistcoat and broad leather belt, and either a high curly white or black sheepskin cap, or a wide-brimmed flat hat like a Mexican sombrero. In winter they have thick, long woolen coats, generally white. On their feet they wear a sort of leather sandals called "apinci." The women dress in white also, with waistcoats sometimes beautifully embroidered, and two gaily colored aprons, one worn in front, the other behind. You can easily tell whether they are married, as the women roll their heads in a long white cloth, while the girls plait their hair at one side in a most unbecoming fashion.

The Rumanians have many queer old customs. On Christmas day, in each village, they have a "cerbi." That is a man dressed up as a stag, with wide horns and ears, and a long nose. He goes to all the houses dancing and acting, followed by a boy playing a flute, and all the unmarried men of the place. He is a most comical sight, as you may imagine, and makes one laugh very much. Another thing they do is on New Year's morning, when a party of carters come round with their long whips, and wake up the people of the house by cracking them a noisy salute. That is their way of wishing a Happy New Year.

Besides Hungarians and Rumanians we have plenty of gipsies here. These are very lazy, dark, and dirty, and up to all sorts of mischief. One day I went to see a gipsy village. It consisted of about a dozen miserable little huts, half sunk in the earth, and built of turf and loose stones. It was swarming with untidy children; and while we were there a very ragged man with long black hair came out of one of the huts and played to us on a sort of bagpipes. All gipsies are fond of music. They play most beautifully on the violin, and every little town and village has its gipsy band. Indeed they are so idle, that is the only way they care to earn their living. I should like to tell you about the bear-hunts I have seen, and of the good time we had camping out in the mountains last autumn, but I am afraid my letter is too long already. So hoping you will print it, for it is the first I have written, though we have taken you for ten years, I am your devoted reader,

BEATRICE.

FORT SNELLING, MINN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This post, which is one of the largest in the United States, is divided into three parts: The upper post, the lower post, and the ordnance depot.

What is now the ordnance depot used to be the old fort; the old one-story stone quarters and the remains of the old gray stone walls are standing yet, and look very picturesque from a distance, especially in the summer, when the green of the trees contrasts with the crumbling walls. Near it stands the old tower, which was part of a wall (now taken down) built across the point for fortification.

In the lower post is the hospital and part of the officers' quarters; going on up we reach as the next thing of interest the headquarters building, in which are the offices, the post school, etc.; next to it, a little back, is the post hall. Farther up on the other side are the other officers' quarters, built of yellow brick; in front of them are beautiful lawns dotted with numerous trees. Just opposite are the soldiers' quarters, also of yellow brick, built within the past two years. There have been here, as prisoners, about twenty Brulé Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge Agency.

We remain your faithful readers, F. K——.
C. K——.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have this year subscribed to your interesting magazine. It was one of my Christmas presents. We lived in a hotel last winter, while my papa was in the Legislature, and I had nothing to do but read and write. I send you a little rhyme I made while watching the raindrops on the telephone wires:

I am, your loving friend,

W. H. D——., JR.

THE RAINDROPS.

See the little raindrops go,
Some are fast and some are slow,
Swift along the wires they fly,
And as they pass my window by
I think them like a life,
Swift gliding, full of strife.
Some are weak, and some are strong,
And as they meet, some fall, some pass along.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ST. NICHOLAS: I have no brothers nor sisters and I was often very lonely up to the time that I got the ST. NICHOLAS. I like "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford." It makes me mad when I read about Tom Tazwell; he 's just like a boy near where I live. In school we have very nice times. We have a hall in which we go to sing on Fridays. We have an orchestra of violins, a flute, and a piano. Your reader,

WILLIAM D——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Kate C. Wasson, Bessie M., Nellie P., Hattie F. W., A. E. C., Nannie L. S., Mabel G., M. S. G., Helen G. C., Ednah F. C., Cushman and David N., Nannie S., Edith W., Hetty M. A., Elizabeth B. T., M. Christabel M., Hugh Eglinton M., Grace B., Walter F., Ray E. B., Fred M. B., Helen M., Lulu B. McA., Walter S., Unity M. T., Horace G., M. Clare J., Edna E., Douglas S. N., Nellie O. B., May M. D., Roy W. H., Birdie B., Bessie G., Carl H., Clarence F., Phillips K., Beth, Donald A. S., Eleanor U., Harold U., Winifred F., Elva E. F., Marguerite, Eliza N. W. A., Annie C. J., Florence A., Laurel V. H., Raymond N., Shirley B., Kitty S. J., Effie F., Ethel L. P., Norman B., Alice C., Heidi G. S., Marion and Meriam W., Flora L. B., John F., Maud S., Russell S., Leslie McB., Gertie A. W., Fannie R. S., Selma P., Allie S., Elvenia J. J., T. Charles N., Helen Louise M., J. J. F., Natalie S., Charles E. M., Atwood M., Ferris N., Edith R., Jimmie W., J. H. E., Clyde N., H. R. R., Bessie and Alice, Louise B., Harry H., Marion D., Thomas G. S., Sophy M., Fred K. C., Mamie C., Reginald B., Edith R. S., Ruth S. G., Rebecca W. B.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Mab. 3. Jalap. 4. Materia. 5. Caledonia. 6. Baronet. 7. Pines. 8. Ait. 9. A.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Thomas. 2. Hopest. 3. Opiate. 4. Meagre. 5. Astral. 6. Steels.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John Keats; finals, Leigh Hunt. Cross-words: 1. Jail. 2. Oboe. 3. Hemi. 4. Nung. 5. Koch. 6. Each. 7. Abou. 8. Thin. 9. Shut.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. M. 2. Met. 3. Lemon. 4. Trope. 5. Porch. 6. Blink. 7. Yearn. 8. Baled. 9. Olden. 10. Impaled. 11. Playful.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date."

WORD-BUILDING. A, as, sal, last, tales, valets, estival, festival.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB. From 1 to 8, Schubert; 9 to 16, Hamilton. From 1 to 9, sloth; 2 to 10, cobra; 3 to 11, Hiram; 4 to 12, Ugoni; 5 to 13, broil; 6 to 14, eclat; 7 to 15, Romeo; 8 to 16, Titan.

ZIGZAG. Chancellorsville. Cross-words: 1. Cram. 2. Chin. 3. Brad. 4. Bran. 5. Pict. 6. Feat. 7. Loon. 8. Clay. 9. Plot. 10. Scar. 11. Vast. 12. Avow. 13. Ibex. 14. Flaw. 15. Fold. 16. Doge.

PI.

All about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.
The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

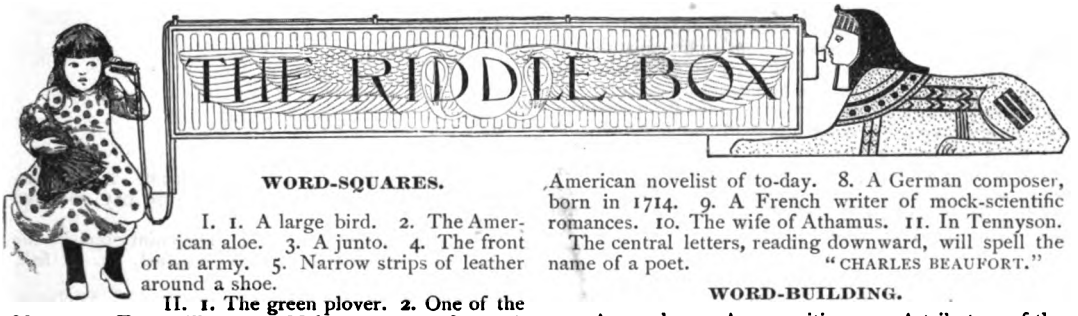
HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Audubon. Cross-words: 1. abrAdes 2. flUte. 3. oDd. 4. U. 5. aBt. 6. shOck. 7. shiNgle.

RHOMBOID AND DIAMOND. Rhomboid. Across: 1. Sages. 2. Madam. 3. Sated. 4. Metal. 5. Debar. Included diamond: 1. S. 2. Dam. 3. Sated. 4. Met. 5. D.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — Josephine Sherwood — Mama and Jamie — Alice M. Blanke and sister — "The Wise Five" — Pearl F. Stevens — Clara B. Orwig — L. O. E. and C. E. — E. M. G. — A. H. and R — Agnes and Elinor — "Infantry" — Nellie L. Howes — Blanche and Fred — Violette — "Uncle Mung" — "King Anso IV." — Edith Sewall — Cousin Jack — "Lehte" — Ida C. Thallon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Helen Hughes, 1 — Roger B. Farquhar, Jr., 1 — John Cabot, Jr., 2 — Natalie B., 1 — Warren Filkins, 1 — "The Peterkins," 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — R. and L. Williams, 1 — Geo. Holmes, 2 — "Faith," 1 — "Reynard," 3 — E. A. C., 1 — Stanley, 1 — Elaine S., 3 — Julia F. Phyfe, 2 — Carlotta Morgan, 1 — "Squib," 1 — "Texas Steer," 1 — Nellie L. Denis, 1 — "Only I," 1 — Lisa D. Osgood, 8 — Jennie and Madge, 3 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 6 — Annie S. Hawes, 1 — "Kendal," 2 — Holcombe Ward, 3 — Helen C. McCleary, 9 — Channing Newton, 1 — A. P. C. and A. W. Ashhurst, 7 — "Papa, Mama, Uncle Frank, and Clara," 1 — Nellie M. Archer, 4 — "Emajinashun," 3 — H. L. Bingay, 9 — "Nip and Bang," 5 — Mary C. and Beth T., 4 — Marian S., 3 — Sara L. R., 7 — C. A. M. P., 7 — C. Estelle and Clarendon Ions, 3 — "May and 79," 5 — "The Scott Family," 8 — Hypothenuse and K," 2 — "Charles Beaufort," 8 — P. R. England, 2 — Clara and Emma, 4 — Charley F. Griffith, 2 — "Mr. Toots," 8 — "Two Cousins," 1 — Carrie Thacher, 4 — Me and Sister, 3 — Bertha W. Groesbeck, 4 — "Mama, Margaret, and Marion," 2 — "Ida and Alice," 9 — "Two Puzzlers," 7 — F. B. Barrett, 1 — "Puzzles," 2.

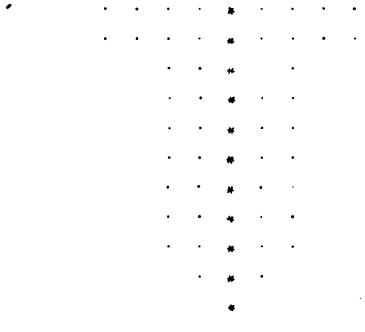


WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A large bird. 2. The American aloe. 3. A junto. 4. The front of an army. 5. Narrow strips of leather around a shoe.

II. 1. The green plover. 2. One of the Muses. 3. To vacillate. 4. Makes a note of. 5. A species of cod. "REYNARD."

AN ESCUTCHEON.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A celebrated Dutch painter. 2. A celebrated French mathematician and philosopher, born in 1743. 3. The composer of Masaniello. 4. A well-known German novelist, now living. 5. A famous English poet born in 1788. 6. A very famous singer. 7. An American novelist of to-day. 8. A German composer, born in 1714. 9. A French writer of mock-scientific romances. 10. The wife of Athamus. 11. In Tennyson.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a poet. "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A tributary of the Rhone. 4. Advantage. 5. A measure of weight. 6. A plowing of land. 7. Robbing. 8. Untwisting. 9. Journeying. 10. An attenuated plant. "XELIS."

HOUR-GLASS.

1. A SINGER. 2. To imagine. 3. An insect. 4. In hour-glass. 5. A metal. 6. Abrupt in address. 7. Original.

The central letters, reading downwards, will spell a country of Europe. ALICE C. CALDWELL.

NOVEL DIAMONDS.

I. WHEN first I went to 1, my eye was caught by a 1-2-3 which a comrade wore. I asked him where he bought it and he answered, "At 1-2-3-4-5." But my 1-2-3-4-6-7 was to have it immediately, at any 3-4-5-6-7, so he gave it to me, in exchange for a piece of 5-6-7, and then I was more at my 7 s.

The words to be supplied may be arranged so as to form a diamond.

II. WITH some friends, at our 1's, we sat down to 1-2-3, but when we had 1-2-3-4-5 we found that it was 3-4-5 o'clock, so our pleasure came to an 5 d.

The words to be supplied may be arranged so as to form a diamond. M. E. D.

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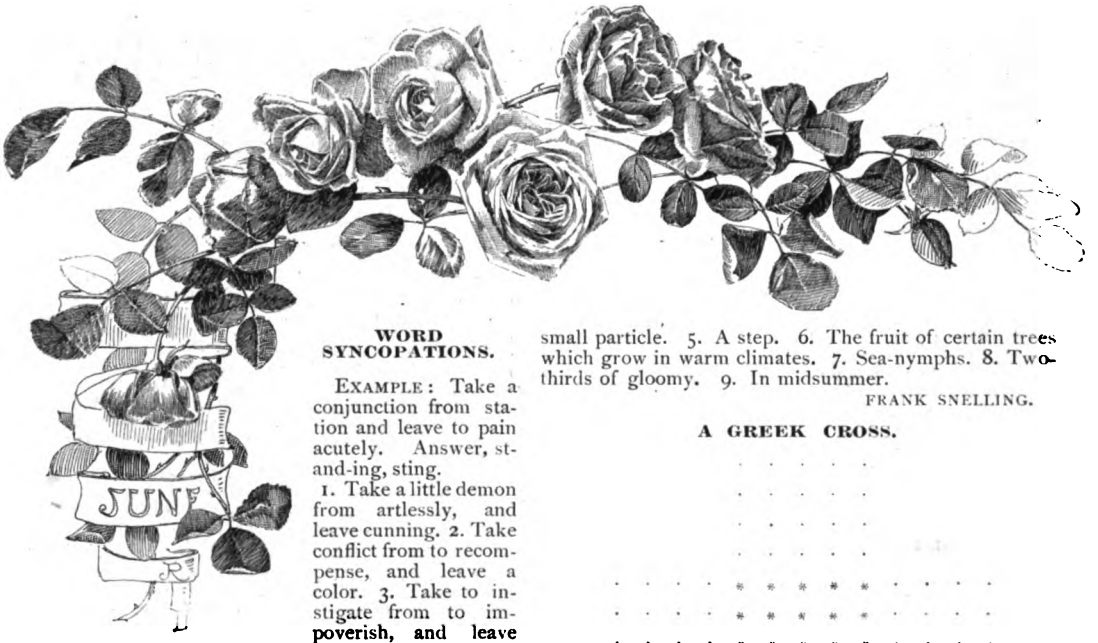

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a conjunction from station and leave to pain acutely. Answer, st-and-ing, sting.

1. Take a little demon from artlessly, and leave cunning. 2. Take conflict from to recompense, and leave a color. 3. Take to instigate from to impoverish, and leave to fasten. 4. Take an insect from sloped, and leave something used in winter. 5. Take a club from argued, and leave an act. 6. Take to perform from a salt, and leave tardy. 7. Take a pronoun from whipped, and leave a small boy. 8. Take a sailor from gazing intently, and leave to carol. 9. Take a sphere from an alms-basket, and leave a metal cup. 10. Take consumed from revolves, and leave decays. 11. Take a masculine nickname from sarcastic, and leave a salmon in his third year.

All of the removed words contain three letters. When these are placed one below another, the central letters, reading downwards, will spell the name of an important document, signed on June 15, 1215. F. S. F.

PI.

ROMF eht sadtint cropit drants,
Hewer eth wilbols, thrigb dan bandl,
Og pegcrine, licrung droun het psalm hwit twese tinaf tenurudne,
Morf sit sidlef fo plugprin slowfer
Slitl tew wiht frangart sweshor,
Het phayp hutso dwin, nilginger, wepses het loray bolsom fo nuje.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. PERTAINING to the north. 2. A mountain nymph. 3. To lease. 4. To consume gradually. 5. A Latin preposition. 6. In riddles.

A STAR.

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ACROSS: 1. In midsummer. 2. A preposition. 3. The surname of a president who died on June 28. 4. A small particle. 5. A step. 6. The fruit of certain trees which grow in warm climates. 7. Sea-nymphs. 8. Two-thirds of gloomy. 9. In midsummer.

FRANK SNELLING.

A GREEK CROSS.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A small drum. 2. To worship. 3. A kind of knife. 4. A large bay window. 5. Vacillates.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The point opposite the zenith. 2. An animal that has no feet. 3. A fish. 4. Fanciful. 5. Staggers.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Dances. 2. Applause. 3. To run away. 4. An error. 5. Precipitous.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To soak in a liquid. 2. An ornament for the head. 3. Desirous. 4. Upright. 5. Participator.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To imbue. 2. The earth. 3. A parasitic fungus found on rye. 4. To eat into. 5. A plate on which consecrated bread is placed.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

A ST. NICHOLAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 2-5-7 is on the cover of ST. NICHOLAS. My 7-8-4-9-2-3-12 are worn by all readers of ST. NICHOLAS. My 11-2-7 is a name by which several readers of ST. NICHOLAS are called. My 11-6-10-4-2-8-12 is what we hope the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are not. My 1-11-6-7 is in the nursery of some of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS. My 7-10-12-9-10-3 is a city where many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS live. My 1-6-9-5-2-3 is what the readers of ST. NICHOLAS like to find in cake. My 4-8-11-3-12 is what boys and girls take in reading ST. NICHOLAS. My 1-10-4-9-10-3 furnishes material for the pages of ST. NICHOLAS. My 1-11-6-4-6-1-12 have praised ST. NICHOLAS.

My whole are so important that ST. NICHOLAS could not get along without them. FRANK AND HERMANN K.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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"RESCUED BY THE ENEMY."

(SEE PAGE 656.)

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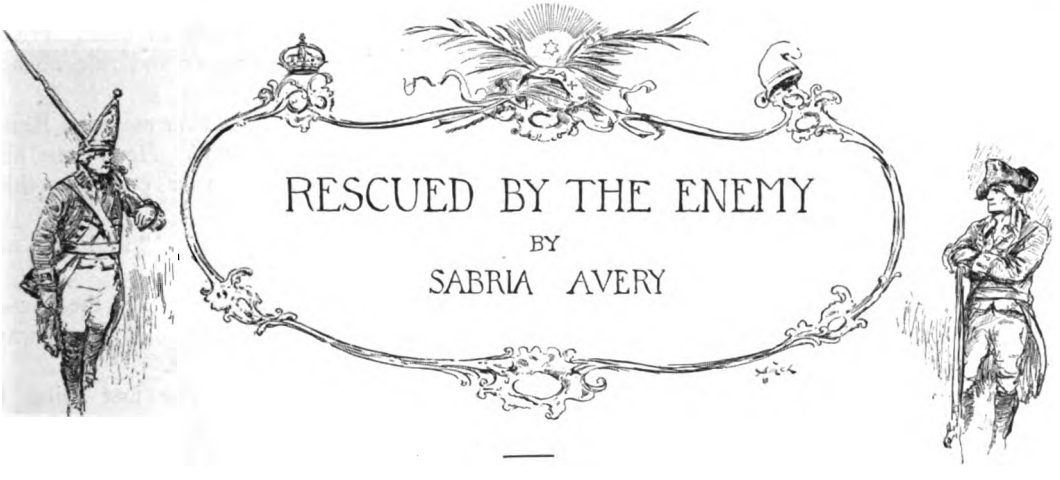
ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII. JULY, 1891. No. 9.



DURING the autumn of 178–, the farmers along the north shore of Long Island suffered much from the depredations of roving bands of plunderers known and feared as the "Whaleboat-men."

They were so called because, in their sudden raids upon the lonely coast farm-houses, they employed the old whaling-boats of the fishers "along shore." Often, when the man of the house was away (sometimes when he was at home, if he were known to be weak or cowardly), a household would be terrified by a call from the Whaleboat-men.

So long as the valuables they demanded were given up without resistance, they were seldom violent; but if the owners refused to yield their goods, they did not stop at desperate measures to obtain their ends or capture the coveted booty.

Few dwellings anywhere near the coast had, at the time our story opens, escaped their piracy; and Mistress Judith Forsythe often had her misgivings that a house so well known to offer rich plunder as Forsythe Place would not long be overlooked by the greedy eyes of the robbers.

Both husband and son were fighting in the patriot ranks, and the place was defenseless save for women. But the brave mother had

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secured doors and windows with extra bars and bolts when the men left, and had told her two fair daughters and the little son who stayed, "We are strong enough to keep our home. If the British or these Whaleboat ruffians wish to fight women, let them come!"

Her determination became widely known. Reports spread abroad in the country that the house was a perfect arsenal, and the size and strength of its garrison grew in every repetition of the tale.

Whatever the reason, the gray stone pile remained untouched.

Maybe the presence of a British man-of-war in the channel just outside the cove had something to do with it; for, excepting occasional excursions up and down the Sound, the great ship had lain there six months.

Evelyn and Sally Forsythe took much interest in its movements, and had often gone down to the water's edge to see if it had disappeared in the night. So one morning when they asked their mother's permission to take a walk to the beach, she readily granted it.

It was only half-past seven when they reached the shore, and before ascending the lookout hill, they stood there ten or fifteen minutes enjoying the beauty of the wind-swept, sunlit waters.

To the left, the steep slope was crowned by a tall, gaunt-looking tree known for miles around as the "Watch Pine." Its gnarled trunk, with stumps of old branches sticking out like the rounds of a ladder, was bare of green for half its height.

From the swaying top one could command a view of the island, the cove, and the sound for a great distance, and the old tree during the Revolution was frequently used as a watch-tower by spies and inquisitive people of both sides.

The girls had not expected to find it in use at so early an hour, and were somewhat startled when they saw a black horse tied beside the road which ran past the foot of the hill.

"A spy, Lyn!" exclaimed Sally as they came to a stop; "let 's go home!"

But the horse threw up its head with a glad whinny of recognition.

"Oh, Ranger! It 's Ranger!" they cried with one voice, and unhesitatingly ran forward to greet and caress the beautiful animal.

"But where 's Dick? How did Ranger get here?"

"Here 's Dick!" answered a voice seemingly from the clouds; and looking up they beheld a tall boy of about eighteen descending the Watch Pine.

"What news, Dick?" asked Lyn, as their cousin came toward them with outstretched hands.

"Ill news, cousin; my mother has broken her arm, and I am come for Aunt Judith to help nurse her."

"Oh, Dick! How did it happen?"

"Last night she stumbled on a rug at the head of the stairs, and her arm caught in the railing as she fell."

"Oh, Dick!"

"She is feeling easier now. The bone is set; but Dr. Pettit says the shock has made her ill, and that is why he wants Aunt Judith."

"Mama must make ready at once," cried Sally. "May I take Ranger and ride ahead to tell her, Dick?"

"Yes, but don't frighten your mother. Ranger 's well tired by this time. He 's done his twenty miles since a quarter past five this morning."

"How you must have ridden!" said Lyn, as the younger sister cantered off.

Dick and Lyn had almost reached the house when she remembered the English man-of-war and asked him if he had seen it.

"No," he answered. "The first thing I noticed was that she had gone. I used my glass"—producing a small field-glass—"but could not make out a trace of her, though I *did* make one discovery."

"What was that?"

"There 's a very suspicious-looking vessel in the creek on the other side of the cove. I made out some rough-looking men aboard."

"Whaleboat-men?"

"I hope not, but it is more than probable."

Just then they entered the gate, and in the bustle of preparation for Mrs. Forsythe's departure the Whaleboat-men were forgotten.

While the chaise stood waiting, Mrs. Forsythe bade her children and the maids good-by, with many parting injunctions.

"Be especially careful about closing up the

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house at night," she said to Lyn. "Sally, you and Ralph must take care of the stable and keep the dogs in the hall. Put the silver carefully away, Lyn; you know where it is safe. And, Charity" (to the old nurse), "you must oversee all and keep the house in its customary order."

Thus finishing, she was about to enter the chaise, when the memory of the wicked-looking boat in the creek recurred to Dick, and he laid his hand on her arm.

The mother had been gone about twenty minutes when little Ralph proposed to secure the house and stables immediately.

"You would n't want them to run away with Ranger, Dick," he said.

The black horse had been patiently waiting while the children talked of the Whaleboatmen.

"They 'd have to kill me first," replied Dick, emphatically. "Come, Ranger!" and he and Ralph proceeded to lock and bar him up in a

"THE GIRLS WERE SOMEWHAT STARTLED WHEN THEY SAW A BLACK HORSE TIED BESIDE THE ROAD."

"Well, Richard?"

"Aunt, shall I stay with the girls?"

The lady paused and scanned his face. She trusted the boy thoroughly and saw immediately that he had reason for asking.

"Stay," she replied, promptly. "Kate, get your bonnet and cloak and come with me." Then, turning to Dick, "I will tell your mother why you remained. I am sure she will be glad you are with them."

The maid came out and they drove off, leaving, besides the four young people and the nurse, the cook and chambermaid.

way so very tight and safe that one would have thought they were preparing for an attack by a regiment of grenadiers.

All four spent the rest of the morning in still further fortifying the house. No door nor window was neglected. The center hall fairly bristled with guns, knives, and powder-horns.

The boys brought up a keg of gunpowder and another of bullets from some hiding-place in the cellar.

"Now let them come!" declared Sally, boldly; "I 'll fire a gun myself."

They were quite busy till supper time, and

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the tea-table was a very lively one. They felt much inclined to laugh at themselves for their extreme precautions; and except for the anxiety about Dick's mother, and the safe journey of their own, they would have had the jolliest time in the world.

After supper the old nurse, who had taken tea with them, brought in a dish of apples and a jug of cider, and they sat around the open fire and told stories.

Every now and then a silence stole upon the merry group, and the firelight seemed to throw serious shadows over the young faces.

Thoughts would come of the father and brother away at the war, of the sick woman, of the absent mother.

It was during one of these silences that they became aware of a strange noise far down the road. They listened intently.

Yes, it was coming nearer — a sound of hoarse voices screeching and laughing was soon distinguishable. They sprang up, looking at each other with frightened eyes, and little Ralph showed a strong disposition to cry.

"We did n't fasten the front door, after all," cried Dick, breaking the fearful stillness, "and they 've come!"

They all made a dash for the door. As the last bar clicked into place, a bright idea flashed into Sally's head.

"Let 's light up the house," said she, "and they may think it 's filled and pass us by."

Her proposal was received with applause; the terror-stricken maids, who had rushed into the hall at the first alarm, were pressed into service, and even the nurse responded bravely.

In those days, when shops were far distant from the lonely country houses, large stores of groceries were purchased at a time, so several boxes of candles were found in the cellar, and in five minutes the house was a blaze of light.

They stood in the hall a few moments waiting in breathless silence.

Nearer and nearer — that horrible yell! — it could be no other. The Whaleboat-men!

Ralph threw his arms around Lyn, too frightened to cry, and she held the little fellow to her with trembling hands.

The noise suddenly ceased. The men had seen the light streaming in broad bands from the upper part of every window, and paused. The children knew by the last shouts they had heard that the men could not be farther away than the gates.

"We *must* make some noise!" cried Dick in desperation, looking around upon the trembling women and girls. "They 'll see through the sham in a minute!"

One of the maids burst out crying, and Ralph's lip began to quiver ominously; it looked much as if they were going to have plenty of noise, such as it was!

"If we could only sing something," quavered Sally.

"Well, let 's do it, then," rejoined Lyn, with sudden courage. "Dick, open my harpsichord, please."

She was surprised at her own strength as she commenced a ringing, liberty camp-song. The others joined in bravely. Before they were half through, all noises outside had ceased, and Dick stopped for a moment to listen.

"Yes, they must have gone," he said to himself as he again began singing with surprising cheerfulness and vigor.

Almost before they finished the last verse he broke in, "They 're gone!"

"Gone? So quickly!" the girls cried joyously,

A thundering bang at the door answered them. The young people sprang to their feet. Again the hall fairly shook beneath the force of the blow.

"Into the dining-room! For your lives!" shouted Dick.

Lyn snatched a gun and powder-horn from the rack as she went, and Dick, gathering as much as his arms could hold, followed. They made another dash into the hall for powder and shot, and then closed the massive oaken door of the dining-room, hastily barricading it with chairs and tables.

They had barely put these in position when — crash! in fell the great front door!

Dick wrenched off the knob of the dining-room door and, placing the muzzle of his gun in the aperture, fired into the hall. Then, as fast as the girls could load, one gun after another took up the defense.

An hour before the first shout of the Whale-

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boat-men had warned the children, half-a-dozen young British officers of marines were returning on horseback from a day ashore under the charge of their colonel.

Some of them were mere boys, and the party was a jolly one. So, as they were chasing a rabbit while it was still light, they passed the branch road which led to their landing, and by mistake turned down another.

"Well, boys, we 're in a pretty fix," said Colonel Osborne when their plight was discovered. "What are we going to do about it?"

"Seize the first native that comes along and get our bearings," proposed the youngest of the party.

And just then the material for this experiment made an appearance in the shape of a big, raw-boned longshoreman.

"Hello there, Yankee! Hold up a bit!" cried the adviser, and rode his horse at the man as if he would run him down.

The longshoreman dodged, but the young officer, leaning over, grasped his long hair and hauled him up short.

"I 'm mindin' my own business; you mind your'n!" sullenly muttered the man, and with an eel-like wriggle he escaped his captor's clutch.

"Now, Trevor, enough of this!" cried the Colonel. "Look here, my man; all we want of you are directions to the nearest road leading to Southard's Landing."

"Why 'n't ye say so first?" responded the man readily. "Southard's Landin' is doo norwest f'm here, right over yonder; nex' road but one to the left. Ye passed it, comin'."

"Thanks," said the Colonel — he paused and looked into the man's guileless face for a moment as if searching for marks of deceit; but the longshoreman met his gaze unconcernedly, only remarking inquisitively as they turned their horses and rode off, "Rather late, ain't ye?"

But no sooner had the last horseman galloped well beyond hearing than a most remarkable change stole over his calm face and quiet form. At first a low chuckle rolled from his deep throat, but by degrees all mirth died out of the clear blue eyes, and as the last of the riders disappeared around the curve he shook his fist menacingly after them and shouted joyously, "It 'll be later yet afore ye 'll reach Southard's Landin' by *that* road!"

And turning, he vaulted over the hedge and was lost to sight from the highway.

As for the horsemen, they followed the longshoreman's directions and cantered swiftly down the branch road.

They had been riding for almost an hour, and for a long time there had been silence, when one remarked: "Colonel, I did n't exactly like the looks of that longshoreman."

"Why did n't you say so sooner, Morris?" answered Colonel Osborne, in rather an irritated tone of voice.

"I don't see any of the houses we saw this morning, Colonel, and it seems to me that it 's time we did," said another.

"You would n't know them if you ran into them, in this blackness," put in Trevor, who had not yet sobered down. "Hey, fellows! Is n't that a noise of firing over there?" He reined up his horse at the entrance to a sort of avenue at right angles to the road they were on.

"Shots! There 's some kind of a skirmish going on. Come, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Colonel, "we must look into this matter."

And down the avenue they flew, putting the poor, jaded horses to their best speed.

The great front gate to the driveway was open and in they rode. The Whaleboat-men, intent on their prey, never even heard them until the horsemen dashed into the mob with a ringing cheer.

"Shoot right and left, boys!" shouted the Colonel, taking in the situation at a glance.

The children within had heard the cheer, and in the moment's surprised silence among the Whaleboat-men the sharp command of Colonel Osborne was distinctly audible.

"Hurrah! It 's help!" shouted Dick. "We're all right now!"

"Don't open the door yet, Dick," cried Lyn, "but help me tear away the shutter in front of this window; the shooting seems to come from the other side."

"Good for you, Lyn! Let 's help ourselves!" Dick answered; and they rapidly cleared away the furniture from a window.

When it was cleared, both Dick and Lyn took guns and, as fast as the others loaded, aimed

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carefully at the disorderly attacking party, which could be easily distinguished by its position nearer the house, and by the yells which rose from its ranks as its members fell back under the combined fire of rescuers and besieged.

Unable to stand this cross-fire, in five minutes every Whaleboat-man capable of running was fleeing across the fields at the top of his speed, leaving the wounded where they lay.

But Lyn, standing on an armchair in the window, with the full blaze of the tapers lighting up her fair, eager face, and the smoking gun resting on the upper sash, never thought of her conspicuous position until cheer after cheer from the horsemen, heartily assisted by Dick, enlightened her; then, looking pleased but somewhat confused, she jumped down.

The courteous old Colonel, hat in hand, appeared on the threshold as the dining-room door swung open, and begged Dick to request the ladies not to enter the hall and to keep the door closed until all traces of the skirmish were removed. They closed the door again.

"And now, Dick, we girls must n't be seen looking this way," said Sally, gazing at their torn apparel and powder-begrimed faces. "We 'll go up the back stairs and dress." But before they went they told the maids to prepare a simple lunch. "They 'll be sure to be hungry," said the wise Sally.

Lyn looked around for Ralph. He had fallen sound asleep in the big armchair by the fireplace, in the midst of all that noise!

The girls had just finished dressing, after putting the child to bed, when the maid came up, and said: "Miss Lyn, the Colonel says, 'His compliments, and the hall is clear.'"

Evelyn was quite calm outwardly, but within there was a great flutter. Plucking up courage, she took Sally's hand. The candles were still burning brightly in the hall, lighting up the stairway as the two girls came down.

Dick waited below with Colonel Osborne, and the young officers stood back of them. When they reached the lowest step he presented the Colonel, "just as if we were grown up," said Sally afterward, and the Colonel bowed with the same courtly dignity he would have shown to the grandest dame.

Then the young officers, one after the other, were introduced, and the girls, borne up by excitement, lost all nervousness. It was the great evening of their lives. And Dick — they had never known what a man Dick was. "Not one of the officers to be compared with Dick!" they declared, "fine as they were."

All three entirely forgot the fact that these guests and deliverers were enemies. They were so kind, so anxious to make them lose the memory of the fearful hour before, that Sally insisted, "They were the nicest enemies one could have!" And when, next morning, they rode away, the little "Rebels" felt as if they were saying good-by to old friends.

But, before they went, Colonel Osborne promised the girls in the name of his general that the Whaleboat raids should be put an end to. And he kept his word. Forsythe Place was the last on the north shore to suffer at the hands of the Whaleboat-men.

A few days later, Dick's mother being better, Mrs. Forsythe came home, and heard with grave anxiety the story of the siege and with thankfulness of the timely rescue by the enemy.

EARLY NEWS.

By Anna M. Pratt.

The sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on, with sweet remark,
To thrush, and bobolink, and lark,
The news that dawn had come again.

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Storm Bound above the Clouds

By Frederick Funston.

Extending north from Long's Peak, in Colorado, the Front Range or Continental Divide comprises a chain of stupendous peaks reaching into the clouds, and covered even in summer with great fields of snow and ice. This range, cut up by gorges and chasms thousands of feet in depth, which reach into it from the valleys on both sides, presents views of rugged grandeur excelled by none in the entire Rocky Mountain region. Many have compared them favorably with the world-famed glories of the Alps and Caucasus.

Below "timber-line," which in this region is at about eleven thousand feet elevation, the sides of the mountains are covered with a dense growth of spruce, which gives way in the lower valleys to the yellow-pine and quaking-ash. These grand forests have never been ravaged by fires nor marred by the woodman's ax; and in their gloomy depths the mule-deer, mountain-lion, and cinnamon-bear roam undisturbed by fear of man.

Above timber-line the mountains rise from two to three thousand feet more—in some places gentle slopes covered with huge granite boulders, and in others cliffs and crags rising almost sheer for hundreds of feet. Here and there are masses of hard packed snow, while in a sheltered spot on the south side of some cliff grow tiny alpine flowers and dwarf grasses—the food of the wary big-horn sheep, which still frequent this range in considerable numbers.

Comparatively few persons have explored these, the grandest of all the Rockies. Distance from railroads and the total absence of the precious metals have left the range uninhabited, the nearest settlers being the scattered ranchmen in Estes Park.

But few tourists have had the hardihood to scale the great peaks of this chain and risk life by exposure to the storms which almost constantly sweep them; though notably one, Mr. Frederick H. Chapin of Hartford, Conn., spent several summers in this region, and has given us his experiences in a charming book.*

Great peaks thirteen thousand feet in height have never been scaled, dark chasms and gorges are yet unexplored, and mountains higher than Mount Katahdin piled upon Mount Washington have never been deemed worthy of a name.

It was only a few years ago that the writer and a single companion, Mr. V. L. Kellogg, now an associate professor in the University of Kansas, stood on the summit of Table Mountain, a great elevation about six miles north of Long's Peak. Gazing down into the awful gorge which separates the mountain we were on from Stone's Peak, we marveled at its awful depths and precipitous sides, and resolved some day to explore it together, and to follow to its

* "Mountaineering in Colorado." University Press, Cambridge, 1889.

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source the turbulent little stream that flowed at the bottom.

The wished-for opportunity came sooner than we had dared to hope, and May, 1890, found us again in Estes Park prepared to attack the Front Range.

The winter of 1889–90 will be long remembered by the inhabitants of the Rocky Mountain region for its great severity and unusual snowfall. The mild spring sunshine had made little impression on the great drifts which covered the mountains and filled the upper forests; and gazing on them from the valley on a bright May morning, it seemed to us that mountains had never looked grander. Long's Peak, rearing his great cap fourteen thousand three hundred feet in air, was a mass of immaculate glittering white, broken only by the black cliff on the northeast front; the perfect cone of Mount Hallett was as white as the drifting cloud through which it peered; while Stone's Peak, a beautiful mountain thirteen thousand eight hundred feet in height, showed not a speck of brown through its wintry covering.

Despite the arctic surroundings, Kellogg and I determined to explore the great chasm without delay, though the old stage-driver to whom we broached our project shook his head ominously and said:

"Boys, wait until the sun has hammered that snow for six weeks longer; even then it won't be any picnic."

But we were not to be scared out by a little snow. We had roamed over those mountains before, and more than once had been brought face to face with death by exposure or starvation but had always come out with little harm.

We soon procured the obstinate, mouse-colored little mule that had carried our packs on previous occasions; put "on board" blankets, cooking utensils, and three days' provisions, and immediately after dinner set out on an expedition, the recollection of which, as I look back on it, seems more a horrible nightmare than a reality.

It is needless to tell the story of the first afternoon's tramp — of the fruitless efforts of "Billy," the burro, to throw off his pack, and his almost human shamming of lameness when the steep ascent began.

Suffice it to say that for six long hours we plodded up the lonely trail and, just before the daylight began to fade, found a suitable camping place among the dense spruces near the entrance to the great chasm which was to be the scene of the next day's trials and sufferings.

The night was passed in a state of mild terror, caused by the presence of a mountain-lion, which prowled about camp for several hours, and was kept at a safe distance only by a blazing fire.

The next morning, at five o'clock, we crawled out of our blankets, and an hour later resumed the journey, leaving Billy to watch the camp and meditate upon the follies of his past life. With no encumbrance but our guns, we made good progress, and soon reached the entrance of the gorge, and for two hours followed up the little rivulet at the bottom. It was a weird, uncanny place. The growth of spruce was so dense that it seemed the damp, mossy ground could never have had a good look at the sunlight.

Here and there we passed little banks of last winter's snow, and soon crossed the base of a great field which we could see extended up the sloping sides of Table Mountain almost to the summit. Of this snow-field more anon.

Onward and upward we pushed, crossing and recrossing the noisy little stream, now and then walking over the crust of a big snow-drift, and occasionally falling in waist-deep when we came to a soft place.

As we ascended, the gorge narrowed to about three hundred yards and the sides became much steeper. The spruce-trees here were dwarfed and gnarled old fellows that had battled bravely for years against the snow and ice of their storm-beaten home, and had not yet given up the struggle. We were now only a short distance below timber-line, and a few hundred feet above us not a green sprig showed above the glittering white of the snow or the somber brown of the granite.

A little higher we followed the bottom of the gorge; but there were now no rocks to walk on, nothing but snow from ten to twenty feet deep — acres and acres of it. The direct rays of the sun, which was now high in the heavens, had softened the crust, and we broke through at nearly every step.

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The fatigue of floundering through the snow, together with the rarity of the atmosphere, for we were now eleven thousand feet up, was beginning to tell on our strength. We determined to leave the gorge and push up to the left on the sides of Table Mountain, where we judged, and, as it proved, correctly, that the crust of the snow would be stronger.

A sharp, hard struggle of ten minutes brought us above the stunted growth at timber-line, where we sat down to recover wind and strength, and eat our noon lunch.

Up to this time not a cloud had crossed the sky; but now, as we looked toward Stone's Peak, Kellogg called my attention to a feathery, foamy mass which had rolled up over the range and, dropping almost to a level with us, scudded down the chasm before the rising wind. It was an ominous sign, and we finished our meal in nervous haste. Presently another and larger cloud came boiling over the pass at the head of the chasm, and followed closely in its leader's wake. For only a moment we watched the dark shadows they cast moving over the spruce forest, and rose to our feet just as two more clouds came over into the gorge.

The wind, which had been rising for an hour, moaned and whistled among the crags; and the mutterings of distant thunder could be heard from the west side of the range.

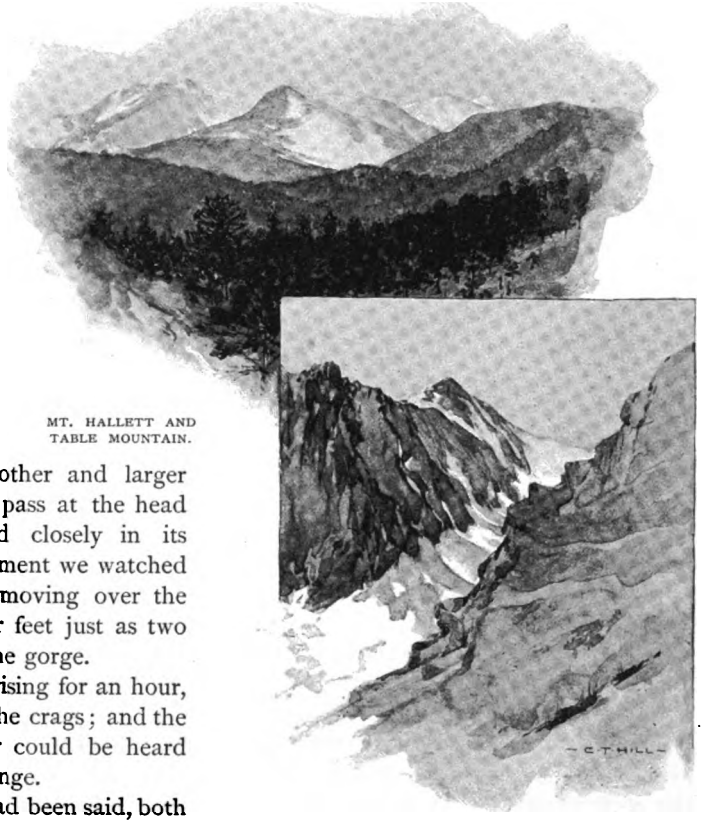
By this time, though little had been said, both realized full well the meaning of this turmoil: we were to be caught among the clouds in a mountain storm.

There was no further thought of exploring the gorge. All our strength and time must now be used in reaching camp.

Should we go down into the gorge and get out the way we had come in, or should we go farther up and avoid the tangle of fallen trees and the treacherous drifts below? Higher up on the mountain the snow was packed harder and would afford better footing; and that way we started without delay, our object being to work around the north side of the mountain and reach the old trail on the east side. Up and up we scrambled over the snow and rocks.

The wind was now blowing a terrific gale, and above us, below us, and around us, the clouds were being driven before it.

The storm was gathering over the whole range. Mummy Mountain and Hague's Peak, fifteen miles away, were enveloped in a mass of gray mist; while the thunder boomed and rolled over Estes Park from a black cloud which was deluging the lower valleys with rain. Stone's Peak, looming up through an occasional rift in the clouds, was a sight of awe-inspiring grandeur.



MT. HALLETT AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

CLIFFS ON MT. HALLETT, FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN.

Despite the difficulties of the way and the surrounding storm, we made good progress upward, and in half an hour turned to the left and began working along the side of the mountain.

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"I SAW KELLOGG SINK DOWN BEHIND A ROCK WHICH AFFORDED A SLIGHT SHELTER FROM THE ICY BLAST."

Here our trials began in earnest. The storm was upon us in all its fury. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the air was so filled with sleet and fine snow that it was impossible to see more than twenty yards in any direction. There would be an occasional lull in the tumult, when we could take in our surroundings for a moment, but another cloud would envelop us and fill the air with driving torrents of frozen mist.

Hour after hour we struggled on with the nervous, frantic energy born of desperation.

The rocks and snow were covered with ice thin as tissue paper, which caused many a hard fall, and made every step a source of peril. The force of the wind, too, threw us down continually, and we were bruised from head to foot. If we had carried steel-pointed poles instead of guns, they would have been of great service; the latter were now as much hindrance as help, though we were soon to find them useful.

Our hands and faces suffered terribly from the bitter cold, and the former were so numb that we dropped our guns repeatedly. Hair and clothing were matted with ice like a coat of mail. We realized that our progress was very slow, as we had not yet reached the great snow-field extending from timber-line to the summit, the base of which we had crossed in ascending the gorge. On and on we staggered, feeling our way over the slippery surface, and becoming weaker every moment from the hard struggle in the rarefied air of the mountain tops.

While stumbling over a mass of ice-covered boulders, I heard an excited exclamation and, looking up, saw Kellogg sink down behind a rock which afforded a slight shelter from the icy blast.

When I reached him he looked up and said, "Old boy, this is the worst box we were ever in. I guess we 're at the end of our rope!" Both realized that the situation was desperate, almost hopeless. There was no sign of abatement of the storm, and weakened and enfeebled as we were by the long struggle, if we should not be able to cross the steep snow-field when we reached it, death from exhaustion and exposure would be a matter of only a few hours.

We dreaded to think of that snow-field, remembering how steep it had looked as we gazed upward from the bottom that morning, and knowing the condition it must be in now with the newly formed ice on the surface. However, it was thought best to rest a short time, and I lay down by Kellogg.

After a rest of about fifteen minutes we resumed the struggle, weak as before and much colder; but we had recovered our wind, a hard thing to keep at this altitude.

It was now four o'clock — ten hours since we

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left camp, and four since the struggle with the storm began. The battle for life could not last much longer.

Slowly and painfully we pushed forward, crawling on all-fours most of the time. I chewed savagely on a piece of tough grouse, the only remains of our dinner.

Would we ever reach the snow-field? A horrible thought crossed my mind. What if we had lost the direction and were going the wrong way? I did not mention my fears to Kellogg. What was the use?

Every few moments we sank down on our faces to recover our breath. At such times I found my mind wandering and could not think clearly. Kellogg made several remarks without any particular meaning, and his face had a vacant, sullen look. Almost the last ray of hope was gone. There was no complaining, no whining, only a sort of mad desperation which made us resolve to keep moving to the last.

Finally, through a rift in the clouds not fifty yards ahead, we saw the spotless white of the long-looked-for snow-field.

With a feeble shout we pushed forward, but when we reached its edge our worst fears were realized. It was terribly steep, being at an angle of about forty degrees, and the crust was a coating of hard, slippery ice, the thickness of pasteboard. Through a break in the clouds we saw that it extended downward to timber-line, fully 1500 feet, as steep as the roof of a house and smoother than the smoothest glass. How broad it was we could only conjecture.

As we came up, Kellogg struck the crust with the butt of his gun, and I threw a rock upon the surface, which went sliding and bounding down the steep face with terrific velocity.

We looked at each other in despair. "It's no use," I said.

"Not a bit," was the answer.

We sat down and talked it over. To retrace our steps was out of the question, and we could not climb to the top of the field, probably a thousand feet, in our weakened condition.

Suddenly Kellogg leaped to his feet and rushed toward the slippery mass, crying out, "Come on, we've got to do it. I'll take mine this way." Without a second thought, in my hopeless desperation I followed. By using his gun as a brace Kellogg kept his feet; but I slipped and fell on all-fours and began sliding down. In a wild frenzy I tried to drive my bare fingers through the crust, but only succeeded in tearing the skin off them.

"LYING ON MY FACE I HELD TIGHTLY ON TO THE RIFLE DRIVEN DEEP THROUGH THE CRUST."

Luckily, I had retained my rifle, and by a frantic effort drove it muzzle first through the hard crust and came to a stop, having gone about twenty feet. Had it not been for this

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fortunate move my body would have been hurled to the bottom of the gorge more than a thousand feet below, and mangled beyond all semblance of human form.

Looking up at my companion I saw that he had turned away his head, unwilling to be a witness of my horrible fate; but as I called out to him he looked around, and I saw a face so white and horror-stricken that I can never forget it. Cold beads of sweat stood on my forehead, and I felt that my courage was all gone. The experience of that awful moment almost unnerved me, and I was weak and helpless as a little child.

Lying on my face I held on tightly to the rifle driven deep through the crust. How to regain my footing was a puzzle. Kellogg started to come down to me, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to desist.

At last I hit on a plan. Holding on to the rifle with one hand, with the other I drew my pocket-knife, and, opening it with my teeth, cut two holes in the crust for my feet, and after much effort stood upright. But we were still in a bad fix. Kellogg called out to me to break holes through the crust for my feet with the butt of the gun. Although not more than twenty feet distant he could hardly make himself heard above the roar of the storm.

But the suggestion was a good one and proved our salvation. We moved slowly forward, breaking a hole in the ice for each step. It was severe treatment to give valuable guns, but they had to suffer in the best interests of their owners.

Slowly and carefully we moved forward, occasionally stopping to rest and speak words of encouragement to each other, for now we had the first gleam of hope for five long, terrible hours.

Although very weak physically, our minds were much clearer than an hour before, and we even went so far as to chaff each other a little. But we had plenty of fears yet. Once my heart leaped as Kellogg slipped and came down on both knees, clawing frantically at the air; but he regained his feet without difficulty, and we pushed on. Would we ever get across? Every minute seemed an hour.

Kellogg said that, as nearly as he could calculate, we had been floundering about on that man-trap for a week!

But we kept going; the end must come some time, and sure enough it did; and at six o'clock we stepped on the granite boulders again, having been just one hour and ten minutes on that terrible, inclined snow-field. Neither of us was much given to demonstration, but there was a hearty hand-shake and a few things said which sounded all right up there, but might look a little foolish in print.

The wind had moderated, and the clouds had now settled far below us, while the sun, nearly down, lighted up the surrounding mountains and snow-fields with a sort of a radiant glory. But the grandest picture was in the east: Below us, over the spruce forest, over Willow Park, and far away Estes Park, was a tossing, rolling ocean of foamy clouds, their upper sides glistening in creamy and golden light from the rays of the setting sun. To the right the great mass of Long's Peak and the shattered crags of Lily Mountain towered above the burnished sea.

It was a grand picture — such as only those who have the hardihood to climb the highest mountains can hope to look upon. Any attempt of art to imitate them can be but mere mockery.

But it was not to last long. The clouds drifted off over the foot-hills, and there were none to take their places; and then we saw, far below, the world that we had almost given up forever; and as we stood there it looked to us grander than any picture of sun-burnished clouds and snow-covered peaks. We were glad to have another chance at it. But we were not there yet. After a good rest we started again just as the sun was sinking below the horizon.

Compared with what we had been in before, the walking was good, though a discriminating person would not have preferred it to asphalt pavement.

Just as darkness was setting over the range we reached the head of the trail at timber-line. Here, there was some more hard floundering through snow-drifts and plenty of falling over prostrate tree-trunks. But we soon left behind the last snow-drift and ice-covered boulder, and hurried through the forest down the trail — easy to keep even in the darkness. Once we heard

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the long-drawn scream of a mountain-lion, but only slipped cartridges into our guns and kept on. We were in no mood now to be frightened by such small fry as a mountain-lion.

Finally, at nine o'clock, weary, hungry, and bruised, we staggered into the camp that we had left fifteen hours before — a terrible day in which we had more real experience than many people get in a lifetime.

Our great equine freak, Billy, was on the alert, and greeted us with such a series of whinnies that we feared he was trying something new in solos.

We built a fire and prepared supper with the usual accessory of strong coffee, and at eleven o'clock were asleep under wet blankets. But it was a glorious sleep, and when the sunshine woke us the next morning we felt greatly refreshed, though still very weak and stiff.

After breakfast we repacked the burro, and started for camp in Estes Park. Billy did not need any urging now and showed great enthusiasm in jumping over fallen trees; so much, in fact, that he threw himself down continually.

At eleven o'clock we reached camp, and spent the next few days in resting and eating with commendable energy.

We determined hereafter to heed the advice of the old stage-driver and "let the sun hammer that snow six weeks longer" before we tried any more mountain climbing.

For my own part, I am willing to let him hammer it six centuries longer before repeating that experience.

A SUGGESTION.

By Hattie Lummis.

She had lingered long by the window-pane,
And watched with her childish, impatient eyes,
The countless drops of the beating rain,
And the leaden, relentless skies.

At length, when the dreary day was done,
She told her thoughts, in the twilight gray:
"You know there 's a bureau in Washington,
Where weather is stowed away.

"And when it 's so stormy and cold and wet,
I wonder what they are thinking about,
Not to open some other drawer and get
A different weather out!"

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THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

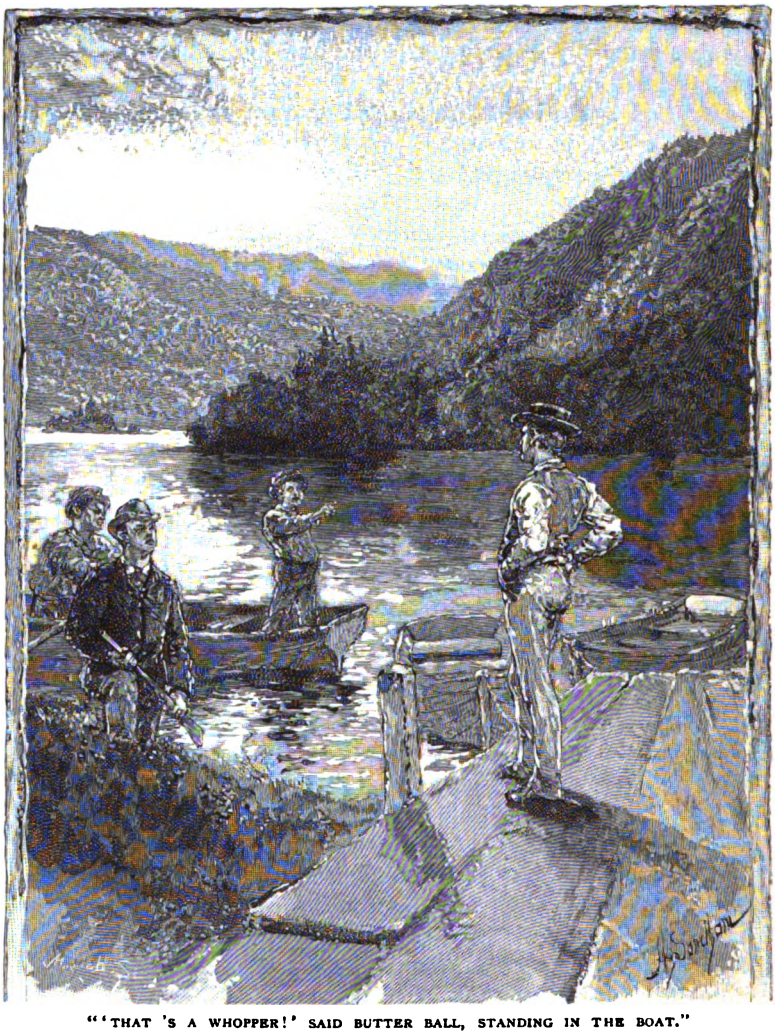
Chapter XXXIV.

BAD MATTERS MADE WORSE.

Mr. Allerton was a man of good intentions, and he had given the birds to Bertha without any unkind motive. He was well away from the door before the idea occurred to him that, to her brother, such a reminder of his wrongdoing, daily before his eyes, might not be agreeable.

"But perhaps it will be wholesome for him," he reflected, as he walked on; with the feeling clinging to him, however, that he had been a trifle indiscreet.

Toby was still more indiscreet when, half an hour later, he fell in with Tom's companions. He had returned to the wharf, and was busy arranging his moorings, when Yellow Jacket's boat came down the lake. After landing Tom at the foot of the lane, it crossed over, to set Lick Stevens ashore at the foot of Water street.



"'That 's a whopper!' said Butter Ball, standing in the boat."

"Why don't you use my wharf? You 're welcome," said Toby.

"We don't want 'nothin' of you nor your wharf," Yellow Jacket replied, running his boat on the gravel, while Lick Stevens stepped lightly ashore, with a malicious smile curling his lip.

"All right," cried Toby gaily. "I and my wharf can stand it, if you and your boat can."

"Your wharf can stand it, if the public is good-natured enough to let it alone," said Lick. "Everybody knows it 's where it has no right to be."

Toby had made the offer of his wharf with sincere good-will. But now he was nettled at the churlish reply.

"Oh, put a stop to your silliness!" he said contemptuously.

"You 'll find out whether it 's silliness or

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not," Lick retorted, "if you and your wharf happen to get unpopular."

"That 's so," struck in Yellow Jacket. "A part of it is in the street; and the other part is in the street, too, for the town-right runs into the lake."

It was evident that Toby and his affairs had been talked over by his acquaintances, since his unfortunate encounter with them on the lakeside lot. He fired up with resentment, which was foolish enough; and he condescended to show his irritation, which was even more foolish.

"Whether my wharf has a right here or not," he said, "it 's here, and I 'd like to see anybody who claims a right to meddle with it. As for the lake, there are a good many things in it you can't get out, with all your bragging, Josh Patterson! How about Tom Tazwell's gun?"

"I could get that if anybody could," replied Yellow Jacket; "but it 's down in the mud where nothin' but dredging will fetch it."

"You 're *sure* it 's in the mud?" said Toby, erect on his wharf.

"I *know* it is," said Yellow Jacket, pushing off in his boat.

"What 'll you bet?"

"I 'll bet my boots."

Toby stood with his hands in his pockets, laughing.

"Well, then, fling 'em ashore and go barefoot. The gun you could n't get with all your diving, Mr. Allerton and I found and fished up in about fifteen minutes."

Lick Stevens scoffed. Yellow Jacket looked stunned.

"That 's a whopper!" said Butter Ball, standing in the boat — a ridiculous figure, with his fat cheeks and his assumption of importance, his short, round body and insignificant legs.

"You 're a whopper yourself — you puff-ball on two pegs!" returned Toby, gay again with a sense of triumph. "Go and ask Tom. He is home by this time; but the gun was there before him."

"Did you dive for it?" asked Lick Stevens, jeering incredulously.

"Dive? No! What 's the use of diving?" said Toby. "There was the gun, plain as anything, sticking in the mud; and all we had to do was to wind a stout fish-line around it and haul it up."

"That was before *we* tried for it, then," said Yellow Jacket.

"No, sir. It was after you had spent half the afternoon trying for it. And *we* don't pretend to be smarter than all creation."

Toby could n't forbear the taunt, which went to the heart of the vain and sensitive boaster. All that Yellow Jacket could fling back was a coarse accusation of falsehood, accompanied by a lurid look out of his tawny eyes, as he pulled away.

"I 'm going right up to Tom's now," said Lick Stevens, "to see how big a one you 've been telling."

"That 's just what I advise you to do," replied Toby, "and tell him the sooner he scours out his gun the better. It was beginning to rust badly."

"You tell it pretty well!" said Lick with a grin over his shoulder, as he started off swinging his rifle.

"That 's just what you said of Tom, when you thought he was fooling you about that twenty-dollar bill. You 're about as true a friend of his as you are of mine — or as you are of anybody's!" Toby cried, raising his voice to be heard above the sound of Lick's departing footsteps crunching the gravel.

Then, when the ardor of battle was over, and he was left alone, he began to reflect upon the imprudence into which he had been betrayed by his too quick temper.

"I suppose I have made enemies of all of them!" he said to himself ruefully. "But it can't be helped now."

He noticed that Lick stopped to speak with a stranger he met on the beach, then walked on. The stranger seemed to hesitate a moment; then he approached Toby. He was evidently a newly arrived patron of one of the summer boarding-houses. The question he asked gave Toby a wonderful thrill.

"Can you tell me where there are any boats to let?"

"Yes; plenty of them; right here," replied Toby.

"That 's curious," said the stranger. "I heard there were some down this way; but that

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young fellow I just met said there was n't one to be had for love or money, and that all these were private or engaged."

Toby was prompted to say something severe regarding Lick's veracity; but contented himself with replying, "It seems he was mistaken. Would you like a boat?"

"I should like two, and perhaps three, this evening," the stranger answered. "A party of us wish to take a row by moonlight. Which can we have?"

"Either or both of these two," said Toby, indicating as he spoke the "Milly" and the Whitehall boat.

The doctor's boat was not in the water, and Toby thought Mr. Allerton might wish to use the "Swallow" himself.

"Perhaps we can make these do. What 's the price?"

Toby had thought a good deal on that subject and discussed it with Mr. Allerton. He answered stoutly:

"Twenty-five cents an hour for each boat."

"Any less for the second hour?"

"Each subsequent hour, twenty cents."

"And if you furnish an oarsman?"

"Twenty-five cents more for every hour."

"All right," said the man, looking at his watch. "We 'll be around here after tea—say at a quarter past seven, or a little later."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

THE stranger departed; and Toby ran home with such glee as a small boy feels when he has caught his first fish.

After a hasty supper he returned to the wharf to put everything in readiness for the party that had engaged the boats.

While he was at work wiping and sponging, Yellow Jacket came along. He passed close behind the little wharf and turned up the street without uttering a word.

Toby thought at first, "Let him sulk if he likes to!" But presently relenting, he called after him:

"Yellow Jacket!"

Then it seemed that Yellow Jacket had grown suddenly deaf.

"Yellow Jacket!" Toby repeated. "Oh, come, now,—what 's the use?"

The wasp-catcher turned and glared.

"I 've let two boats for this evening," said Toby, "and you may be wanted to pull a pair of oars."

"I have n't had my supper yet," Yellow Jacket growled, looking askance.

"It won't take you long to get that; I 've had mine!" said Toby. "See here, Yellow Jacket, you and I are not going to be so foolish as to quarrel."

"I should think we had quarreled a'ready," said Yellow Jacket, stung worse by Toby's recent words than he had ever been by all the hornets he had caught.

"Then let 's make up," replied Toby.

"I s 'pose you 'll say *make up*, now there 's something you want to get out of me," muttered Yellow Jacket.

Toby had meant to be generous, and he could not bear to have his motives misunderstood.

"The idea of my wanting to get anything out of *you!*" he exclaimed. "I 've got this thing in my own hands, and I don't ask odds of anybody. I only thought I 'd give you a chance to earn a quarter or a half, which I should think you 'd be glad to do with your mother and sisters working as hard as they have to every day of their lives while you are loafing. Now, will you come or not? I sha'n't ask you three times."

Yellow Jacket, even while he grumbled, had almost made up his mind to accept Toby's proffer of peace, and pull the oars for him. But this too frank allusion to his notorious domestic circumstances maddened him, as Toby, had he been wise, might have foreseen. He hurled back a furious retort, and walked on.

"Well! I seem to be getting into it deeper and deeper," thought Toby, almost as vexed with himself as he was angry with Yellow Jacket. "What has got into the fellow? I was so ready to make friends with him."

He sat down on the wharf with his feet in a boat, and waited for his patrons. The evening was inexpressibly lovely, with its cool shadows and tranquil water. The lake was like dimpled silk, softly undulating with wavelets that nowhere broke into ripples, and that came

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from no one knew where, for the winds were still. Then it reflected the hues of wondrous fiery vapors which stained the track of the sunset, and these also came from some unknown source, for not a cloud marred the purity of the sky.

The appointed time had passed and Toby began to fear the party would not come. He sat holding the boat with his heels, when Mildred appeared — not merely in order to have her little sisterly fling at him, it is to be hoped, but she had it nevertheless.

"Well, Toby, how much money have you made, with the crowds of people you were expecting?"

"Enough to pay a dollar a word for all the nice, consoling things you say to me, when you see me anxious or disappointed," replied Toby.

"I suppose I deserve that," said Milly, more pleasantly. "How beautiful the water is! I wish I could afford to hire one of your boats, with a charming oarsman."

"Perhaps you can get Yellow Jacket and his 'Bluebird,'" said Toby. "Or, if you can't do any better, I 'll give you a row myself, if my party does n't come. But there they are," he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

The stranger who had engaged the boats returned, accompanied by an old gentleman and five ladies. They did not like the look of the Whitehall boat, which, indeed, leaked a little and needed a coat of paint; and they insisted on taking the "Milly" and the "Swallow."

"All right," said Toby, after some hesitation. Then turning to his sister: "If Mr. Allerton comes for his boat, tell him how it is, and ask him to take the Whitehall in its place."

Toby was to row one of the boats, and guide the party to the most interesting points about the lake.

"Do you think I 've nothing but your errands to do, and to wait for Mr. Allerton?" said Mildred to herself, as Toby rowed away.

Yet she was willing enough to remain; and after watching the two boats move off, breaking the beautiful surface into still more beautiful whirls and ripples under the brightening moon, she walked to and fro on the shore, glad at heart of what she knew made Toby happy.

Then came another gentleman with two ladies; he also wanted a boat.

"Who is the boss?" he asked.

"The 'boss' is my brother," Milly replied, "and he is on the lake, with a party, in the boats yonder."

"Those are friends of ours," said one of the ladies. "Why can't we have this boat?"

"That was to be kept for another person," replied Mildred. "But it is getting late; I don't believe he will come. I 'll take the risk, and let you have it."

She held the painter, and helped the party aboard; then laughed well at herself, after they had pushed off.

"It 's a queer business for me, but I rather like it. Perhaps Toby will engage me in place of Yellow Jacket. I can take a party out, and row as well as anybody. Would n't it be fun!"

She suppressed a cry of dismay. A man was coming along the shore. She saw him put his hand up under his hat. There was a fresh pink in his buttonhole.

"Oh, Mr. Allerton!" she said, "you are coming for your boat, and I have done a dreadful thing!"

And she told him the story.

"I noticed that the boats were gone," he said; "and I hoped that was just what had happened."

"But you *would* have used one, if it had been saved for you?"

"Very likely — provided I could have induced you to take a row with me."

"That shows me how much I have lost, and how justly I am punished," said Mildred, with a pretty air of disappointment.

"Is that an example of your irony?" the schoolmaster replied. "Toby tells me you can be very sarcastic."

"*Can* be? It 's all I can do *not* to be!" Mildred exclaimed. "It 's my worst failing, with him. Not with you, Mr. Allerton. I was just wishing for a row on the lake."

"Perhaps a walk on the shore will be almost as pleasant. What do you say to it?" Mr. Allerton asked diffidently — for he was one of the shyest of men.

"I say *yes* to it, of course," Milly replied with charming frankness, taking the arm he offered her somewhat awkwardly.

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It was a memorable evening for her, as it was for Toby. Mr. Allerton did not have in a high degree the gift of graceful trifling. But he talked to her of her brother, of the books she liked, or of those he wished her to like, and occasionally quoted a stanza of poetry to her in a voice which added to its music as the moonlight enhanced the beauty of the lake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"BOATS FOR THREE SPRINGS."

TOBY received a dollar and a half for his boats and his own services that evening; and it was money sweetly earned. He might have claimed more, if he had insisted upon it, for he was out with the party more than two hours.

"But they were inclined to be liberal with me," he said afterward; "and I thought I would be liberal with them. And I 'd like them to want to come again."

He was greatly encouraged by this beginning. Early the next morning he set to work puttying and painting the doctor's boat, and making it ready to join his little fleet. He also put up his sign, "BOATS TO LET." He nailed it to a high stake, which would also serve for fastening the boats, at a corner of the wharf.

Then there was the other sign,—"BOATS FOR THREE SPRINGS,"—which was to be placed facing the railroad station, on Mrs. Patterson's fence. Although he had her permission to put it there he feared it would bring him into more trouble with Yellow Jacket. He was thus beginning to perceive the inconvenience of having enemies.

He was desirous of having this sign up by the time of the arrival of the first train which usually brought passengers for the Springs. At ten o'clock he walked into Mrs. Patterson's yard, with the board under his arm, and approached the back door, where he found her washing some clothes at a tub.

"I have brought that sign I spoke to you about," he said, with a show of easy indifference which he did not feel, for he expected at any moment to see Yellow Jacket come bristling out at him.

She had forgotten all about the matter, and he had to explain it to her again.

"Oh, sartin!" she said. "What objection can there be?"

"I did n't know but Josh would object," Toby replied. "He has got out with me lately, for some reason; though he knows that I wanted to give him a share of the business, if I get any."

"So he tol' me," replied the washerwoman. "Josiah is sometimes rather unreason'ble. But I guess he 'll come round. Anyway, you can put up the sign. He ain't to hum."

Toby had the board fastened by screws to an upright strip, which he now proceeded to nail to the fence. The sound of his hammer attracted the attention of a small crowd waiting around the station for the arrival of the train. Boys rushed to the spot; and Toby did not have to look higher than the legs of the men to know that they were staring at him and his sign. There was surprise and curiosity even in the pose of their feet.

Two or three omnibuses were there; the one that conveyed passengers to the Springs was backed up to the platform within a rod or two of where he was at work. Among the questions and comments that reached his ears, he heard one of the drivers say:

"See that, Burleigh? There 's opposition! You may as well keep your team in the barn, after this."

Burleigh, the bluff old driver of the Springs omnibus, made answer:

"I guess our bus will run all the same. But somebody I won't mention ain't go'n' to be over and above pleased."

Toby worked on courageously, though conscious of a very red face; and afterward showed his pluck by jumping down from the fence, on the side toward the station, to look at his sign from the point of view of the crowd.

The most of the comments he overheard were friendly enough.

"It 's a mighty good idee!"

"I wonder nobody ever thought on 't before."

"Can't be anything pleasanter 'n a trip acrost the lake in fine weather. Omnibus is nowhere!"

"Wonder what the company 'll think of it? Going to cut rates, Toby?"

"'T ain't the railroad company that runs the bus; it 's Tazwell. Maybe he 's interested in

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the boats. How is it, Toby? You still at work for him?"

"There 's nobody interested in the boats but myself," Toby replied. "And all I want is just to earn a living, without cutting rates or interfering with anybody."

He was glad when the approach of the train attracted the attention of the bystanders; for he was determined not to retreat while all eyes were upon him, nor until he had made an effort to secure passengers.

"See here, Burke," he said to a sturdy boy of about twelve years, who stood earnestly watching him; "you can pull a pair of oars, if I happen to want you?"

"I should think so!" said Burke, with a pleased grin.

He was the son of a carpenter, who, Toby knew, would be glad to have the boy get some employment.

"Very well; be on hand."

"Bus to Three Springs! Here 's the bus to Three Springs!" called out Burleigh, standing at the open door of his vehicle, as the passengers were leaving the train.

It required no little resolution for a modest boy like Toby to take his stand before the platform, and likewise make a bid for patronage. He could not make up his mind to do so until the last moment, when, seeing that his sign did not appear to be noticed, he spoke up in a clear voice, but with a fast beating heart:

"Boats to Three Springs, gentlemen! Pleasant row across the lake! Have a boat, sir?"—to one who hesitated.

"Hold on, Terry!" said the traveler, "let 's learn about these boats! Where are they?"

"Close by," replied Toby; "just at the foot of the street here."

"What 's the fare?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Same as in the omnibus?"

Toby knew very well that it was the same, except that the omnibus gave return tickets for forty cents.

"I have nothing to do with the omnibus," he answered discreetly.

"I say, Terry!" said the traveler, "let 's try the lake. It may take us longer, but that makes no difference because we 're in no hurry."

TOBY NAILS HIS SIGN TO THE WIDOW PATTERSON'S FENCE.

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"It won't take you much longer," said Toby, "for it is a straight course by boat."

The result was that, out of nine passengers for the Springs, two gentlemen and three ladies went with Toby. He was almost frightened at his success; and it really gave him an uncomfortable feeling, to see only four out of the nine left for Burleigh and his bus.

Was he taking an unfair advantage, by thus making a strike for a share of the public patronage? He could not see that he was. The railroad company, or whoever it was that ran the omnibus to the Springs, had no monopoly of that summer resort, which owed its existence and sudden popularity to its lately discovered mineral waters; and if anybody had a right to take tourists there by land, Toby had an equal right to take them there by water.

He had thought of all this before, and did not waste any time in reflecting again upon it.

"Come, Burke!" said he. "Show these people the way." And he ran on before to get his boats in readiness.

The Swallow was large enough to take the whole party, with one oarsman. But he meant to "do the thing in handsome shape," as he said afterward; and he also had an "eye out for return fares."

He started one couple off with Burke, in the "Milly," and followed with his three other passengers in the "Swallow." Never in his life before did he pull a pair of oars with such glee. It was only after he had passed the other boat, and saw that he was leaving it behind, for all Burke could do, that he relaxed his efforts and led the way with an easier stroke.

"Is n't this delightful?"

"What a lovely sheet of water!"

"Why does anybody take an omnibus when there 's such a boat-ride as this to be had!"

"No dust on this road—not much!"

Such were some of the comments he was pleased to overhear.

He was landing his passengers in front of the Three Springs Hotel when he heard the rumble of the omnibus driving into the grounds.

"You see," he said, "we are here as soon as they are."

"How about returning?" said the leader of the party, producing money to pay the fares.

The question was addressed to his friends, who voted unanimously that it would be better to go back by water.

"At what time?" Toby asked.

"In time for the four-o'clock up train; we have come over here only for dinner."

"My boats will be here," said Toby. "If you pay now, the fare both ways will be only forty cents, instead of half a dollar."

"Suppose I pay you, and your boats are not here?" said the traveler good-naturedly.

"Suppose you pay the omnibus, and the omnibus is n't here?" replied Toby shrewdly. "Business is business."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"RETURN TICKETS."

THE man laughed, and handing him two dollars asked for return tickets.

Toby was prepared for the emergency.

Not long before, a boy friend of his had set up an amateur printing-press; and to encourage the enterprise Toby had ordered of him two dozen visiting-cards.

"—Though I don't expect ever to have any use for them," he had said. But now a use for them had come.

He had one in his pocket, printed in neat italics,

Tobias Trafford.

He wrote on this with the stub of a pencil, "Good for five fares," and handed it over gravely, in return for the money.

"Now, Burke, wait here," he said, "while I see if there are any passengers to go back for the noon train."

The clerk of the hotel informed him that two or three guests were going away that forenoon; and pointed them out, sitting under a pavilion at one of the springs. Toby walked up with

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a frank but modest air, and proposed the trip by his boats.

"We don't know anything about you and your boats," was the blunt reply.

"Here are some people who can tell you about them, and perhaps a little about me, since I brought them over," said Toby, with a proud air, but with a blushing face, "if you will take the trouble to ask them."

"There 's no use in that," said the man who had spoken before; "for we have tickets to go back by the bus."

Toby was silent for a moment. A contingency had arisen which might arise again and embarrass his business. His decision was quickly made.

"All right," he said; "I 'll accept them." For he reasoned: "No doubt I shall have passengers who will want to go back by the bus. So I can sell bus-tickets, if I have any."

The party he had brought over sauntered into the pavilion. Toby quietly withdrew, but he had not gone far when he heard the question:

"How about this youngster's boats?"

And the reply:

"The boats are nothing extra, though they 're well enough; but the trip by the lake is fine."

He chuckled a little, but did not turn back. Presently the man on the bench called out to him: "See here, Bub!"

It galled him to be addressed in that disrespectful manner. But he had made up his mind not to let false pride stand in the way of any honorable occupation. So, instead of walking on, as he was at first inclined to do, he turned with a smile and said:

"That is n't my name; but never mind."

"When do we start?" the man inquired.

"In half an hour," said Toby, "if you wish to get the noon train. How many of you?"

"Three."

"Any baggage?"

"Only gripsacks."

"I 'll have a boat for you," said Toby.

He at first thought of leaving Burke to take these passengers across in the "Milly," while he hastened back to his boat-painting. But he concluded to remain, in order to see that nothing went wrong; and he was glad that he did, for when they came to take the boat they were accompanied by two others, who had come over that morning in the bus.

"We have seen enough of the Springs," they said, "and now we should like to see a little more of the lake."

Nothing was said about the fare, until he landed them at his wharf; when they, too, presented bus tickets.

"We understand you take these," they said.

Toby gave a shrug. "I suppose that I ought since I have agreed to take them from these other gentlemen," he replied, after a moment's hesitation.

But he was beginning to think, as he said later, that he had "hooked a fish it might be some trouble to haul in."

He sent Burke to follow the tourists and carry their satchels to the station.

"Then go and get your dinner," he said, "and come back and help me again this afternoon. And ask your father what he thinks I ought to pay you, if I hire you by the week — that is, if you like it."

"Oh, I like it," said Burke, with a pleased look, as he started off with the bags.

When Burke returned at one o'clock, he said his father thought two dollars and a half a week would be fair wages for such a stout boy.

"I think so, too," replied Toby. "And now let me tell you something. I like the way you take hold, and I believe you are going to suit me better than the person I first had in mind. I shall want you to stick right to business; and very likely you will have the handling of some money. It won't be enough that you can pull a good stroke; you must be polite, and of course you 'll be honest."

"I was brought up to be that," said Burke.

"I know you were," said Toby. "And it will help to keep you so to have something to do. Boys of your stamp don't go wrong unless they are idle. Now this is what I am coming to. You shall have your two dollars and a half a week, to begin; and if at the end of a week or two, I find I can afford it, and you earn it, you shall have half a dollar more. How's that?"

"That 's tip-top!" said the carpenter's son.

"One thing that you will have to do will be what you saw me do this morning, and I want you to make up your mind to do it well," Toby

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proceeded. "You will be at the station when the train arrives, take your stand facing the passengers as they come out on the platform, and —suppose you rehearse your part a little."

"How do you mean?" Burke asked.

"Suppose this wharf is the platform, and I am a passenger. I have ladies with me, and a gripsack in my hand. What do you do?"

"Oh, I d'n' know," said the pupil sheepishly.

"What did I say? Do you remember?"

"'Boats for Three Springs, gentlemen! Pleasant trip across the lake.' Something like that."

"Exactly! You 've learned your part already, and all you 've got to do is to play it with confidence. With a good deal more confidence than I did!" laughed Toby; "for I was scared half to death. My sign up there may do some good; but I tell you, a living and talking sign will do vastly more. You are to be that, Burke. Now here I come with the ladies and my gripsack; and there you are, ready and chipper; and what do you say?"

It was hard for the boy to keep a sober countenance; but he spoke up in tones that showed what he might do when the proper time came.

"Boats to Three Springs, gentlemen! Have a boat, sir? Pleasant trip by the lake!"

"That 's good," Toby exclaimed. "And you must offer to take my gripsack."

"But if there are trunks? or big valises?"

"I 've thought of that. We 'll have my wheelbarrow at our gate, and you can run back for it if you need it. But we won't undertake to handle any big trunks."

Fortunately very few such made the trip to Three Springs.

(*To be continued.*)

YOUNG PAN.

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A Bachelor of Maine

By Ellen Douglas Deland.

Hezekiah Bettle was a bachelor of Maine,
But one morning he departed by a very early train.
"For fuel is so costly," said the frugal Hezekiah,
"I am forced to find a dwelling where I need not pay for fire."

He took a bee-line southward till to Mexico he came,
He found there a volcano with a most eccentric name,
And he built him there a cottage, did this Hezekiah Bettle,
He built it near the summit of Mount Popocatapetl.

Whenever he desired to cook a mutton chop
He 'd hang it by a lengthy string right over from the top,
From the top of the volcano he would hang it by a string,
And there, until 't was nicely cooked, he 'd let his dinner swing.

To get his boiling water he would lower down a kettle,
Right down into the crater of Mount Popocatapetl;
From the ashes of the mountain he would light his meerschaum pipe,
And he felt as truly happy as a jolly little snipe—

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But one evening, as it happened, there came by a grizzly bear,
And he was much astonished to see Hezekiah there;
So he tapped him on the shoulder, this poor Hezekiah Bettle,
Who straightway did fall over into Popocatapetl.

THE SPELLING-MATCH.

By Alice Maude Ewell.

They 'd all sat down but Bess and me,
I surely thought I 'd win.
To lose on such an easy word,
It was a shame and sin!
We spelled the longest in the book,
The hardest ones — right through,
"Xylography," and "pachyderm,"
And "gneiss," and "phthisic," too.

I spelled "immalleability,"
"Pneumonia," — it was *fun!*
"Phlebotomy," and "zoöphyte,"
Each long and curious one.
Then teacher gave a right queer smile
When Bess spelled "aquarelle,"
And backward, quick, she turned the leaves,
And then she gave out "spell."

I 'm sure I never stopped to think
About that "double l."
It seemed like such an easy word;
But one can never tell.
"S-p-e-l," I spelled it —
And how they all did laugh!
And teacher said, "I think, my dear,
Too easy 't was, by half."

Now, Bessie was not proud nor mean,
She said, "No wonder, Jane;
For we were thinking of *big* words.
You 'd spell it right, again."
I 'm glad that it was Bess who won,
And not those others. Well!
If I did miss one little word,
I showed that I could spell.

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THE TONGALOO TOURNAMENT.

By Tudor Jenks.

One Saturday afternoon we asked Uncle Ben to tell us a story. It was a very favorable opportunity, for he had sprained his ankle and sat with one foot propped up by a small camp-stool.

"Don't you think it unfair to ask an invalid to amuse you?" he asked.

"It does n't hurt your ankle to talk," objected his youngest niece.

"Well, perhaps it won't," he admitted. "At all events, I will try, and if it hurts me I can stop."

We agreed to this.

"But there is one condition," said Uncle Ben. "I do not like to be bound down too closely to facts. Some people believe in telling stories to teach; others believe in telling stories to amuse. Now I prefer to mix the two kinds. So you need n't believe my story unless you choose, and so you must not ask me whether it is true or not. Do you all agree?"

"We agree," we answered.

"Now don't forget," said Uncle Ben. "I shall tell it as if it was a true story; and if you should meet any of the persons I tell about, you can find out from them, if you choose, just what I have added to any facts there may be. And if you never meet any of them, why, then you need n't be surprised, for maybe they never existed."

We nodded our heads and waited for the story. And this is what he told us.

When I was a young man, about thirty years of age, I came to the city to make my fortune. I had no profession and was ready to do anything honorable that promised me fair wages. To save my money, I boarded with another young fellow who was also looking for work. He was hardly more than a boy, about fifteen, I think, but he may have been younger.

His name was Marmaduke Ferron, and I think he must have been French, he was always so gay and confident. Nothing made him blue. Even when we had spent all but enough to pay one week's board he would not be discouraged. He went every day to answer advertisements or to ask for work.

I was older, came of Scotch stock, and was more easily disheartened.

One day, after a long tramp about the city without finding anything except an agency to sell very poor chromos, I came in, and settled down by our little cylinder stove, entirely hopeless. I had about made up my mind to go back to my country home, when Marmaduke came in. He seemed very jolly, and for the first moment I thought he must have found work. Then I remembered that he always did come back in a happy frame of mind, and I became gloomy again.

This time, however, Marmaduke had found something — though I was inclined to sneer when he told me what it was.

"Well, our luck has turned at last!" said he, brightly. "I knew it would."

"Have you found a place?" I inquired with but little interest.

"Yes," he answered. "And what is better, I have found a place for you, too."

"What is it?" I asked, with some little hope.

"I went to answer an advertisement calling for agents willing to travel abroad," said Marmaduke, "and I found a firm of dealers in notions who wanted two young men to go to Corea and sell a miscellaneous cargo."

"Corea? Where 's Corea?" I asked, for I had only a vague notion of the country.

"Don't know, I 'm sure," said Marmaduke, as if impatient of the interruption, "but the old man I saw was quite confidential with me. He told me that his firm had bought a large number of roller-skates and did n't quite know what to do with them."

"Why don't they sell them?"

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"They can't. These are the old-fashioned kind. They fasten with straps," Marmaduke explained, "and all the new roller-skates fasten with clamps. So there is no market for them in this country."

"And why do they think they will sell in Corea?" I asked, but with little interest, for the whole scheme seemed to me very absurd. "How did the firm come to buy them?"

"There 's a queer story about that," said Marmaduke earnestly. "They told me about it in confidence; but I can tell you, because we are going into this enterprise together."

"You 're sure of that?" I asked, smiling in spite of myself.

"It 's a splendid chance!" said Marmaduke. "The way they came to buy them was this: the senior partner of the firm is getting old and is a little shaky in his intellect, but he loves to buy things; and as his partners are his sons, they don't like to interfere with his pleasure. Usually he buys only trifles, but somehow he had an idea that these skates were a great investment and he has bought hundreds of them. He expects to 'realize,' as they say, a large profit."

"How ridiculous!" I broke in.

"I don't think so," said Marmaduke. "I think the old man has a very level head. Do you remember Lord Timothy Dexter and the warming-pans?"

"No, I don't," I answered, and he was too impatient to tell me about it. He was full of the Corean enterprise.

"Corea," he said, "is, they tell me, a new country. That is, it has n't long been open to commerce. I believe the natives will jump at the skates!"

As I was tired and sleepy I refused to hear anything more about so foolish a venture, and went to bed. Marmaduke tried in vain to talk to me as I was undressing. I shut my bedroom door and put out the light.

Next morning, however, there was a very strong argument in favor of the plan. That was my lack of cash. I must do something, and as this firm offered to pay all our expenses and give us a commission besides, both on the present lot of skates and on all for which we might make a market, I could n't see that we risked anything. Then, too, I was fond of the boy, was glad to be with him, and had n't the heart to disappoint him by refusing. In short, I consented, though I was sure we were going on a fool's errand.

So we set sail. Marmaduke was full of hope, and I, though expecting nothing, was glad of the sea-voyage and of the rest. The first part of our journey was by steamer, and the latter part was by a sailing vessel. The voyage was without anything to compare in interest with our adventures on land, so I will pass on to the time when we were put ashore near a native village which looked about as dreary and melancholy as any place could look. There was n't a thing in sight except the low mud houses thatched with a sort of rushes.

We found out afterwards that we had made a serious mistake. The place to which our cargo was consigned was something like a city — as nearly as such things exist in Corea. But, by a mistake in the name, we were landed upon an island where no white man had preceded us.

Consequently, the natives had fled in terror when the ship landed us and unloaded our boxes of skates and then sailed away as rapidly as possible. The captain, to judge by his hasty departure, knew the character of the natives and was glad to put a few leagues between his ship and these savages. For savages they were, as we soon found out. No sooner was the ship out of sight than the bushes round about the beach began to blossom with heads. Then the natives came out one by one, and before we fairly understood our position we were seized, bound hand and foot, hoisted upon the shoulders of some outlandish warriors, and borne away in triumph, followed by a long file of natives, carrying each a box of roller-skates.

We were entirely unarmed, and could have made no resistance even if there had been time.

"This is a pleasant beginning!" I said, with some bitterness.

"There 's nothing very unpleasant so far," said Marmaduke cheerfully. "You know I was afraid we might have trouble with the custom-house, or that the freight charges might eat up our profits."

"There does n't seem to be any trouble about getting into the country, I must admit," I answered frankly. "But I am afraid there

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may be some question about who owns the goods when we get there."

"I don't believe in going to seek trouble," said Marmaduke. "They evidently want our company, and seem to have no objection to carrying our baggage."

Meanwhile the Coreans made no remarks, but kept up a steady jog-trot which soon brought them to the center of the village, where they halted before a hut larger than any we had seen.

Here they untied us, and made signs that we should enter the hut.

"Probably the custom-house!" I said dryly.

"The principal hotel, I think," said Marmaduke, stretching his legs and arms.

The building contained only one room, and at the further end of this sat the chief — at least, we judged so because he was the crossest-looking man in the room; and we subsequently discovered that we were right.

Then began our trial. Though, of course, we could not understand a word that was said, it was very easy to follow the general line of the talk.

First, the man who commanded the procession which brought us in told his story. He described the ship, our landing, the ship's hasty departure, the capture of ourselves, and, concluding, pointed to the boxes.

Then the chief commanded one of the boxes to be opened. It was forced open with a small hatchet-like weapon, and one of the skates was handed to the chief. He was completely puzzled. He blew on it, rubbed it over his head, weighed it, tried to spin it, and then turned to us saying something like:

"Walla ella ing kang cho?"

Thereupon Marmaduke replied sweetly:

"Yes, most noble panjandrum. You have hit it exactly. It 's a simple roller-skate. I see you don't understand it at all, and I 'm not surprised. You don't seem over-intelligent."

The chief shook his head impatiently and growled. Then he picked up an ivory baton lying by his side, and struck a sweet-toned gong.

"I hope that 's dinner," said Marmaduke, and I agreed with him, providing we were to be guests only, and not the choicest dainties on the bill of fare.

But we were wrong. As the gong tones were dying away, a curious figure entered the hut and made its way toward the dais where the chief was sitting. It was that of an old man with a scanty snow-white beard. He carried a carved rattle in his hand and shook it as he walked.

"Well, Old Rattle-box," said Marmaduke, "I hope you will help us out of this fix. Maybe he 's an interpreter."

"More likely to be the head cook," was my suggestion.

The newcomer conferred for a few moments with the chief and then bent all his energies to the mystery of the roller-skate. Needless to say, it was too much for him. But he seemed clever enough to pretend he knew all about it. So, taking the skate very gingerly in his left hand, he spun the little wheels with his right. Then he dropped it as if it was a very hot potato, and turning to the chief began to chatter away in a tone which showed he was bringing some frightful accusation against our innocent merchandise.

The chief, as the old man spoke, drew himself away from the skate, which had fallen near his foot, and regarded the harmless wheels and straps with an expression of dread and distrust.

"I see the old fellow's game," said Marmaduke. "He does n't know at all what it is, any more than his superb highness the ignoramus on the bench. And so he has told them it 's witchcraft, or bugaboo, or taboo, or something of the kind. They 'll be for slaying us outright in a moment, you 'll see."

And indeed in a minute the chief gave a hasty order, and the soldiers advanced upon us.

"Good-by, Marmaduke, my lad," said I, in a sorrowful tone. "Life is short at best, dear friend, and —"

"Don't be a whiner yet," said Marmaduke. "You have n't heard the counsel for the defense yet. I 'll move the whole court-room to tears in a moment."

"You are a brave boy," said I, smiling sadly at him. "Good-by! I should not have led you into this trouble."

"You just keep quiet, and you 'll see me lead you out of it," said Marmaduke. Then, while the chief was giving some too plain directions to

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"TAKING THE SKATE VERY GINGERLY IN HIS LEFT HAND, HE SPUN THE LITTLE WHEELS WITH HIS RIGHT."

the guards, ending up by drawing his hand eloquently across his throat, Marmaduke arose to his feet.

"Fellow-citizens!" he said. All the natives turned toward him, for his voice was as commanding as that of a football captain. "You are making idiots of yourself. As for old Rattle-box there, he does n't know beans. If there were any sense in his noddle, he would have guessed what the roller-skate was for in a jiffy. Just see here." Then Marmaduke took a pencil from his pocket, and seizing a piece of the pine box began to draw a picture.

Now Marmaduke was a natural artist, and consequently spoke a universal language. The natives bent over to see what he was doing, and even the chief elbowed his way to the front after pushing over several of the other selfish spectators.

Marmaduke made a picture of himself on roller-skates, gliding gracefully over the ground, and drew a native running at full speed beside him. In vain did "Old Rattle-box" stand outside shaking his head and muttering his disapproval. Marmaduke's picture had excited the natives' curiosity, and when he leaned over and took a pair of skates from the box, seated himself, and proceeded to put them on, only one hand was raised to prevent him. Rattle-box tried to take the skates from his hand and was soundly cuffed by the deeply interested chief. Then we knew that the tide had turned.

In a moment Marmaduke strapped on the skates, and arose to his feet. Luckily, the floor was of hard beaten earth and made an excellent rink. As he glided gently along the floor the chief caught him by the arm, pointed to the door, smiled very significantly, and shook his head.

"That 's all right, old man," said Marmaduke cordially. "I 'm not going away. At least not till I 've sold out my skates. Put a guard at the door!" and he pointed to a soldier and then at the doorway. The chief was a quick-witted old warrior and he saw the point at once. The guard was posted. Then Marmaduke, who was an excellent skater, motioned the crowd back, and cut pigeon-wings to the admiration of his spectators.

They laughed and shouted and clapped their hands with delight. At last Marmaduke said to me, "Don't you think that 's enough for the present?"

"Yes," I replied, smiling in spite of myself. "But I don't see what good it is going to do."

"Well, you shall see," said Marmaduke. So then he glided gracefully on the "outside edge" over to the chief and made signs that he was hungry.

The chief, now in the best of humor, nodded,

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laughed, and gave some orders to an attendant. In a few minutes some hot rice and other food (chickens, I think) was brought, and we sat down to our first meal in Corea. But previously Marmaduke made signs to the chief to send the crowd away, by pointing to the door and pushing at the crowd.

The chief smiled again, cleared the room, and contented himself with posting two strong spearmen at the door.

As we ate our meal Marmaduke conversed with the chief, and by patient endeavors at last made him understand that he, the chief, could also learn this wonderful art. Then the joy of the old barbarian was unbounded, and he wished to begin at once. But Marmaduke pointed to the dinner, looked imploring at the chief, and thus obtained a postponement until the meal was done.

But no sooner was the table — or mat — cleared, than the chief held out his feet for the skates.

"He will break his royal neck, sure!" I said nervously, thinking what our fate would be in case of such a happening.

"We must support him," said Marmaduke. "Put on your skates, and remember that if 'Jack falls down and breaks his crown,'— we 're ruined!"

We put on our skates; we strapped the royal feet firmly to the treacherous rollers, and helped him up.

A fish out of water was nothing to the antics of that unfortunate savage. One guard at the door tried in vain to restrain his mirth. When the king went scooting over the floor, as we supported his limp frame with its two awkward legs projecting aimlessly forward, the guard burst into a loud guffaw. The chief, or king, heard that unhappy man's laugh, and, struggling wildly to his feet, roared an order to the other guards. The unfortunate soldier was at once hurried away to prison, or something worse. Thereafter there was no outward levity.

We toiled with His Royal Highness for several hours. He was plucky, and only gave up when completely tired out. Then we took a recess until the following morning.

For the next day or two we were in high favor at court and fared sumptuously; and when the

"A FISH OUT OF WATER WAS NOTHING TO THE ANTICS OF THAT UNFORTUNATE SAVAGE."

"Oh, I think not," said Marmaduke cheerfully, "but we have to take some risks in every business. This is a sort of speculation."

"But his feet will go out from under him at the first step," I insisted.

king found that he could really skate alone he was perfectly happy. Of course he had a fall or two, but the craze for roller-skating was upon him, and Marmaduke's first exhibition had shown him that there was still much to learn.

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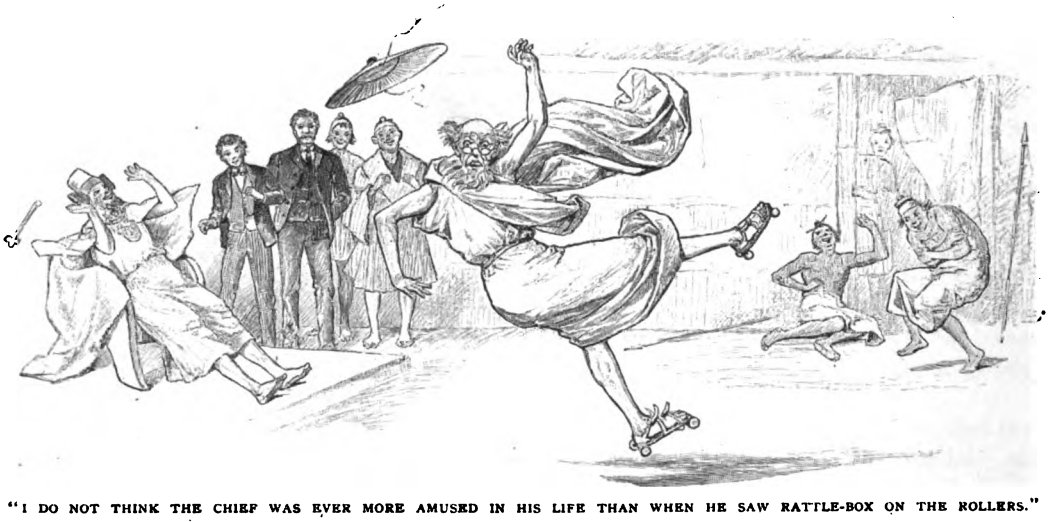
Consequently he was anxious to keep our favor and did not mind a bump or two.

At first the chief was unwilling to allow any one else to learn; but Marmaduke, who had even learned a few words of the language, persuaded the old man that it would be great fun to see Rattle-box learn to skate; and at last the chief consented.

When the old medicine-man came in he was horrified to see the ruler of his nation gliding about the floor with considerable ease, and listened with terror to the chief's command that he, too, must acquire this art. But he did not dare refuse; and, besides, the clever old man foresaw that skating would be the fashion as soon as the knowledge that the chief had patronized it should become general.

I do not think the chief was ever more amused in his life than when he watched Rattle-box take his first instruction on the rollers. He laughed till he cried, and even permitted the guards to laugh, too. But the medicine-man was an apt pupil, and before long there was a quartette of fairly skilful performers on the floor.



"I DO NOT THINK THE CHIEF WAS EVER MORE AMUSED IN HIS LIFE THAN WHEN HE SAW RATTLE-BOX ON THE ROLLERS."

Then we threw open the doors to the public, and gave a grand exhibition. It would no doubt have run (or skated) a hundred nights or more. The success of the art was assured, and the next month was one long term of skating school. We had plenty of skates, and the chief caused a large floor to be laid and roofed over for the sport. Soon the craze was so general that the chief had to make penalties for those who skated except at certain legal hours.

Marmaduke could by this time readily make himself understood in simple sentences, though he was not far enough advanced to comprehend much that was said; and one day he announced that he was ready to return to New York.

"But they 'll never let us go in the world," I said, somewhat out of temper. For, to tell the truth, I was not at all pleased with Marmaduke's apparent interest in this barbarous people.

"Oh yes, they will," said he. "You will see. We 'll just get into a boat and row away."

"And be a target for all the bowmen in the island!" I said. "You 've had wonderful luck so far, I admit. But I don't care to run a skating-rink for Corean savages all my life."

"Nor do I," said Marmaduke. "I'm going to give a grand tournament with prizes, and then give up the business and leave Tongaloo forever."

"And be eaten at the conclusion of the tournament!"

"I think not," he said, and turned again to his work. He was painting a large poster, with native dyes, representing a grand skating-race. Over the top he had printed in large letters:

THE TONGALOO TOURNAMENT.

"There!" said he, as he finished, "now you

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must do all you can to make the thing a success!"

So I did. I went about all day among the skaters, saying:

"Bonga Tongaloo tournament," "Vanga goo Tongaloo tournament," and other such phrases as Marmaduke taught me. These words meant, he said, that it was all the rage, and *the* correct thing.

At last the great day arrived. The chief had furnished the minor prizes, but the great event of all was to be the final, straightaway race open to all comers; and for this the first prize was to be Marmaduke's gold watch, and the second my stylographic pen.

The course was laid out along the best native road, which Marmaduke had taught them to macadamize for the occasion. The distance was to be a mile out and then back again to the starting point.

Every able-bodied islander was entered, and Marmaduke and I put on our skates with the rest.

Amid tremendous excitement, the signal was given, and away they went — clatter, clatter, clitter, clutter! down the road.

Gradually Marmaduke and I, though apparently making unusual exertions, fell behind, and as soon as the crowd had gained a good lead on us we sat down, cut off our skates, and struck out across country for the beach.

"AS SOON AS THE CROWD HAD GAINED A GOOD LEAD ON US WE CUT OFF OUR SKATES AND STRUCK OUT FOR THE BEACH."

One or two of the nearest skaters stared after us, and then tried to pursue. But as they forgot to remove their skates, as soon as they reached rough ground they went over upon their noses, like ninepins, and in a few minutes we were far ahead.

We gained the beach just as the foremost pursuers began to push their way through the bushes, and, climbing into a boat, away we shot toward a neighboring island which was occupied by a more civilized race.

Well, we escaped without being hit by a single arrow, and sailed for New York shortly afterwards.

"And the best of it is," said Uncle Ben, "the demand for skates has continued steady in that

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island ever since, and both Marmaduke and I made a very handsome competence from the commissions."

"Oh, Uncle Ben, is that a true story?" asked the youngest niece, and then, putting her fingers to her lips, she said, "Oh, I forgot," and all the children filed away to supper in thoughtful silence.

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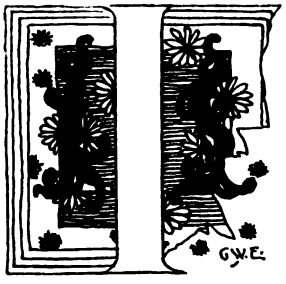
DOUGLAS JERROLD: A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

By Walter Jerrold.



I SHOULD like in these pages to present to the readers of St. Nicholas a better and truer picture of my grandfather, Douglas Jerrold, than is the one commonly drawn of him. A picture, that is, of the hardworking, painstaking youth, struggling for name and fame in the battle of life, and of the kindly, genial, sympathetic man of letters when he had taken his place among the leading men of his time.

Douglas Jerrold was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803. His early years were passed in Kent, first near Cranbrook and afterward at Sheerness, where he very early evinced a desire to go to sea. This desire is not to be wondered at, for there were stirring times, then, for the British navy. It was the time when Napoleon was at the height of his power, when his victorious armies were cowing the whole of the continent; when England alone seemed capable of withstanding his progress, and continued to maintain her supremacy of the sea. In 1805, Trafalgar had been fought and won, and the British navy was perhaps at the very acme of its power and glory. Sheerness, where Douglas Jerrold lived from 1807 to 1812, was full of naval officers and seamen, and we may be sure that innumerable tales of the iniquity of "Boney" and his "mounseers" must have reached the ears of the boy, firing him with an ambition to distinguish himself in the way that Nelson had done. It was at Sheerness that Douglas went to school, though but for a short time; it was at Sheerness, too, that he began to show evidence of a remarkable avidity for reading. A slight, fair-haired, and fair-complexioned boy, constitutionally not strong, though full of fire and energy, he did not associate much with other children. Indeed, in after years, he laughingly said that at Sheerness his only companion was the "little buoy at the Nore," and, he would add, "The only athletic sport I ever mastered was backgammon."

Wishing, as he did, to join the navy, Douglas Jerrold had this desire partly realized while he was still very young. He was not quite eleven years of age when he became a "first-class volunteer" on board His Majesty's* ship "Namur." The Namur was the guard-ship at the Nore, and Jerrold soon realized that life on board was not quite what he had supposed. It is true, though, that the time (rather more than a year and a quarter) spent on board the Namur was not unpleasantly nor unprofitably passed. Captain Austen (a brother of Miss Jane Austen, the novelist) was a good, kindly man; the young midshipman was allowed to keep pigeons on board, and to spend many hours in the captain's cabin reading such books as could be found there, notably Buffon's "Natural History." A love of animals was all his life long a strongly marked characteristic. It was on board the Namur, too, that Douglas Jerrold first met Clarkson Stanfield (who afterward became famous as an artist), with whom he used to get up private theatricals and entertainments. Altogether, life on board the Namur cannot have been very unpleasant to the young midshipman, who was, however, thirsting for a more active part. In April, 1815, he succeeded in getting transferred from His Majesty's guard-ship Namur to His Majesty's brig "Ernest." The brig was engaged in transporting English soldiers to the continent and in bringing home invalided and wounded men; so that though Jerrold had none of the awful excitement of action, he had horrible experience of its results, when, in the cockpit of the Ernest, soldiers were brought home, shattered and maimed, to the country they had recently left

* George III.

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in good health and full glow of enthusiasm. The effect of such scenes on a highly sensitive nature at a most impressionable period of life might well be imagined, even though we did not know of their deep and lasting effect on Douglas Jerrold, who to the end of his days was always among the foremost in denouncing war, and oppression of all kinds. Scarcely a work which he has written but bears evidence of it. With the midsummer of 1815 came the battle of Waterloo and the final overthrow of the power of Napoleon. Only five days before that decisive battle, the brig Ernest had entered Ostend harbor along with several transports crowded with soldiers destined to take part in the great encounter of Wellington and Bonaparte. After Waterloo, peace was not long in coming; and with peace came orders to pay off the company of many a ship, among others that of the brig Ernest, and on October 21, 1815, Midshipman Jerrold stepped on shore and turned his back forever on the sea as the field where he should strive to win renown. A story connected with Jerrold's short period of naval service may well find a place here. On one occasion the midshipman, having gone ashore with the captain, was left for a time in charge of the boat. While the captain was away, two of the men asked for permission to go and buy something. Permission was given by their youthful and too good-natured officer, who added:

"By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears."

"All right, sir," said the men, and off they went.

The captain returned, but not the men; search was made for them, but they were not to be found; they had deserted, and Midshipman Jerrold was in sad disgrace. The event made a lasting impression upon him, so deep a one indeed that he said he could recognize the deserters at any time, as indeed he did. Some thirty years afterward, as he was passing along the Strand, the ex-midshipman was struck by the appearance of a baker's man, who was looking into a shop window; he walked up to him, and rapping him sharply on the back, said:

"I say, my friend, don't you think you 've been rather a long time about that fruit?"

The deserter was horror-struck at being discovered, and could only gasp out, "Lor'! sir, is that you?" when Jerrold went on his way laughing.

After he left the navy it was not very long before Douglas Jerrold's energies were devoted to another occupation. At the close of the year his family left Sheerness and removed to London, reaching that city on the first day of January, 1816. Douglas was then but thirteen years of age. Shortly after arriving in London he was apprenticed to a printer. He had, as I have mentioned, already shown a great taste for reading; he welcomed, therefore, the work of a compositor, as it brought a yet closer acquaintance with books. Indeed he had already begun to think of writing, as the following story shows. A Mr. Wilkinson, an actor who had come to London about this time, called on the Jerrolds. "I cannot forget," he wrote long afterward, "how glad Douglas was to see me, and how sanguine he was of my success, saying, 'Oh! Mr. Wilkinson, you are sure to succeed, and I 'll write a piece for you.' I gave him credit for his kind feeling," adds the actor, "but doubted his capacity to fulfil his promise." The promise was, however, duly fulfilled, as we shall shortly see. Not only was the boy already dreaming of work to be done, but he was striving hard and making himself fit to do that work.

A compositor's is not by any means a light occupation, and it was even less so in the earlier part of this century. But though he had to be at his work early and to remain at it late, Douglas Jerrold would be up with the first peep of day that he might get on with the various studies which he had mapped out for himself. Miscellaneous reading was continued at every available opportunity. Shakspere was taken up at this time and every line of the great plays devoured. The novels of Walter Scott were borrowed from a library, and eagerly enjoyed, Douglas reading them aloud to his father.

Already, too, he was beginning to use the pen. About a year after making the promise to Mr. Wilkinson, the piece was written (1818) and sent in to the English Opera House, where it lay for two years before the young author succeeded even in getting it back. However, in 1821, Wilkinson was acting at Sadler's

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Wells Theater, and there was produced, on April 30th of that year, the farcical comedy in two acts, "More Frightened than Hurt." The play, much to the gratification of the ambitious young author, proved a great success. Shortly after this piece was written, but some time before it was acted, Douglas Jerrold was transferred to the printing-office of the *Sunday Monitor* of London, in which paper appeared one of the earliest pieces of his writing. As young Benjamin Franklin had done in similar circumstances, Douglas Jerrold wrote a short paper and dropped it in the editor's letter-box. It may be easily imagined how pleased he was the following morning when his own manuscript was given him to set up in type, and when he saw a line written on it from the editor asking for further contributions from the anonymous writer. Ever hard at work in the early morning, and late at night continuing his studies, he was yet finding time to try his hand at occasional verses and sketches, and sending them in to the various minor magazines of the day. His sisters could recall the delight with which he would rush into the room with some fresh periodical in his hand, shouting "It's in, it's in!" The "Monitor's" dramatic criticisms were entrusted to him and, as similar work increased, he took the bold step of leaving the compositor's case and adopting writing as his profession. He was not yet twenty-one, but that he had not over-estimated his own abilities was soon proved. By the year 1824, in addition to his miscellaneous writing, four plays of his had been produced, and in the year following he was appointed play-writer to the Coburg Theater at a weekly salary, to write "pieces, dramas, farces, and dramatic squibs," whenever they were required.

He was already becoming conscious of his literary powers, and his friends were, too, as we may see by the following extract from a sonnet addressed to him during this year (1824) by his friend Laman Blanchard:

> The time shall be
> When men may find a music in thy name,
> To rouse deep fancies and opinions free;
> Affections fervid as the sun's bright flame,
> And sympathies unfathom'd as the sea.

The time which his friend thus foretold for him was yet to come; meanwhile, he never stopped for a single day in pursuit of his studies. Latin, French, and Italian all had to be mastered — and indeed were mastered in course of time, by dint of incessant hard work. For about four years did "little Shakspere in a camlet cloak," as some of his friends at this time nicknamed Jerrold, continue his engagement at the Coburg Theater. In 1829, having quarreled with the manager of the Coburg, and having to look about for a fresh field for his dramatic labors, he turned toward the Surrey Theater. An engagement similar to the other one was entered into, and Jerrold handed to Elliston, the manager of the Surrey Theater, the manuscript of a new piece as a beginning. On June 8, 1829, that play was produced — it was "Black-Eyed Susan," and it proved a greater success than any previous dramatic venture. Other plays were written during the same year, and in 1830 came "Thomas à Becket," a higher form of drama than any the writer had then tried. This also, was very successful, and the author was duly complimented. A friend congratulated him, saying, "You 'll be the Surrey Shakspere." "The sorry Shakspere, you mean," was Jerrold's modest reply.

From this time his fame as a dramatist was assured, and before long his comedies and dramas were delighting large audiences at the leading theaters, as they had already done for some time at the minor ones. It was suggested that he should adapt a piece from the French (as so many other dramatists then did) for the Drury Lane stage. "No," was his indignant reply, "I will come into this theater as an original dramatist, or not at all." All his life long he bitterly protested against the fashion of translating and adapting, which excluded the work of native writers, and gave a reputation to men for work which they had not originated. Talking once with Mr. Planché (a noted adapter of plays) on this question, Planché insisted that some of his characters were original.

"Don't you remember," he said, "my *Baroness* in 'Ask No Questions'?"

"Yes, indeed. I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the pointed reply.

Contributing to various periodicals of the day and continuous writing of new plays occupied

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Douglas Jerrold for the few years next following. The well-known domestic drama of "The Rent Day" was produced in 1832. During its rehearsal the author and Clarkson Stanfield met in the dingy little theater for the first time since they had parted on board the Namur some sixteen years before.

William Godwin, the venerable author of "Political Justice," who was father-in-law of the poet Shelley, became one of Douglas Jerrold's friends during the earlier part of his career. Of one visit to the Godwins, Jerrold often told afterward. He was a clever whistler, and was very fond of exercising the gift; "he whistled," as his younger daughter tells me, "like any blackbird or lark." One day, having called upon the Godwins, he was kept waiting in the drawing room for a few minutes; regardless of "appearances," he began to whistle, "with variations enough to satisfy the most ambitious of thrushes. Suddenly good little Mrs. Godwin gently opened the door, paused — not seen by the performer — to catch the dying notes of the air, and then, coming up to her visitor, startled him with the request, made in all seriousness, 'You *could n't* whistle that again, Mr. Jerrold, could you?'"

From about 1830, Douglas Jerrold's position began to be much more assured; he was writing plays which were successful, and contributing sketches and reviews to many of the important periodicals. A great deal of work was done between 1830 and 1840, but I have not space to enter into any detail of it here. By the last-named year, indeed, he had won no mean position for himself in the world of letters. He had had a hard fight against many adverse circumstances, but had succeeded in overcoming them all. I have already mentioned that several languages were learned by dint of early rising and hard work. "No man," he was known afterwards to say, "ever achieved anything in life without having got up at six o'clock every morning at some period of his life." In the year 1838, Douglas Jerrold gathered together some of his sketches and, with additional ones, published them in three volumes as "Men of Character." They were illustrated by no less a person than William Makepeace Thackeray. In 1840, he became editor of that widely known and well appreciated series of sketches which bears the name of "Heads of the People." Illustrated by Kenny Meadows, the sketches were written by Thackeray, Richard Hengist Horne, Laman Blanchard, Jerrold himself, and other well-known writers. The papers contributed to the series by the editor bear the title of "Sketches of the English" in his collected works.

In 1841, a new field in which to display his genius was opened up to Jerrold, when on the 17th of July of that year, Henry Mayhew (who married Jerrold's elder daughter) started *Punch* on its most successful career. The pages of that well-known periodical were destined to receive some of the most popular of Jerrold's writings and also some of his most mature and characteristic work. When the paper started, my grandfather was in Boulogne, and though he had been invited to contribute to the new venture, nothing was received from him in time for the first number; his earliest contribution appeared in the second number and thenceforward with hardly a week's intermission he continued to contribute up to the time of his death in 1857. There is no space for me to linger over this period, so I can do no more than mention some of Jerrold's more famous contributions to *Punch*. First, there were the numberless fanciful, yet thoughtful, articles signed "Q.," which in no small degree contributed to gain for *Punch* that political power which he has so long wielded. Then came "Punch's Letters to his Son"; the delicate "Story of a Feather"; the remarkably popular "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures"; and numerous short sketches, tales, paragraphs, squibs, and all the miscellanea of wit and wisdom for which *Punch* at once gained a name.

Various periodicals were started and continued by Douglas Jerrold during the decade 1840–1850, but in 1852, on accepting the editorship of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, he found himself addressing an enormously large circle of readers. In the columns of that paper, the weekly circulation of which increased by thousands, appeared some of the best and most influential of his political writings.

When Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited England in 1853, Jerrold started a collection of

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penny subscriptions for a national present to him. The pence were collected, and, Kossuth having learned English by studying Shakspere in an Austrian prison, a magnificent set of the great poet's works was bought, inclosed in a casket model of Shakspere's house, and publicly presented to Kossuth by my grandfather, in the name of the people of England.

I have roughly outlined my grandfather's life and work. Toward a better understanding of him it is now necessary to give some account of him personally, of his home life at Putney, where, acknowledged as among the great men of the day, and surrounded by his family and a large circle of friends, some of his happiest years were spent.

To give some idea of Douglas Jerrold at home, let me quote a passage from what his eldest son has written on the subject: "It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gipsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long *roulade*, whistled softly, floats out. A little, spare figure with a stoop, habited in a short shooting-jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes with short quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black-and-tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose, here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast and the morning papers.

"The breakfast is a jug of cold, new milk, some toast, bacon, water-cresses. A long examination of the papers — here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study.

"This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakespere. A bit of Shakespere's mulberry tree lies upon the mantelpiece. Above the sofa are "The Rent Day" and "Distraining for Rent," Sir David Wilkie's pictures. In the corner of one is Wilkie's inscription to the the author of the drama called "The Rent Day." The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper-basket stands near the armchair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into the study and lies at his feet.

"Work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit.

"Suddenly the pen is put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author passes out into the garden, where he talks to the gardener, or watches, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or plucks a hawthorn leaf, and goes nibbling it, and thinking, down the side walks. In again and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written and despatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn; at last, a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent under the umbrageous mulberry tree."

In person Douglas Jerrold was very short; writing at the age of twenty-four, of the "Drill Sergeant," he said, "We feel our safety and glory in the height of five feet one." No one could fail to be struck by the handsome head with its long silvery hair, the face with its large bushy eyebrows over piercing blue eyes, the firm determined chin and fine mobile mouth. "No marble, nor photograph, nor oil-painting has given the fire that was in that face."

He was of a remarkably affectionate and

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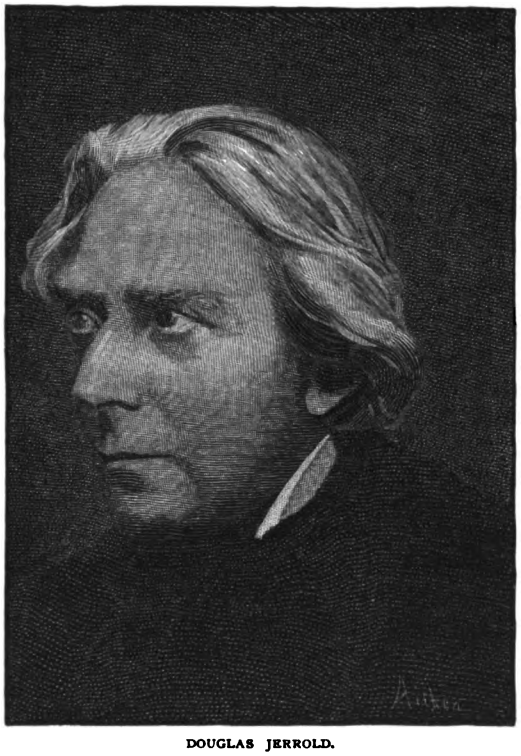
sympathetic character, as his numerous friends were aware. Indeed, no better refutation of the common notion of his bitterness and cynicism can be given than by quoting words written of him by people who knew him well. Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke said in their delightful "Recollections of Writers": "The leading characteristic of Douglas Jerrold's nature was earnestness. He was earnest in his abhorrence



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

of all things mean and interested; earnest in his noble indignation at wrong and oppression; earnest in the very wit with which he vented his sense of detestation for evil-doing. He was deeply earnest in all serious things; and very much in earnest when dealing with matters apparently less important which he thought needed the scourge of a sarcasm. Any one who could doubt the earnestness of Jerrold, should have seen him when a child was the topic; the fire of his eye, the quiver of his lip, bore witness to the truth of the phrase he himself uses in his charming drama of 'The Schoolfellows,' showing that to him, indeed, 'Children are sacred things!'"

Charles Dickens said: "Few of his friends, I think, can have had more favorable opportunities of knowing him in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men. I remember very well when I first saw him, in about the year 1835, when I went into his sick-room in Thistle Grove, Brompton, and found him propped up in a great chair; bright-eyed and quick, and eager in spirit, but very lame in body, he gave me an impression of tenderness. It never became dissociated from him. There was nothing cynical or sour in his heart, as I knew it. In the company of children and young people he was particularly happy, and showed to extraordinary advantage. He never was so gay, so sweet-tempered, so pleasing and so pleased as then."

Mr. Hannay, too (in the *Atlantic Monthly* for Nov. 1857), wrote in a graceful and sympathetic tribute to my grandfather's memory shortly after his death: "He had none of the airs of success or reputation — none of the affectations, either personal or social, which are rife everywhere. He was manly and natural — free and off-handed to the verge of eccentricity. Independence and marked character seemed to breathe from the little, rather bowed figure crowned with a lion-like head and falling light hair — to glow in the keen, eager blue eyes glancing on either side as he walked along. Nothing could be less commonplace, nothing less conventional, than his appearance in a room or in the streets."

Yet another friend wrote: "I found him the most genial, sincere, and fatherly of men." And, yet again, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, writing in the *Athenæum*, said that if every one who had received a kindness at the hands of Douglas Jerrold flung a flower upon his grave, the spot would be marked by a monument of roses.

Yet another friend who knew him well wrote: "He will be recalled by those who knew and loved him, not by any high-sounding appellation, but by some affectionate and soft diminutive — not as brilliant Douglas, or magnificent Douglas, but simply and fondly as *dear* Douglas."

I have already alluded to my grandfather's love of animals; his delight in children is gracefully touched upon in the words quoted above

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from Dickens and the Cowden Clarkes. From the time when as a child officer in the navy he kept pigeons and read Buffon's "Natural History" on board the Namur, he was always fond of animals, and ever had some fresh anecdote to tell of them. A favorite black cat of his, named "Chum," used to sit on the corner of his desk, watching his busy pen with apparent interest, often, too, with a quill pen in its mouth. Frequently when working in his study, Douglas Jerrold would have Chum on the desk, a pet terrier, "Mouse," at his feet, and "Vix," a bull-terrier, under his chair. Many were the tales told of little Mouse, how jealous she was of any attention paid to the cat; how, too, she would beg "like a prince of the blood." Mouse and Vix always went with their master on his morning's walk. Writing from Brighton but two months before his death, he finishes his letter with "love to all (Mouse included)."

The following simple anecdote shows, I think, my grandfather's kindliness of nature as well as anything can. While living at Putney he ordered a brougham, plain and quiet, to be built for him. He went one morning to the coach-builder's shop to see the new carriage. Its surface was without a speck. "Ah!" said the customer as he turned to the back of the vehicle, "its polish is perfect now; but the urchins will soon cover it with scratches."

"But, sir, I can put a few spikes here, that will keep any urchins off," the coach-maker answered.

"By no means, man," was the sharp, severe reply. "And know that, to me, a thousand scratches on my carriage would be more welcome than one on the hand of a footsore lad, to whom a stolen lift might be a godsend."

This short paper may fitly be concluded with a few specimens of Douglas Jerrold's wit in conversation. Examples might be multiplied a hundredfold, but half a dozen must suffice here.

—A prosy gentleman was in the habit of stopping, if he met Jerrold, to have a chat in the street. Jerrold disliked this. One day Prosy met his victim and, planting himself in the way, said, "Well, Jerrold, what is going on to-day?"

Jerrold replied (sharply dashing past the inquirer): "I am."

—The discussion on music, at a social club to which Jerrold belonged, was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiast, "always carries me away when I hear it!"

Jerrold asked (looking eagerly round the table): "Can anybody whistle it?"

—Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, earnestly discussing a plan for joining Byron, in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story long after, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

—In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically over the excited disputants he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense!—"

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted. The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

—"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

—Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman who longed to see himself in print: "Be advised by me, young man; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

—When an elderly lady complained, perhaps rather affectedly, that her hair was turning gray from her using essence of lavender (as she said), Jerrold asked whether it was n't essence of thyme.

—Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. On entering the room he said to his host: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

—An old lady was in the habit of talking to Jerrold, in a gloomy depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it!" said Jerrold one day after a long and somber interview, "she would n't allow there was a bright side to the moon."

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CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. Davidson.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter VI.

HELD FOR RANSOM.

The next morning Ben and the boys were aroused at an early hour, and were set to work on one of the largest junks, which was being fitted out for sea. They worked steadily all the morning.

At noon the door of Frank's prison was suddenly flung open and against the strong light appeared the figure of the chief. Two of his guards were stationed outside, and as he entered Frank noticed that the uniform of the previous day had been changed for a still plainer dress of white duck canvas which fitted closely to the chief's slender figure. A glittering shirt of mail was hardly concealed beneath his shirt, while a fine revolver and heavy-handled creese hung at his side.

Pausing midway in the room, he extended a paper and bade Frank read it. It was a demand on Frank's company to pay $5000 for the young commander's ransom and $2000 more for that of Ben and the boys. "You see, Mr. Austin," said the chief politely, "that I have acceded to your wishes regarding your men. As you evidently value them highly, I conclude they must be of some worth to your employers also. So I have set what seems a proper price on their services. Sign a postscript indorsing that demand, and in a few days you will probably be on your way to China again. Refuse, and you go to work to-morrow with the rest of the slaves."

"Allow me to consult with my men when they return," responded Frank, with equal courtesy, "and I will give you an immediate answer."

When Frank's comrades returned from work, he laid before them the chief's demand. After much opposition on Frank's part, Ben prevailed upon the young captain to accept it.

"You see, sir," Ben reasoned, "if you get back safely you can send help to the rest of us. Whereas, if we all remain, it means sure death to us in a few weeks at the most. The work is so hard, now, that I can hardly stand under it. I saw a young fellow about your own age cruelly beaten to-day because he could not carry a heavy beam across the shipyard. The poor lad was soon afterwards sunstruck. The heat out there is terrible. You could n't endure it a single week, I know."

Convinced by Ben's reasoning, the next morning Frank sent the chief word that he would accept the proposal, and the necessary agreement having been signed he was returned to his prison.

Late at night, Ben and the boys returned from their work, even more exhausted than they had been the previous day. Not only had the labor demanded of them been very severe, but a slave-driver had lashed them unmercifully whenever they showed any signs of failing. Something unusual was evidently on foot in the settlement, for great activity prevailed in the shipyard, making the junks ready for sea; even two old battered hulks, hardly fit to sail, were towed around from the river, and were being patched up as well as possible. A night gang had been added to hasten the work, and the sounds of industry continued late into the morning hours.

Soon after daylight the chief appeared, surrounded by his guards, and invited Frank to take a walk with him. He was perfectly courteous in his manner, now that he had gained his point about the ransom papers, and seemed even sociably inclined.

As they approached the river, Frank noticed many changes in the village. Most of the houses seemed deserted, while busy crowds of workmen thronged the beach. Here and there huge fires were burning, at which the women

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prepared quantities of rations for the hungry laborers.

Enormous sails of matting were spread on the sands, each surrounded by dexterous workers repairing rents, or plaiting new breadths. Under some palm-trees several fierce-looking blacksmiths were at work, forging together broken links of chains, and fashioning various pieces of iron-work required for the shipping. Near the forge stood little boys, to blow the curious leather cylinder bellows. At a spring hard by, one gang of men were filling water-casks, which when ready were towed out to junks anchored in mid-stream. On board these vessels, a busy throng of slaves were scraping and painting, like a swarm of bees; while the resounding blows of hammers told of native ship-carpenters industriously at work. High up the masts hung clusters of swarthy sailors, fixing top-hamper to the yards, or reeving fresh running-rigging. At one spot on shore, slaves were busily twisting strands into a huge grass rope, or hawser, of immense length and strength.

As Frank moved about with the chief amid scenes of busy confusion, he perceived that the pirate chief evidently possessed all the requirements necessary to the leader of a crowd of such men. Constantly besieged by questions from all sides regarding the work in progress, his orders were always promptly given. In many cases he even corrected with his own hands the faulty work of some of the less skilful men. Passing quickly from group to group, he gave orders and advice with such nervous activity that the meanest slave seemed to receive new energy from his example; and Frank could not but regret that a man of his fine executive abilities should devote them to the shameful purposes of piracy.

On arriving at the landing, he saw Ben, Proddy, and Joe, amid the gangs of slaves who, in pairs, were carrying heavy wooden anchors toward the boats. The hot sun poured down on the struggling mass of men as they were urged on by the whip of the overseer. Frank saw Ben struck by the cruel lash, and sick at heart he turned to the chief, imploring him to have compassion on his friends. He begged that, for a while at least, they might be relieved of their tasks. Gladly would Frank have interceded for the rest, also, but he knew his interference would be of no avail.

"Were any of those men with you when the 'Arizona' fired at the waterspout, in the Malacca Straits?" the pirate asked.

"Yes," responded Frank, astonished at the chief's knowledge of an event which had happened some two years before, when Frank was upon a vessel of that name. "Ben Herrick, there, fired the shot."

"Then he can be relieved," answered the chief, graciously.

Ben was at once ordered out of the gang of toilers. He was much surprised at his release, and thanked Frank heartily for his intervention.

BEN AND PRODDY AT WORK IN THE SHIPYARD.

"You see, sir," he said, "I 'm not as young as Joe and Proddy, and I get tired sooner than I used to, on account of that hot sun. And I would n't mind the work so much, if it were n't for that yellow rascal there, flourishing his whip over me all the time. It riles me, like; and once or twice I told him pretty plainly what I thought of him. But he does n't like 'back talk,' and only thrashed the harder. My shoulder 's all

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a-blister with the thrashings that savage has given me, and that 's a fact."

When Frank told Ben what the chief had said, the old man was puzzled.

"How the chief here knows anything about the old Arizona is beyond me! I wonder what that waterspout has to do with this business anyway?" said the old man. But his curiosity was not gratified.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE PIRATE JUNK.

BY noon all the preparations seemed to be finished, and all hands knocked off for "tiffin," and gathered under the shade of the wide, thatched house-porches, or under the forest trees.

During the afternoon the junks were towed out of the river and lay in the bay ready to put out to sea, while crowds lined the beach to bid their friends good-by and to wish them good luck.

As the evening shadows fell, two beacon fires flashed out on the high cliffs on both sides of the entrance to the landlocked harbor. One by one the junks now got under way. The heavy sails were spread; the crews manned the sweeps, and, setting up their rowing chants, sent the boats swiftly toward the harbor's mouth.

The last one to leave was the pirate chief's vessel, the largest, handsomest, and swiftest of the fleet. The tall, tapering masts, the huge, dark sails suspended from the yards, the two rows of dusky oarsmen extending forward on both sides of the deck, the heavy trestles for holding the booms, and the dark shapes of the cannon ranged along the low bulwarks made up a busy scene, of a certain wild and warlike beauty.

On the high deck aft, the chief stood watching the fires at the harbor entrance. These fires had now increased to twelve in number.

Presently a bright flash pierced the darkness, and was followed by the report of a small cannon echoing across the water. At this a shout of applause went up from those on the beach, for the signal denoted that twelve of the thirteen junks had passed safely through the dangerous way between the cliffs at the entrance.

The captain gave an order, a gong boomed in the gangway, the twenty sweeps struck the water together, and the swift vessel rapidly gathered headway. A cool night breeze just moved the rigging, and, as they passed through the gap, Frank noticed that one more fire was added to the others. Then all the fires suddenly went out together, leaving the cliffs in darkness, with one solitary palm-tree standing black against the lighter sky.

The oarsmen now broke into a wild, monotonous song, keeping time with the rush of their bending sweeps. When the land-breeze caught the great sails, the clipper slowly heeled to leeward and sped on into the gloom of the tropical night.

As the island slowly faded from view, Frank noted that the great star of the Southern Cross just tipped the summit of the mountain, and that the rising moon bore a little off the starboard bow. As he turned toward the cabin, he overheard the captain talking to his lieutenant. This is what Frank made out:

"When that French gunboat gets here tomorrow, she 'll be mightily surprised to find us gone and the settlement deserted!—if she can get so far. But I doubt if they find the gap in the cliff. Besides, if they had caught us inside, I 'm certain they never would have got out."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "they would have had a hard time. But it 's just as well we did n't meet them. Fighting cruisers is profitless work. They 're not such fat picking as the birds we are now after!"

Turning to Frank the captain said significantly: "It 's not usual for us to keep prisoners long, on this craft. They are too much trouble, and we usually believe in the rule that 'dead men tell no tales,' but it happens that I have special reasons for treating you otherwise. Do not attempt to escape, for the crew have orders not to spare you if you should. Remember that. Come, we had better go below, as it is late."

Frank followed him, and found himself in a spacious room, luxuriously fitted. The walls were covered with shields, armor, and curious swords, and shaded lamps shed a soft glow over the rich fittings.

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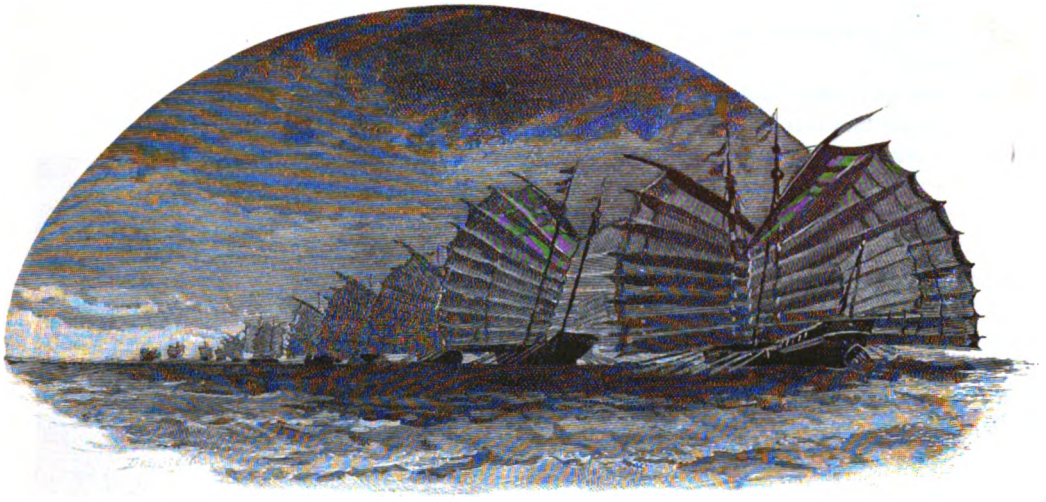

THE PIRATE FLEET.

"This is your apartment," said the chief, "and you can make yourself as comfortable here as you like. But do not try to leave it without permission from the guard outside. Now you must excuse me, as I have important duties to attend to elsewhere." Bowing politely, the chief withdrew.

Left alone, Frank examined the various objects in the saloon with great interest. Porcelain vases adorned the corners; rich kincob cloths, or fabrics woven heavily with gold and silver threads worked in beautiful arabesque patterns, were seen here and there on the walls, while Delhi gold and silver ornaments decorated the panels. Rich Rampoor chuddah shawls, of texture so fine that they might easily be drawn through a finger-ring, draped the transoms, and on one side a cabinet flashed with tortoise-shell ware from Ceylon, pretty conches from the Malabar coast, and a hundred other adornments.

Seeing an American repeating-rifle, Frank tried to take it down, but found that it was securely fastened to the wall, as were all the other weapons.

Examining the panels beneath the draperies, Frank found them to be riveted iron. He then drew aside the curtains from the stern windows, and noticed that these were closely barred. The room was evidently intended to be used as a parlor, arsenal, or prison, at its owner's pleasure.

Presently a slight rustle attracted his attention, and turning around Frank found a doorway where a moment before he had seen nothing but a curtained wall. In this doorway stood the captain.

"How do you like your quarters, Mr. Austin?" he asked with a smile.

"I am much surprised at their rich furniture," Frank replied.

"It is my cabin, while in port. This one," he said, pointing through the doorway in which he stood, "is my sea room. Walk in and smoke a cigar, and have some wine."

"Thank you, but I never indulge in either," was the reply.

For a moment the captain eyed him searchingly, then politely said: "As you please; but you will have some fruit? We rarely take it at night, in the East; but I know that you Europeans do."

Touching a bell, an attendant entered bearing a tray loaded with oranges, pineapples, bananas, and that delicious fruit only obtainable in the Eastern Seas, the mangosteen.

Frank had noticed that everything in the room where they now were was as plain as the furnishing of the other was magnificent. Noticing his look, the captain remarked: "These, as I told you, are my sea quarters; everything is of the plainest and most substantial kind. I have to set my men an example in such things. They know that while ashore they can be idle and extravagant, if they can afford it; but when

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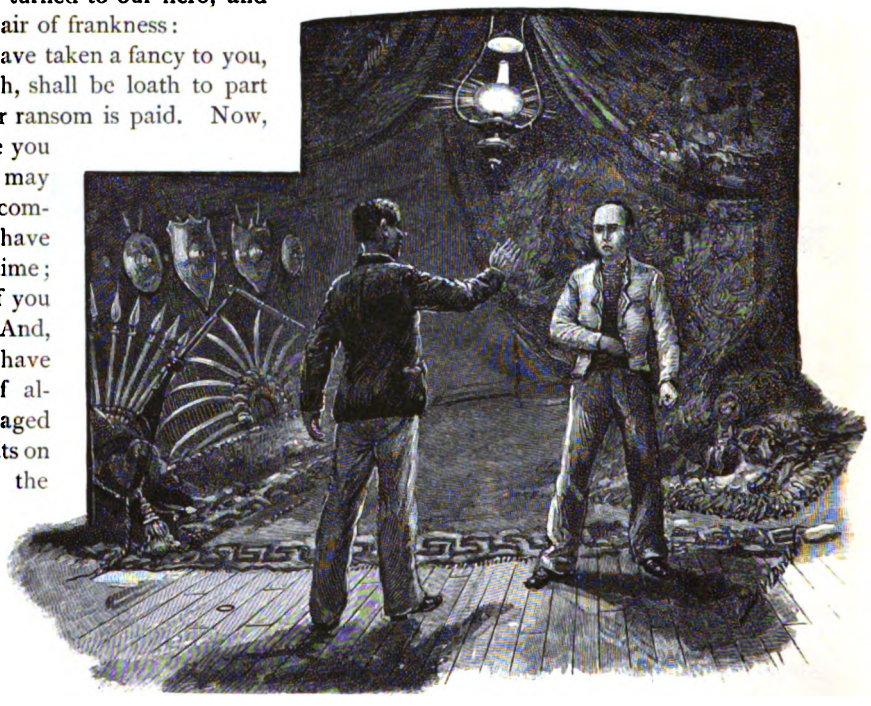
we are on blue water, we attend to business! — and they must give their entire attention to the work in hand."

After they had thus conversed pleasantly for a while, the captain turned to our hero, and exclaimed, with an air of frankness:

"Mr. Austin, I have taken a fancy to you, and, to tell the truth, shall be loath to part with you when your ransom is paid. Now, I am about to make you an offer which you may think unwarranted, coming from one you have known so short a time; but I have heard of you long before this. And, to tell the truth, I have some knowledge of almost all who are engaged in mercantile pursuits on the Continent and the Islands. In fact, that is a necessity of my business," he said, with a significant smile. "My agents have kept me so well informed that I can name from my books almost every trip you have made, with your cargo and armament on each, and the size of the crew; but not until your last trip did I think you a sufficiently rich prize to risk a crew so far inland. You cost me some valuable men, sir, by your stubborn defense. We were scarcely prepared for such a sturdy resistance. But, as the last three junks your company have missed fell into my hands, I have no reason to be dissatisfied. I can prove to you what I say — those chuddahs in the saloon were among their cargoes. Now, sir, my offer to you is this: I wish you to act as my agent in Hong-Kong. After paying your ransom, you will be penniless and with a debt which it will require years for you to pay off. Your company has perfect confidence in you, and will be glad to get you back. You will be offered a good position by the company. Accept it, and be my agent at the same time. To send an account of the destination of your vessels and their cargoes to my Canton agent is all I shall require of you. You will never be suspected, and in two years I will guarantee you an ample fortune, with which you may return to the United States, a wealthy man; or you can remain as my lieutenant, and have one-quarter of all the profits of my business. I shall give up the profession in a few years, having amassed an ample fortune."



IN THE CABIN OF THE PIRATE JUNK.

For an instant Frank was stunned by this offer from the man who but the day before had seemed to value him little higher than the meanest slave. He sat silent for a moment, with flashing eyes, while the captain gazed searchingly at him. Then the pirate exclaimed:

"You accept, sir. Your silence means consent!"

He attempted to take Frank's hand. Springing to his feet, the young American drew himself proudly back, exclaiming:

"No, sir! No. I do not accept your offer. What! — can you for a moment think that I would become a spy, and turn traitor to my employers? Accept their wages, and betray their trust in my honor? No! — a thousand times

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no! Rather would I give up my life than live one day the vile wretch you seek to make me!"

A look of furious passion swept over the pirate's face at these words, and suddenly, with a cry of rage, he drew a revolver and aimed it full in Frank's face. Instinctively, the boy glanced wildly about for some means of defense; then, collecting himself, he folded his arms and, looking his captor firmly in the eye, asked quietly:

"Well, sir, why don't you fire? You have me at your mercy. Surely one life more or less will make no difference to you among the many you have taken."

The pirate, in spite of his anger, paused when he saw Frank's cool, courageous bearing; and, slowly lowering his weapon, he replied:

"Austin, you are a brave fellow! Once more I spare your life; but you shall yet do me the service I ask. Retire to your room!"

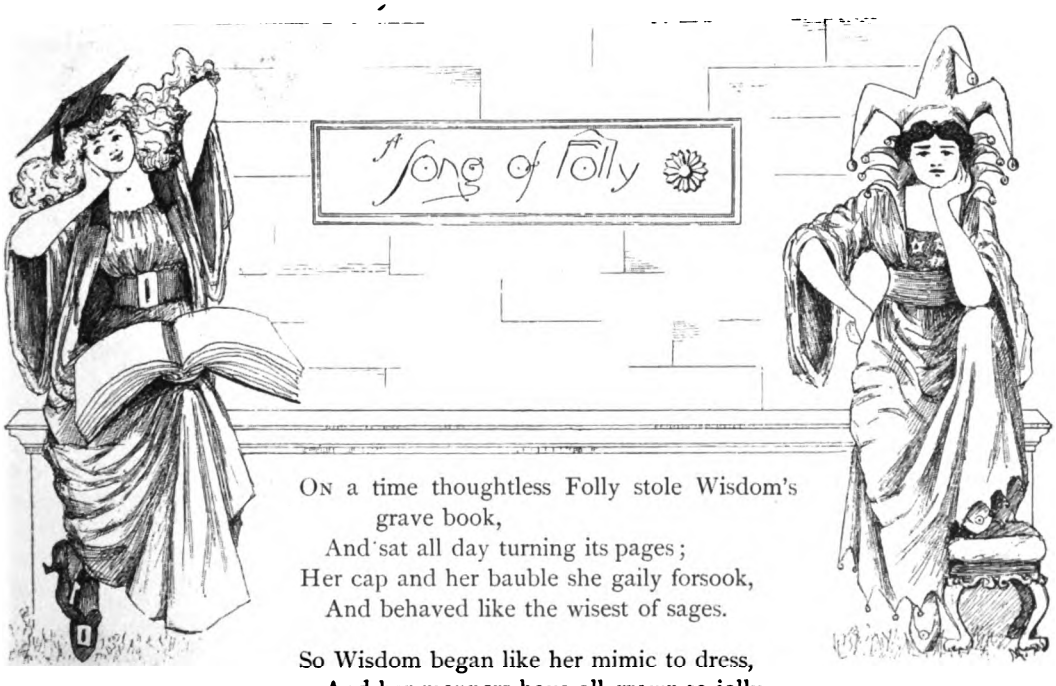
He motioned to Frank to be gone.

"One moment, sir," replied Frank, turning as he reached the doorway. "You say you have a liking for me. If I have any influence whatever over you, let me appeal to what little good there may still be in you. Give up this vile trade while yet you are a young man, and capable, perhaps, of making some amends for the wrong you have done."

Frank dropped the curtains, leaving the chief standing moodily under the swinging lamp.

The young prisoner was now in no humor for sleep, and it was far toward morning before he ceased to revolve in his mind various plans for escape and for sending a cruiser to break up this nest of pirates.

(To be continued.)



On a time thoughtless Folly stole Wisdom's
grave book,
And sat all day turning its pages;
Her cap and her bauble she gaily forsook,
And behaved like the wisest of sages.

So Wisdom began like her mimic to dress,
And her manners have all grown so jolly,
That now when you meet them you never can guess
Which is Wisdom, and which one is Folly.

Mildred Howells.

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CUP OF TEA FOR GRANDMAMA.

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THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

By Teresa C. Crofton.

Eighth Paper.

The Age of Man.

The past ages had prepared the earth so that men could live upon it.

Next came a time of smiling beauty. The earth had been plowed with an icy plowshare; the rocks had been ground into soil for fields and gardens; floods had distributed it over the earth, and all was ready for the growth of grain, the food for man and his herds.

The land was rich with flower and fruit, over which myriads of insects winged their busy flight. Herds of cattle grazed in the green meadows. The air had been cleared of thick mists and foul vapors, and blue skies looked lovingly down on the pleasant vales of the earth, when God created his last and noblest work — mankind.

The fact is always impressed upon us that man is an animal. Well, to a certain extent he is. He eats and drinks and sleeps to sustain life, and so does an animal. But yet there is a vast difference between man and brute. We read of a wild man who was found in the woods of an unfrequented part of France, in the early part of this century. He had no language and was without knowledge of human beings. Now, there was no reason why this man, if he were only an animal, should not have acted like one. Yet he could appreciate the beauties of a fountain and the glories of a moonlight night, and would sit for hours admiring them. One could not for an instant mistake the look of intelligent appreciation on his face for the look of a pleased ape. No! God has given to man powers and attributes that crown him king of creation.

When was man first placed on earth? No one can answer that question. Hugh Miller says that man's habit of burying his dead out of sight makes it very easy to be mistaken on that point; for, because of burial, men's bones may be found among the animals that have lain in the earth for ages. There is one thing, however, that gives us an inkling of when he came. Certain tools, that only man could have made, have been found buried in caves, in peat beds, and in the bottom of lakes. Often these are covered by layers of rock; and, by calculating how long it took to make the layers, a guess can be made as to when the tools were put there. Still, it is only a guess, and no one pretends to regard the question as settled, because under some conditions the layers would be made much faster than under others. But the bones of certain animals, the mammoth and other great creatures of that time, which have long since died, have been found with these tools. By calculating in what age these animals lived, and how long it takes a race of animals to die out, a surer result can be arrived at. In a cave in England, buried under a limestone layer from one to fifteen inches thick, tools have been found mingled with the bones of elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, and hyenas, which roamed over that country thousands and thousands of years ago. The peat bogs of what is now Denmark and Scandinavia are filled with stone tools. Some have been found in beds of gravel, underlying peat which is certainly seven thousand years old. This seems to show that man must have dwelt on earth at least as many years ago.

In Switzerland, one winter when it was very cold, the rivers were frozen and the lakes were very shallow. The people who lived on the border of one of the lakes determined to make their gardens larger, by running their side walls out into the lake and building a wall across to shut out the lake. Then they were going to fill in the space thus enclosed, with mud taken from the lake bed. When they commenced to

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dredge they came upon a quantity of spiles, and ivory and stone and bronze tools. Investigations proved that above this lake and, indeed, above others in Switzerland had once risen the homes of a people who lived in dwellings built high above the water on spiles or logs driven into the bed of the lake. One lake having been drained, two settlements were found in it, one at each end. The part of the eastern settlement which used to stand above the water had been destroyed by fire, and the charred remains could still be seen. Nobody had ever dreamed of the existence of such peoples. They are now known as the "Lake Dwellers."

From the tools that are found in these lake-dwellings, in the caves, and in peat beds, we suppose that there were three distinct periods in the life of mankind: First came the Stone Age, in which tools and weapons were made of stone; second, the Bronze Age, in which they were of bronze; and third, the Iron Age, in which iron implements appear.

We must remember that when the first men lived they had no tools to work with, nor weapons with which to battle against wild beasts. When thrown upon their own resources to defend themselves, they probably threw stones. I think a small boy's first instinct in fighting is to throw things. They soon found that sharp stones were most effective, so they began to rub them together to sharpen them. They next put pointed stones in the ends of sticks and made spears. To cut up the flesh of animals, they made stone knives. They discovered the use of the bow and arrow, for some of the sharpened stones that are found must certainly have been arrow-heads. They made hammers, and axes, and chisels of stone. All these were chipped so as to give them a cutting edge. They made great stone mortars and pestles for grinding corn. At first there was little ornament, but toward the last of the Stone Age the knives had carved bone handles, and even necklaces are found of roughly carved amber beads.

They had no combs nor pins nor needles nor thread in the earliest times. But they soon found out that they could fasten things together with the fibers of plants, or with thongs made from the skins of animals. They made implements of horn which served for needles. They early discovered the use of fire. Maybe men first got fire from a volcano, or they may have dropped or struck one piece of flint on another and have seen the spark. It may be that it set something on fire and they felt the effect — the warmth.

An accidental fall of some meat into the fire may have taught them how to cook. Their first canoes were made of single trees, hollowed by their stone hatchets aided by fire. Among the remains of the Stone Age, pottery of elegant design is sometimes found. It is probable that they first used vessels of unbaked clay, but they must soon have discovered how fire made them hard.

When man reached the Bronze Age he knew a little more. His stone tools had enabled him to discover metals, for stone hatchets have been found in the copper-mines of Lake Superior. He knew how to work metals. He mixed his copper with tin and made bronze. Then all sorts of things were of bronze and elaborately ornamented. He made bronze knives with handles carved with human figures. Drinking cups and vessels for water have been found elegantly decorated. The Lake Dwellers of Switzerland lived during the Bronze Age, for a great many bronze implements have been found near their settlements. The American Indians had just reached this age when they were first found by Europeans; and the Aztecs and Peruvians, with all their superior civilization, had never gone beyond it.

The Iron Age was an age of higher civilization, and merges into the age in which we live. When men commenced to work in iron, every experiment they tried added to its value; and as their knowledge of the metal and its uses increased, they advanced in civilization. Warlike as they were, they made knives, axes, helmets, and coats-of-mail. But at the same time they made the tools for the field and the utensils for home use — the gentler implements that were to triumph in the end. They put the true precious metal, iron, daily to new uses, and probably man has not yet found out all the ways in which it can be used.

Now you may think of asking the question, "Is the world finished?" If you consider a

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moment, I think you will know it is not. The heated interior once in a while bursts out, as we see in the eruption of volcanoes, and destroys whole cities. Sometimes the crust cracks or moves, and an earthquake is felt. Glaciers are still at work in high mountain valleys, and icebergs still drift toward the south to build up the bottom of the sea with the sand and dirt they have carried from the north. The little coral animals are yet busily building. The sea waves are eating away the shore and depositing the sand elsewhere. The eastern coast of England and the shores of the German Ocean are wearing away, and the ravages of the sea are plainly marked at different places along our own Atlantic coast. Rivers are carrying down immense quantities of earth, and building new land at their mouths. The Mississippi alone carries down two billions of tons of earth every year, and has really built the whole of the lower part of Louisiana. The precipice over which the Niagara River flows is wearing out at its edge so rapidly that the falls are moving back at the rate of from one foot to three feet a year. The forces that moulded the surface of the earth are apparently at work to-day.

But it seems as if man was really the end of all creation, "the keystone of a grand arch." Of all the splendid animals of the earth — the armored fishes, the gigantic reptiles, the giant mammals — man was the only one declared to be endowed with an immortal soul, and made in God's own image and likeness.

GOING TO POST HER LETTER

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By Walter Storrs Bigelow.

III. An Acrobatic Failure.

One afternoon Lou Preston was in the middle of a story when we reached the swimming-hole. He was always telling stories in the slow, drawling tone natural to him, and as the boys listened eagerly, you may be sure they were interested. Boys are no flatterers in word or deed, and if they pay attention it is certain that your story is liked.

What he was telling that day was a little above me, as we say, and while the older boys delayed to hear the last of it, I got ready, wet my head first, "to prevent a rush of blood," according to tradition, and then jumped in.

As I was unnoticed, I took the chance to learn to dive backward. This I did successfully several times, and when Lou's story was finished I had a new feat to execute for my own glory and the delectation of my friends.

"Look here, boys!" I cried, "look here, Charlie! look here! Aw! wait a minute, and watch me." I got their attention at last, and braced myself for a triumphant exhibition of my great act.

I have described the swimming-hole as a place at one side of the stream, worn deep by the current. Above and below, and at the further side, the water was shallow. The near side of this hole was perpendicular, and the hole was said to be twenty feet deep. This was just the place to dive.

That day, as the stream was high, its rippling surface overflowed the bank, the top of which

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formed a ledge several inches wide, under water, before the true rim of the hole was reached.

In my successful attempts to dive backward, I had stood on this ledge with my feet under water and my heels at the rim of the hole, and turned a back somersault. But now, having drawn all eyes to me, in my haste to act before their notice was distracted, and in the flurry of a public performance, I set my heels at the margin of the overflowing water, my feet being on dry land, and forgot the ledge hidden by the water between me and the rim of the hole.

Over I went, and down I came, head first, on the ledge. I heard my neck-bones crunch under the weight of my body, and I flopped over sidewise, limp and for a moment helpless, into the stream.

As I rose, and the water gushed out of my ears, I heard from the bank a shout of wild laughter by the spectators of my great diving feat. The boys said afterward that had they known my neck was broken they could not have helped laughing. As they did not know it was *not* broken, and had every reason to think it was, I believed them.

I had enough sense left to strike out feebly for the other shore. My neck was bent over to one side, and I could not straighten it. I swam till my hands touched the gravel bottom, and, dragging myself into three inches of water, lay like a piece of driftwood on the beach.

My strength began to return after a little; and, as the other boys kept up their laughter, my recovery was hastened by indignation.

After that, when I dived, it was in the good, old-fashioned way, face foremost.

IV. A BOY REVOLUTION.

"He 's not the Principal of the school, and he need n't act as if he were," said Will Perkins. "He 's just hired to teach the Intermediate. I 'm not afraid of him, and he can't lord it over me, either."

"What can you do? You could n't help his punishing you yesterday."

"I can't do anything alone, I suppose. But we can organize an insurrection."

"Whew! I had n't thought of that."

Frank's mouth and eyes were distended. Will's suggestion brought with it so many others that they could not get in through his ears, which were always wide open. As usual, the ideas came to Frank from outside.

The September term had just opened, and the boys had come down to the swimming-hole after the second day's session.

Mr. King taught in the Intermediate department. This was his second term, and it had begun badly. He was not mean, but was quick-tempered, and the boys were naturally prejudiced against any one set over them by the principal.

The swimming-hole was so temptingly near, that on the first day of school several of the boys had gone swimming at recess, in spite of the rule against it. Some one (I rather think it was Tommy Toles, the trick was so like him) had tied one of Will's shirt-sleeves, and then dipped it in the water and pulled the knot tight. Will was made late in consequence, which directed suspicion to him; and his damp hair and very clean hands were such strong evidences of guilt that Mr. King gave him the first whipping of the season, and made it severe.

The boys were indignant, and when Will struck the spark they took fire like a bundle of fagots. French republicans were never more quickly aroused to revolution.

The boys all came out of the water, hurried into their clothes, and held a conclave on the bank near the big tree. They were to fight "for liberty or death," as Will solemnly declared.

"Let 's go out on a strike," said Ed Bristol. "At a given signal (you know they always act at a given signal), we 'll all take our books and go home."

But this was too tame for the more reckless conspirators, some of whom proposed such dire vengeance as made the rest fairly shudder.

At last what was considered a middle course was determined on, as laid down by Will Perkins:

"One of us must do something to make Mr. King call him out on the floor, and instead of obeying he must lead the way and the rest must

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follow, and we 'll soon see if he can do anything with all of us against him."

"But who 'll be the leader?"

"I 'd just as lief; but that ought to be settled by lot. We 'll draw cuts, and whoever gets the marked one shall be the leader. Before we begin we must each take a solemn vow on a jack-knife (I 've got one that will do) to abide by the lot, and be the leader if it falls to him, or to follow the one who is."

So Will administered the "oath of allegiance" on the blade of his jackknife; tore a leaf from "Mensuration," out of his Practical Arithmetic — for what boy of thirteen expects ever to study the last part of his arithmetic! — and then cut the leaf into narrow slips and marked a black cross on one of them. The lots were drawn in silence, and the choice fell on Frank Barnes.

Now, Frank was never a very brave boy, and what courage he had, vanished the instant he saw that black cross on the slip of paper he drew from Will's hat. But he was in for it now, and must bear up or be "forever branded as a coward," in the terms of the knife-blade vow.

Next day, when school opened, the boys were all rather quieter than usual, and Frank was so pale that his freckles showed round and distinct all over his face.

At recess, Will, who had been watching the chosen leader, said to him:

"Frank, I don't think you can stand up to the teacher when the time comes."

"Oh, yes, I can." But Frank's lips were dry, and his voice was faint.

"I don't believe it. Suppose you let me be the leader." Will was yet smarting in spirit from his whipping, and felt valorous and revengeful.

"Well, of course, if you want to very much, I 'll let you," answered Frank, trying not to look relieved.

Will called the boys together and announced that he would give the signal.

"When I say, 'Come on!' you follow me."

"All right," said the boys.

Soon after recess, Will whispered openly to Ed Bristol, behind him.

"Will Perkins, come forward!" said Mr. King.

"I won't!"

Will felt like a fighting-cock, and his voice was sharp and clear.

"What!" roared Mr. King, as he rose suddenly and stepped forward. His eyes shot fire. He seemed to have grown two feet taller, and towered like a giant approaching Tom Thumb. But Will looked him boldly in the face.

"I won't!" he repeated; and, throwing off his coat, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves and started to meet the enemy with a yell: "Come on, boys!"

Not a boy moved.

The sight of Mr. King's terrible face had been too much for them. Will was in, but none of the rest dared follow. He glanced about at them. Every eye was glued to a book. The horror of his situation seized him as Mr. King, instead of the boys, "came on," ferule in hand.

Will turned and fled, followed by the angry teacher. Round and round the room he ran, over desks and benches, dodging down the aisles, and throwing behind him to impede his pursuer tables, chairs, books, whatever he could get hold of in his mad haste. The door was shut, and he knew it opened hard. There was one window-sash down from the top. If he could only gain time to reach the sill before he was caught, Will thought he might vault to freedom.

He heard a fall, looked back without stopping, and saw that Mr. King had stumbled over a stool he had just thrown between them. The open window was before him. With the agility of fear he sprang to the sill, fell rather than jumped over the lowered sash, and landed on his back in the gravel path outside. He had escaped!

Next day, the boy's mother came with him to school in the middle of the morning session. As they walked up the aisle, Will looked about him on his faithless allies, who could not meet his reproachful gaze.

He and his mother sat on the front bench while Mr. King held a long and low-voiced conversation with them, watched with eager curiosity by the other boys. A reconciliation was effected at last. Will went to his seat, and his mother went home.

The Revolution was over.

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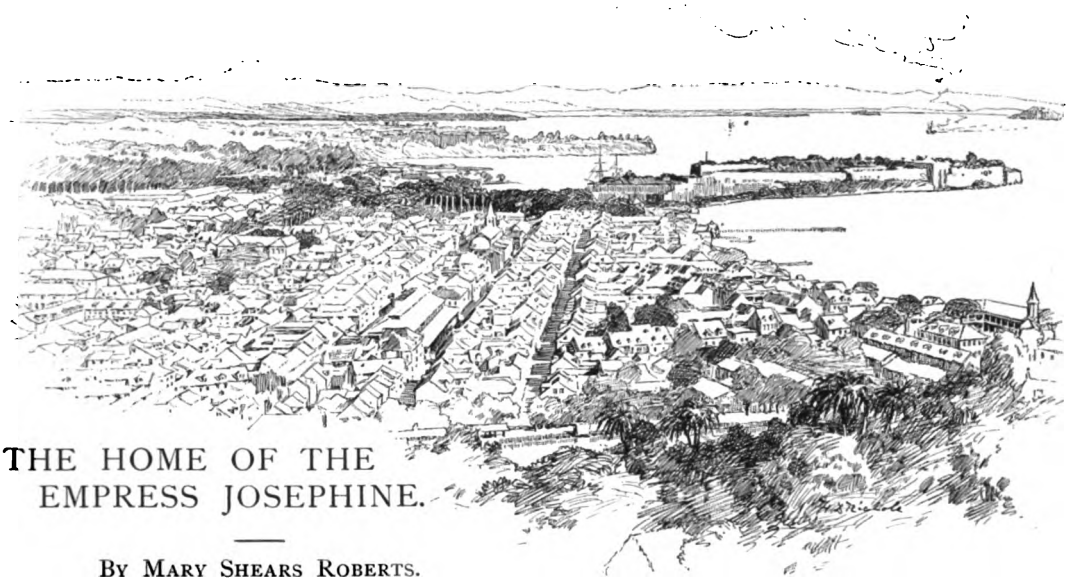

THE HOME OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By Mary Shears Roberts.

Just outside the little town of Fort de France, stretching down from the quaint, narrow Rue Victor Hugo to the purple-blue waters of the bay, lies a spacious grass-grown square set round with spreading tamarind-trees, and bathed all day in the glorious sunshine of the tropics. This square — the Savane, it is called — is the pride of Fort de France, just as Fort de France itself is the pride of Martinique, and as Martinique, in turn, is the pride of those lovely islands which are strung, like a zone of jewels, across the Caribbean Sea.

St. Pierre, Martinique's other city, may be richer, busier, bigger; but Fort de France, whose former name was Fort Royal, is the capital, the seat of government, and, above all, is the site of the beautiful statue of Josephine Bonaparte. For Josephine Tascher de La Pagerie, wife of the great Napoleon and Empress of the French, was a Martinique girl, and her memory is still cherished by the Creoles of her native island. Across the deep but narrow bay they still point out her home near the little hamlet of Trois Islets; though, to tell the truth, the ruins of the sugar-mill that are shown to the visitor as the birthplace of Josephine have no claim to that honor. The La Pagerie family, little Josephine included, certainly lived there for a time, but that was after the more pretentious mansion in which the future Empress first saw the light had been leveled to the ground. The destruction of that house was caused by one of the awful hurricanes which sometimes come to scathe the beauty of the Antilles.

This great tempest is still spoken of with bated breath in Martinique, for tradition is very vivid in those remote, sleepy islands. It occurred one August night, when little Josephine was three years old. There arose a terrible wind accompanied by thunder, lightning, and heavy rain. Louder and louder roared the storm, bringing on its wings terror and destruction. Huge trees were uprooted, coffee and sugar plantations were laid waste, and earthquakes shook the mills and houses from their foundations. The ocean sent in a mighty wave, wrecking the vessels lying in the harbors, and, amid the howling of the storm and the shrieking of the affrighted negroes, the dwelling of the La Pagerie family was razed to the ground. During the four hours that the storm raged, several hundred people lost their lives, but Josephine and her relatives found refuge in one of her father's sugar-mills which was strong enough to escape the ravages of the storm. The stout old walls are still standing, and near by, beneath huge cocoa-palms and mango-trees, trickles a tiny stream where Josephine, little "Fifine," was wont to paddle with her bare feet. A small pool formed by a hollow in the rock is called to this

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day the "Bath of the Empress," and the church in which she was baptized still points its small spire toward the beautiful Southern Cross. Inside the building on one side of the chancel is a mural tablet to Josephine's mother, while the other side is adorned by a picture given by the great Napoleon.

A bay divides Trois Islets from the town of Fort de France, and we can fancy the little Creole maiden crossing the deep water on her way to the convent school in the larger town. Here she learned the accomplishments that she afterward brought to grace the palaces of the Luxembourg and Tuileries. From the sugar-mill of a West Indian plantation to the throne of France is a strange transition, yet Josephine seems to have left in both her widely differing spheres affectionate memories that time has not wholly quenched.

In Martinique the simple folk speak of her with reverence and tenderness to this day. In her childhood she was called by her father's slaves "the pretty Creole," and on her birthdays it is said that M. de La Pagerie allowed each of his negroes a day of rest, and provided an entertainment for them while "Fifine" distributed alms to the sick and poor.

On going to make her first visit to France, at the age of fifteen, the beautiful eyes of Josephine were dimmed with tears as Trois Islets faded from her view. Even after she became the wife of M. de Beauharnais her thoughts were ever turning back to her well-beloved home.

When troubles assailed her, she sought again her island home, bringing her little daughter Hortense. While in Martinique she resumed her Creole dress; and when brighter days arrived and she returned to France, the pleasantest surprise she could arrange for M. de Beauharnais was to present to him the small Hortense clad in full Martinique costume.

In after years when, as wife of the great Napoleon, she had riches and power at command, she filled her beautiful gardens at Malmaison with choice exotics from her native isle. One of these, a most rare and beautiful plant, the *Amaryllis gigantea*, the only one in France, was visited and admired by throngs of people.

And Fort de France cherishes the statue of the beautiful Empress. There it stands in the center of the broad Savane, girt by nine towering palm-trees whose leafy tops bow with a stately motion above her beautiful head and rustle mournfully as the breeze sighs through them. It seems as if they lamented the sad fate of the fair woman whose pensive marble features seem to gaze pensively across the sunny vista of the Savane and the sparkling waters of the ocean — toward the distant shores of France.

Such was the aspect of the place a year ago; such is still the aspect of the Savane, which has guarded safely the nine palm-trees and the statue they encircle; but the town is changed. Fort de France, that had withstood the ravages of hurricanes and cyclones, and had risen proudly from the terrible earthquake of 1838, was destined only a year ago to meet with a calamity that recalls the great Chicago fire. It happened on the morning of the 22d of June, 1890, within a day of one hundred and twenty-seven years after Josephine's birth.

In all hot countries the people rise early in order to transact their business in the cool of the day, and if the old rhyme be true, then the Martinique folk should be the healthiest, wealthiest, and wisest of our race. They go to sleep with the chickens and are up before any well-regulated lark at the north would think of beginning his morning carols.

I have frequently opened my lazy eyes long before sunrise to find the hotel *bonne* wishing me "*Bon jour!*" and to see her arranging my coffee and rolls as if it were the most natural thing in the world to prepare breakfast before daylight.

Now, this particular 22d of June fell on a Sunday, and that Sunday morning an old woman named Adeline Marguerite Hercule, who kept a stand in the market-place, arose even earlier than usual.

The market-places in the French West Indies are open on Sundays as well as on week days, and Adeline was obliged to get up betimes to attend to her religious duties before beginning her fruit and manioc selling at her stall.

She occupied a single room of a wooden house in a thickly settled part of the town. Soon after five in the morning, she started for the cathedral, first telling her little nephew

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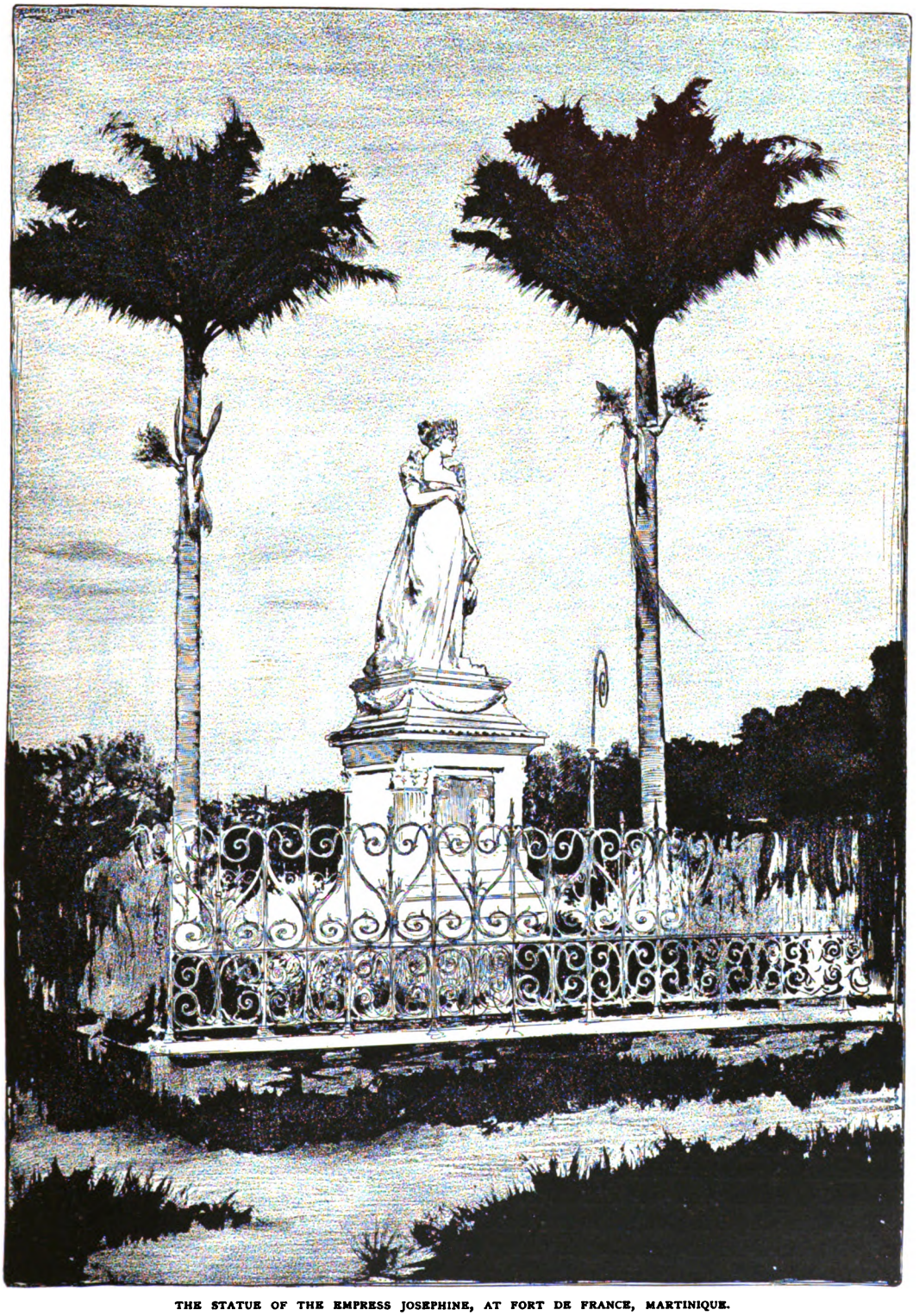

THE STATUE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, AT FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE.

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Omer not to leave the room. She returned in about an hour and found the disobedient child in the street below playing with two other small boys. She scolded the little fellow, slapped him once or twice, and then made the coffee for him and for her son, whose name was Popo.

Popo soon went out and Adeline set about preparing the regular breakfast, which is usually eaten at about eleven. This breakfast was to be of salt fish and bananas. A strange mixture,—but the natives cook bananas or plantains in all sorts of ways in these queer islands. Their range or cooking apparatus consists of a small furnace or charcoal brazier. With a curious fan made for the purpose Adeline fanned the coals till they began to glow; then on a wooden box she placed the stove, and again on top of this she set the kettle containing the fish and fruit. Leaving the hotchpotch to cook itself, she departed to attend to business at the market, and then Master Omer had a long day before him.

This little monkey (if you ever saw a small Martinique gamin you would think the name excusable) did not enjoy solitude. He called in his little playfellows to play with him at *Colin-maillard*, the French version of our game "blindman's-buff." The small Omer while blindfolded, ran against the brazier, poised on its wooden stand. Over went box, brazier, and kettle, and the glowing charcoal fell into a wooden tray containing some thin cotton goods.

"THE STATUE STANDS IN THE BROAD SAVANE GIRT BY NINE TOWERING PALM-TREES."

The urchins were frightened and fled without telling of the mischief they had done.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" A high wind was blowing and wafted flames and embers over the narrow streets of the town. Most of the buildings were of wood, small and very old, and they burned

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like so much tinder. The firemen were called out, but water was scarce, and with their primitive appliances they were helpless in the face of such a catastrophe. The hospital was soon in a blaze, and then flames burst forth in the beautiful new market. The "fire fiend" ruled that day, and stayed not his work of destruction till more than half of the pretty little city lay in ashes.

When night descended on the desolated town five thousand people were without shelter or home. Little remained save a few houses at the water's edge, the ancient fort with France's tricolor floating above its bastions, and the still older Savane, set with a line of scorched and blasted tamarind-trees. Under the branches the homeless citizens encamped that night, and drew comfort from the thought that, though many had lost their all, yet few lives had been sacrificed, and the glorious statue of Josephine, the pride of Martinique, still reared its stately head unharmed amid its grove of gigantic palms.

Such was the beginning and end of the great fire of Fort de France, the severest visitation that has ever befallen the peaceful and uneventful history of the Caribbees.

Fort de France has already begun to rise from its ashes, not with the quick rebound of a Yankee city, where the cheerful ring of the mason's trowel may be heard among the still smoldering ruins, but with a placid, gradual resurrection befitting the life of the lazy tropics. Fair Josephine's statue may be said to have borne a charmed life, for the great fire of 1890 is by no means the only danger it has survived.

Twenty years ago, when the uprising of the Communalists had been sternly suppressed in Paris, and many of the ringleaders had paid the penalty of their misdeeds, with backs against a dead wall and eyes confronting a file of grim soldiery, a few members of the defeated Commune escaped and fled wherever chance and opportunity led them. Some reached Martinique, and were not slow to air their doctrines among the simple islanders.

NEAR VIEW OF THE STATUE.*

To these refugees the statue of Josephine seemed a lasting reproach — an ever present evidence of the royalty they loathed and of the government they had left behind them. They thought it would be a fine thing to deface this work of art as they had effaced so many in Paris; and dynamite was actually procured and

* From a photograph by Dr. William F. Hutchinson.

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disposed to the best advantage round the base of the statue. But the proceedings of these old-country roughs had been noticed by some of the

COSTUME LIKE THAT WORN BY HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS IN MARTINIQUE.

women of Fort de France — broad-shouldered charcoal girls, strong and active *porteuses*, who had no idea of allowing indignity to be offered to "*La Jolie Créole*." When the destroyers assembled to wreak their spite on the marble, they found themselves seized by a score of stalwart women. The ruffians were secured, tied hand and foot, and, since they were caught in the act, no time was wasted on a trial. They were simply cast, bound as they were, into the bay. The waves over which Josephine's boat used to speed so lightly a hundred years ago now roll above the bodies of the vandals who would have insulted her memory. Communism found no congenial soil on Martinique, and the popular verdict was, "Serve them right." It all happened twenty years ago, and you will hear nothing of the tragedy to-day unless you inquire closely into the history of Josephine's statue.

But, apart from its history and its associations, the statue of Josephine is well worth attention as a work of art. The fair Empress stands beneath her sentinel palms a marble vision of loveliness. Her sweet face is turned toward her birthplace, her arms are bare, and her left hand rests on a medallion portrait of the great Napoleon.

The inscription states that this statue was raised by the inhabitants of Martinique to the memory of the Empress Josephine, born in the colony.

Not far from the beautiful monument there stood, a year ago, the building where Josephine went to school, but that, like the good nuns who

MARTINIQUE FRUIT-GIRL.

taught her, has become but a memory, and only the statue, the nine waving palms, and the short-waisted gowns of a few gaily dressed women are left to remind us of the lovely Creole who passed from the seclusion of a little island to share the throne of the conqueror of Europe.

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HOW DAN WAS SURPRISED.

By Alice P. Carter.

To the Boston Museum, a long time ago,
A little boy, impish as Puck,
Went one day with his nurse, who resembled a hen
In charge of a wayward young duck.

For our bright little hero was just at the age
When boys think it manly and "fine"
To tease and to worry a nurse, without end:
His age was, I think, about nine.

The Museum was reached, and our naughty young Dan
Was determined to have his own way,
And at last he peeped into a small private room,
In spite of all Biddy could say.

There a big-headed, ugly, and cross-looking boy,
Who appeared to be just of Dan's age,
Cried out, "You young rascal, get out of this room!"
And stamped on the floor in a rage.

Now Dan was a fighter. At school he was known
As a boy whom no other could beat,
So now he said grimly, "Don't try to scare me
By stamping your great ugly feet."

"Be off!" cried the other, "or I 'll turn you out!"
Said Dan, "I 'd just like you to try!"
Then he took a step forward, and doubled his fists,
And measured the boy with his eye.

. . . . . .

Two minutes had passed. They were not very long,
But they still were enough for the strife.
Our hero had had, in that small space of time,
The greatest surprise in his life:

He'd been beaten, and pounded, and pummeled, and thrashed,
And sent with a kick through the door,
Which was instantly slammed, while he fell on his back,
And lay in a heap on the floor.

Of course he was hurt, but he scarcely could feel
His bumps or his bruises at all,
Nor hear Biddy's scolding. His utter surprise
Was so great that all else appeared small.

That a boy of his age should have mastered him thus,
Whom older boys feared to offend,
So amazed and perplexed him, he scarcely felt pain,
But he understood all in the end.

For, arrived at his home, Biddy made her complaint:
"Indade and indade, ma'am, it 's so;
He entered a room, ma'am, and fought with the dwarf,—
The dwarf they exhibit, you know."

So the mystery was solved: he had fought a large dwarf,
A dwarf with the strength of a man,
Which, especially when it was used in a rage,
Of course was too much for poor Dan.

He was stiff for a week, and as sore as could be:
Perhaps you will say, "Serve him right!"
But he heartily laughed when he told me the tale,
Some thirty years after the fight.

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IN THE CLOVER.

By Maurice Thompson.

Butterfly,
Flutter by,
Over the clover,
Under the sky.
Sail and falter and fail,
And cling to the fragrant spray;
Shift and shirk,
No weather for work
Falls on a summer day.

Bumblebee,
Tumble free
Into the bloom of the tulip-tree;
Cease your bustle and boom,
Swing on a stamen and sing,
Or clutch a flagon frail and fine,
And drowsily drink the wine,
And rest your rumbling wing.

Meadowlark,
Glow like a spark
That will set the fields afire;
Tenderly whistle
On top of a thistle
A "turilee" to your mate up higher
In a dusky locust-tree.
There! There!
Away goes care,
And a dream comes over me.

A boy tired out with play,
On a summer holiday,
In the grass so cool and deep
Let me lie and sleep,
While the butterfly goes fluttering over,
Between blue sky and purple clover,
And the bumblebee bumbles
And whirls and tumbles,
Where the meadowlark's nest
And her golden breast
Have clover
All over
For cover.

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IN THE CLOVER.

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Letty Penn's Visit

By Lillian L. Price.

I mind how the roses smelled, and the lilies — mother's garden was full of flowers — and I mind how proud I was of the new house of barked logs; 't was the only one in Gwynedd, and had its staircase outside, very stately. I mind all this, Gwen, and more, when thee gives me that sprig of lemon-verbena, my little granddaughter. Thee must have heard the story of Letty Penn's visit? Thee has n't? Then sit thee down, my love. I like to tell it.

For all that I was Quaker-bred, the Evans blood still had its sway in me. In Wales, thee knows, the Evanses were not of the Friends. And I had soft curls, and pretty dimples, and dancing came readily to my young feet. But in the old days at Gwynedd — no, no! I could not dance.

The Indians were very friendly, and across the Wissahickon dwelt a settlement of them. A young squaw that came sometimes to our house made friends with me. I remember her yet. She was a lithe, tall girl, graceful,— and she — but thee must wait. I went often to her camp and learned besides weaving — but thee must wait.

William Penn had but just finished his house at Pennsbury. I mind the talk of its splendor. 'T was of fine English fashion, and had moreover a great hall for Indian receptions, and there the Lord Proprietor of our Province kept his state with all simplicity and dignity. You may well guess the flutter I was in, one October afternoon, when Brother Abner's long shanks came flying up the garden, and he fell over Aunt Jane's apple-bowl as he tumbled into the kitchen.

" 'T is three by the dial," gasped he, " and at five comes the Lord Proprietor, William Penn, and his daughter Letty, to pass the night with us. Father sends thee word to make ready."

I mind me I was stinting on my sampler, and such a wry stitch as I put into the cassowary's leg — alas, it cost me ten stitches to get it out!

But therewith began a preparation. My Aunt Jane was of the sterner sort, but my mother was

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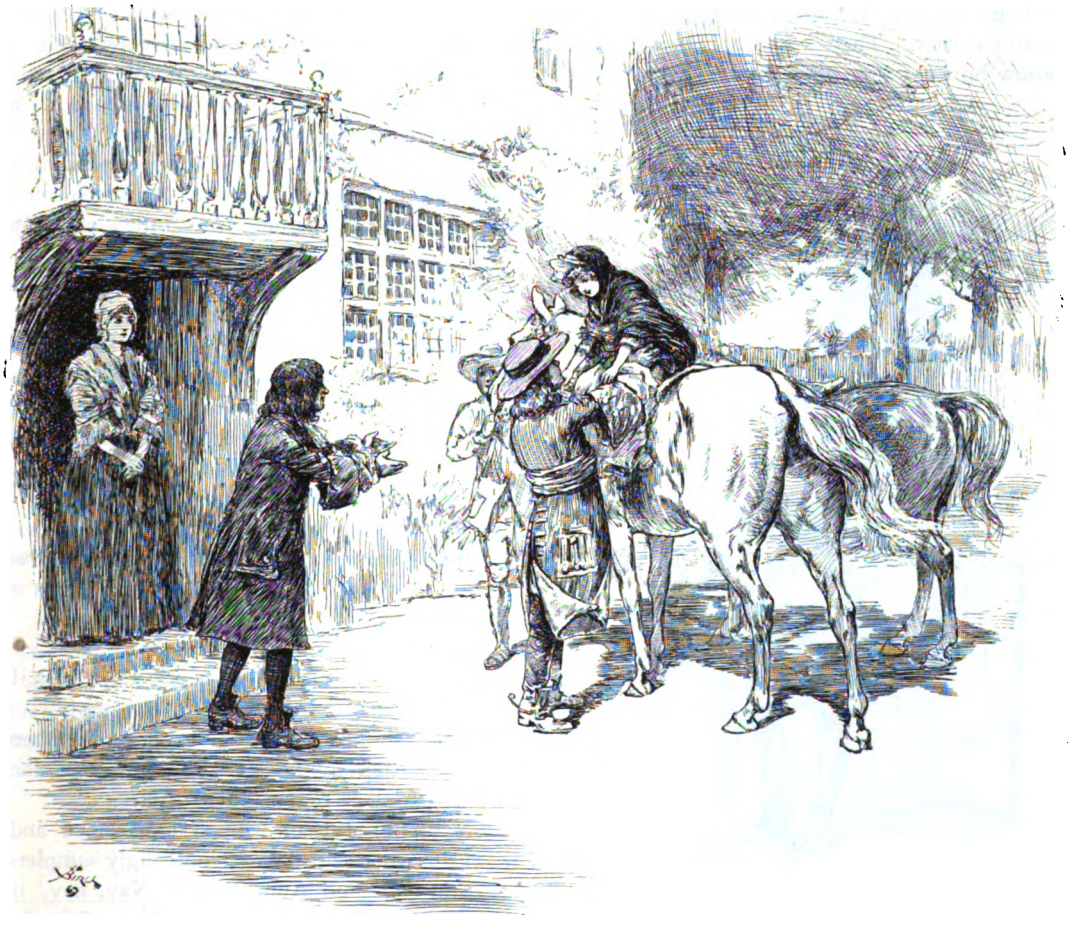
all peace. 'T was Aunt Jane who kept my heels flying hither and yon, and truly I dreamed so long of what Letty Penn would be like, over the honey jar down in the cellar, that I earned the box o' the ear that Aunt Jane gave me. Though she spoke out about it afterward in the meeting—dear soul!—as an infirmity of temper. We built a great fire in the best bed-room, and I aired the linen for mother, all sweet with lemon-verbena and lavender spears.

"Thee shall take Letty to sleep in thy bed," said mother. And straightway, as I stood before the fire with a fat goose-feather pillow in my mouth, tugging on the cover, the naughty thought crept into my mind which made all the trouble. Perchance Aunt Jane's cuff roused my Welsh blood. So *she* said, dear soul.

When I heard the hoof-beats coming down the road, I grew suddenly shy and climbed into the great blue chest and nestled down into the thick comforters to rouse enough courage, by judicious hiding, so that I might greet Letty Penn in seemly fashion. When Abner led away the horses I slipped down and peered through the great window. William Penn stood shaking hands with my elders, and I mind yet his sweet, strong smile. He had a courtly manner, and his daughter lacked it not. She sat before the fire with riding-cloak thrown back, and a silken bonnet of plain fashion lying on her lap. Her stout little boots were thrust out toward the fire as if her feet were cold, and she looked up into Aunt Jane's face with a pretty, winsome smile that set my heart a-beating. I loved her



THE ARRIVAL OF WILLIAM PENN AND HIS DAUGHTER LETTY.

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then and was ready to tell her all my secrets before I had even spoken to her.

So I entered the room and was presented to William Penn, who kissed me kindly on the forehead, and then I was led to Letty. While Aunt Jane lingered near us we said but pretty formalities. Presently the supper called her away, and I, pulling a low settle closer by the fire, said softly, unwrapping her cloak the while, "Thee 's cold. Come sit on my settle in this warm corner. Thee 's had a long ride and I know how a pillion tires one. Let me rub thy

"I ENTERED THE ROOM AND WAS PRESENTED TO WILLIAM PENN."

hands — so. Wait a bit. Does thee like cats? Thee can have my moppet to warm thee."

"Thee 's kind," said Letty Penn, hugging my cat. "Is thy name Gwen?"

"Yea," I replied. "Gwen Evans. Is n't thee very hungry?" And she laughed.

"Don't thee tell any one, but I truly am," she said. And we squeezed each other's hands when Aunt Jane set a cold roast on the table.

I mind that supper, and how pretty our manners were, and how the boys sat in a long, solemn row and ate great quantities, though their knee-buckles knocked together in shy affright if ever they were addressed.

William Penn talked sagely to my father of Indian treaties, and all the while, with my naughty poll full of its mischievous plan, I helped my brother Abner bountifully to cheese and cakes, the better to coax him later to lay a fire in my bed-chamber. And so he did.

When it came time for the children's candles, I felt my heart grow jubilant. At last I could talk to Letty, free from Aunt Jane's watchful eyes.

I mind me how quaintly sweet my room was, with white dimity hangings, and a little, dumpling feather-bed. I pulled two crickets up to the crackling fire and we cuddled together upon them. "I think my father likes thine," said Letty; "and thy mother is sweet."

"Thy father is a great man," I said. "Does thee think us simple here?"

"Not I, truly," said Letty frankly.

"Was thee ever," I said bending close to her — "was thee ever sorry thee was born a Friend?"

"Never. Was thee?"

"Yea!" I returned vehemently. "I wish I had been born an Indian! Oh, 't is fine!"

"Thee should not wish to be a heathen savage. Thee should be glad thee 's of the Lord's people," remonstrated Letty.

"Nay, but Indian women can dance and roam the woods all day. I hate ugly samplers and stiff caps and Aunt Jane's 'Nay, nay,' if ever I trip it about the garden. Father's lambkins frisk, and the Lord made them, and the little leaves dance."

With that, I made a dive under my white foot-valance and came out tugging a battered bandbox. "Thee must never tell," I said, tossing my cap on the bed and pulling a tall, hideous Indian head-dress over my curls, "but I am going to show thee an Indian dance. They say I am never to dance, but thee shall see!"

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Off came my calfskin boots and on went a pair of moccasins. I wound some beads about my neck, I twisted a scarf about my waist, all the while watching Letty alertly to see if she admired me. A merry laughter shone in her eyes. Thereupon I sprang to my feet, and straightway began such a twisting, whirling, swaying, and leaping, with sidewise bounds, with clutchings of the air, and mad "pot-cheesing" of my sober gown into giddy balloonings, as might well have startled any one. My curls flew; I made the motions of flinging tomahawks,—all learned with care in the woods of that same Indian woman,—and Letty looked on delighted.

"Does thee like it?" I gasped, falling at length upon my cricket, exhausted.

"It is gayer than grandma's minuet," she said admiringly. "Thee might teach me a turn."

I tossed her the beads and tiara, and at it we went; aye, so absorbed were we in the glee of it, that we heard no rattle of doors or casements, and were leaping giddily when Aunt Jane entered the room.

Thee does n't know what a sin it was to Aunt Jane. Letty had been reared more leniently and guessed but little of the horror of my aunt at such an atrocity as Indian dancing.

"Gwen Evans!" she said, "has the Evil One possessed thee? Get thee to bed."

And I saw my cherished gear put on the fire, there to shrivel up in the flames, and I mind me how the moccasins curled and writhed and twisted on the glowing logs, while Letty and I watched them with the frightened tears streaming down our faces. I mind how Aunt Jane lit a tall candle and read a long chapter to us, we squeezing each other's hands under the coverlids and sobbing softly. I liked not her good-night kiss, but lay sobbing after she went, with Letty whispering such consolation as she could, till the dear mother came in. My dear mother! 'T was she who hugged us both, and kissed us both, and laughed and cried over us, but we slept comforted.

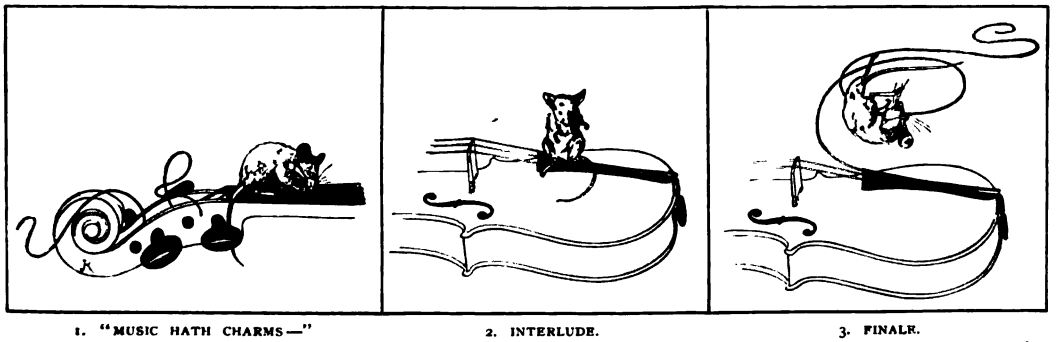
And I mind me next morning after breakfast how we stood at William Penn's knee and confessed our wicked dance, and how benignly he forgave us; though I, glancing cornerwise at him, even in my humiliation, thought I saw a smile curving about his mouth. They left us in the afternoon. Letty and I clung to each other on the horseblock. My eyes this time were dim with hearty tears.

"Thee will always keep my sweet-grass ring?" I murmured.

"Always," she said. "And thee will keep my carnelian heart?"

"Verily I will," I said, "all my life." And so I watched her gray cloak vanish up the road between the gold and scarlet maple-trees.

This is the carnelian heart, in this little case, Gwen. And the roses and lilies of mother's garden? Oh, it was years later that I culled them, a great nosegay of them, to take to Letty Penn's wedding. But I think of them always when I think of her, and seem to see the old home again, love, when thee brings me this sprig of verbena.



1. "MUSIC HATH CHARMS—" 2. INTERLUDE. 3. FINALE.

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SUMMER WIND.

By R. K. Munkittrick.

Happy spirit, free from care,
Lightly drifting here and there,
Through the forest murmurously,
Waking music in the tree;

Toying with the dewy blooms
Where the brown bee drones and booms,
Stealing odors from the red
Roses in the garden bed;

Rifling purple flower-bells,
Loitering in rosy shells,
Kissing into pearls the sea
'Neath the white moon, daintily;

Bearing o'er the ripples sweet
Of the poppied, olive wheat,
Butterflies down hazy dales—
Golden ships with golden sails!

And when all is calm and still
In the meadow, on the hill,
Then we know you are asleep
In some flower cool and deep.

AN OPEN SECRET.

By Anna M. Pratt.

Rose, I will guess your secret—
Your blushes shall speak—
Did you leave some velvety petals
On a wee, warm cheek?

Did you float on a morning zephyr,
Blowing soft from the south,
To breathe your balmy fragrance
On a dewy sweet mouth?

Does the dent of a tiny dimple
Mark a mute caress,
Where you tenderly touched the baby,
Her lips to press?

Ah! Rose, with your beauty and fragrance,
You must yet have a care,
For our darling is fairer and sweeter,
Were you never so fair!

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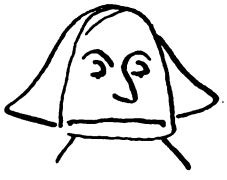
PENCILED JOKES.

By Benjamin Webster.

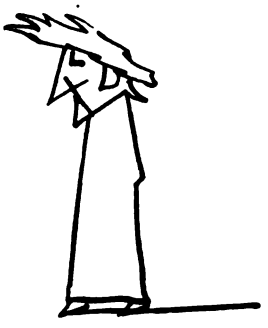
IT is said that William Hogarth, the famous English artist, once made a wager that he could draw with three lines a soldier going into a tavern followed by his pet dog. He won, whether fairly or not the reader must decide, by the clever drawing that makes here the initial I.

Such penciled jokes, while not very rare, are always amusing. Two of the most solemn and dignified characters in history serve as the subjects of the following designs, which an artist made one day for me without claiming them as original. The first is, of course, the "Father of His Country."



THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

A very little practice will make one a skilled historical painter, so far as this sketch can bring about that result. The second is Dante, the laurel-crowned author of the "Inferno," and even this striking likeness need present no insuperable difficulty to the serious Student of Art.

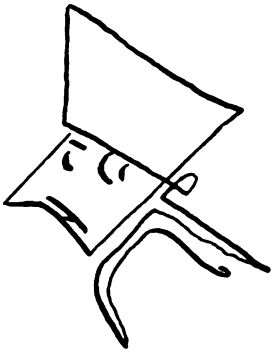


DANTE, DEPRESSED.

I showed these two masterpieces to another artist, who, in return for the light they threw upon the practice of his profession, willingly proceeded to exhibit to me some that he had picked up during a diligent study of the old and young masters of Europe.

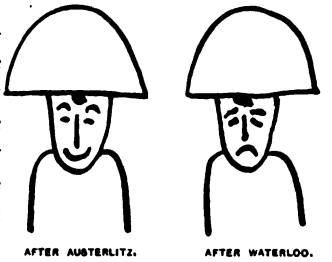
"Frederick the Great was no doubt a remarkable man," said he, "but a few lines will present his most striking features very forcibly, as has been shown by a distinguished German draftsman."

Then he drew one continuous line beginning at the little hook on the shoulder, and a few short ones, and there was the great Prussian as perfectly depicted as Carlyle could have done it. One might almost read his character from this speaking likeness.



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

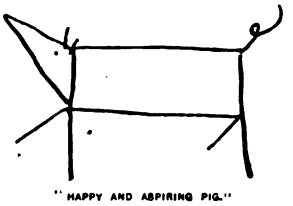
"The same great artist could also draw Napoleon the First, and has depicted him at the two most momentous epochs of his career," my friend continued, taking another piece of paper. "First we see him after Austerlitz; while the second picture shows very clearly that his sentiments were quite different after he had met the Iron Duke at Waterloo."



AFTER AUSTERLITZ. AFTER WATERLOO.

NAPOLEON I.

Then descending from the heights of history to pastoral life, he asked me whether I had ever seen the three pigs. Not knowing which pigs he meant, I said frankly that I had n't. Whereupon he drew three oblong rectangles upon the paper. "This," said he, adding a few forcible strokes to the first, "is the happy and aspiring pig."



"HAPPY AND ASPIRING PIG."

Then passing to the next, he made a few similar lines and said, "While this, as you see, is the unhappy and desponding pig." In old

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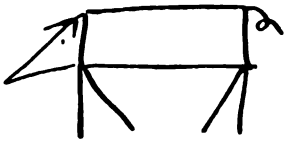
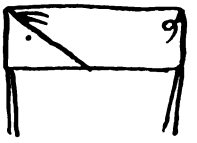
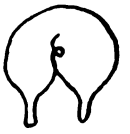


"UNHAPPY AND DESPONDING PIG."



THE SELFISH PIG.

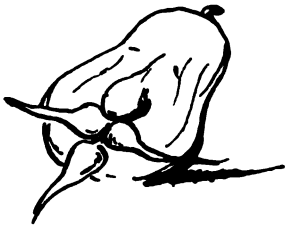


AN INDIFFERENT PIG.

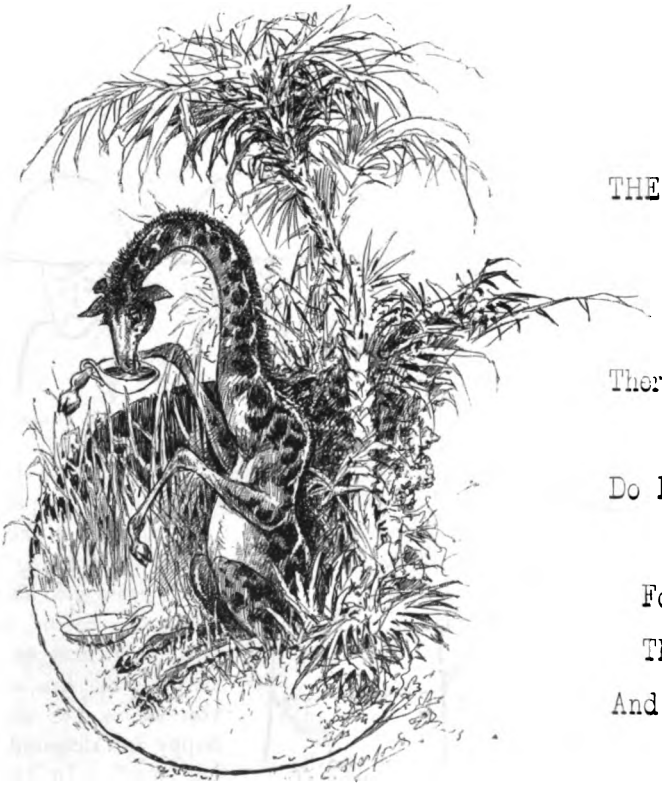
pigs there were. But some modern genius saw that the field was still open to another pig, and added "the pig who is wrapped up in himself." These three recalled another, and seizing a third scrap of paper he drew in an unbroken line a pig whose outlines suggested that he came from the land of Dikes and Ditches.

times, he told me, that was all the

"There is another historical portrait," added the artist, "which is less simple than those that I have shown, but is perhaps well adapted to students who have advanced further in their profession." Then as a final triumph he drew a pumpkin, added a turnip and three carrots, and declared the result a fair likeness of the Emperor, Napoleon III., "The Nephew of his Uncle."



NAPOLEON III. BY A VEGETARIAN.



THE UNFORTUNATE GIRAFFE.

By Oliver Herford.

There was once a giraffe who said, "What
Do I want with my tea strong or hot?
For my throat 's such a length
The tea loses its strength
And is cold ere it reaches the spot."

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THE STORY OF A♭ WHO TRIED TO B♯.

IN AN ORIGINAL KEY.

(*For Young Musicians.*)

was such a strange little boy, that until he reached the of one his friends all feared that he never would ~ out man. His head was full of and among them was one very one, viz: a determination not to learn his . He would run away to catch in the brook, and pretend to be when they called him to his lessons. His father said, " is either or ; I have little hope of him, as he shows no of intelligence."

One day Farmer called his son and said: "I want a of corn from the mill. Here is a to the miller; when he learns the of it he will give you the corn without any , as I cannot trust you with the money. Put the corn in this , it with this , and it tight."

set off, but when he had gone about an of the way he saw old , a superannuated horse, grazing in a field near by. The boy climbed the with and began to old with apples; then mounting on his back he began to beat him with a which he carried in his hand. The horse started on a *Presto.* across the field, and the boy was several times within an of falling off, when suddenly pitched him over his head into a nest. A stung him in the which began to < > rapidly. His cries rose in a wailing < until they reached their loudest *ff*. Farmer , who was plowing in a neighboring field, calling " " to his oxen, and trying to make them take

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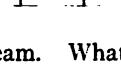
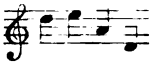
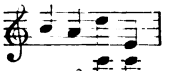
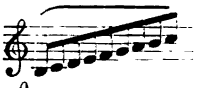
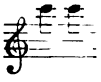
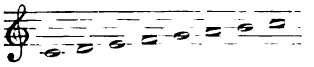
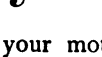
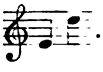
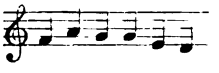
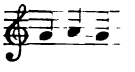
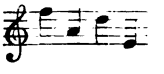
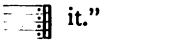
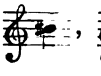
an *accel.* gait in place of their usual *rall.* movement, now came to the  and said to the boy: "I thought you were  until I heard you scream. What are you doing in this ?"

"Father  me go to the mill," he replied, "but I wanted to  away, cross the  ,  lofty mountains, and my fortune!"

"You must be off your  ," replied the farmer. "Go home and let your mother put you to ."

The boy's cries having passed through all stages of > and *p.*, now reached their *fine.* "Yes, I will," replied  . "I am  out, but I and somewhat at the prospect of my punishment. Perhaps father will me up and  me, but the result of this adventure will last the of my life; it will never  from my memory, and I am sure I shall not wish to  it."

"That's right, sonny!" answered the farmer. "  , , but don't !"

Louise Livingston Bradford.

"HELLO, MESSMATE!"

By H. A. Ogden.

"Why, hello, messmate!"
The old tar said
To this dear little chap so bright,
"Is your craft a reg'lar man-o'-war?
Did she ever win a fight?
Or is she one of the navy new,
Of steel and iron, through and through,
An armored cruiser white?

"If our country called you
Would you go,
As we did in sixty-one?—
Thousands on land, thousands on sea,
Wherever brave deeds were done.
In those days ships were made of wood,
But we found them strong, and stanch, and good,
And many a fight they won.

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"HELLO, MESSMATE!"

"Up there stands
The 'Brave Old Salt,'
Farragut! Sailors know
How he led his fleet to victory
Wherever boats could go.
Since war began
No braver man
Can any nation show!

"And so, little lad,
If in time to come
You should wear the sailor's blue,
Though Farragut 's gone and many more
Who proved to our flag so true,
When you 're a man
Do the best you can,
You may be a Farragut, too!"

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HURRAH for July and its glorious Fourth! We keep it, we Jacks-in-the-pulpit and boys and girls, because we are so glad to be in a free country.

And now to business. What have we before us to-day? Ah yes! those two matters started at our April meeting,* namely: WHAT IS THIS? (meaning that very queer picture I then showed you), and Fanny S. B.'s question, HAVE HORSES, DOGS, CATS, ETC., LANGUAGES OF THEIR OWN?

Well, answers to these questions have come to this pulpit to my perfect satisfaction. Some right, the dear Little Schoolma'am says, some wrong; some good, some not so, but one and all showing honest interest and industry. So we three, the Deacon, the Little Schoolma'am, and your own JACK, thank the writers most heartily.

Bless me! Either ST. NICHOLAS makes young folks delightfully clever or else only delightfully clever young folk take ST. NICHOLAS. One or the other is the case, of that I am sure.

Now you shall hear who among you all, my dear firework-ers, dictionary-hunters, and finger-inkers, sent the correct name or description of that queer object in the picture. It is a MAMMILLATED SEA URCHIN, or the variety familiarly and affectionately called *Heterocentrotus Mammillatus* by those frisky naturalists.

The following sent correct answers: Lyndon Despard, Charlie Kellogg, Gerry G. Buswell, Alfred Bowie, "Jack Tar," Louis O. Tucker, Kittie Schimdt, Eleanor M. F., Nellie D. Bevies, M. L. Robinson, Phyllis E. Parker, Joseph N. White, Mabel Gleason, Ezra L. Pound, Gertie Moon.

Kittie Schimdt tells us that children in the South Sea Islands use the spines for slate-pencils. Charlie Kellogg says, "They have strong teeth and can eat crabs, and can climb up glass." Frances M. agrees that it is a sea-urchin, but on the authority of a wise cousin says there are sea-anemones in the picture. Lyndon Despard bristles with facts: "It is smaller than the ordinary sea-urchin, with spines five or six inches long, each blue up to the white ring and then red." The classification of this patriotic creature, he says, is: Order, *Echinodermata*; Family, *Echinoidea*; Genus (*Cidaris*), *Mammillatus*. Horace P. A., ten years old, gives the name *Cidaritis Imperialis*. "Jack Tar" declares it bears the simple name *Heterocentrotus Mammillatus*, and comes from the Pacific Ocean; he adds that a specimen is in the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, where he lives. Gerry G. Buswell is one of five brothers who, during vacations at Monterey, California, "find them clinging to the rocks and have to pull hard to get them off. They attach themselves by suckers. They are dark purple. The spines become pointed when they are taken out of the water. The mouth is in the center of the shell in the picture." His letter is bright and original.

Of those who held opinions differing from these, Nora M. suggests the name *Actinia Crassicornus*, a sea-anemone; Gertrude A. W., a Scotch lassie, says it is a "sea-anemone seen through a microscope"; H. W. M. declares it "a very fine cluster of Brazilian agates"; Marion McA. and Edith M. P. think it a sea-anemone, while Dick and Jack, two chums living opposite one another, "think and are sure that it is a chrysanthemum," and Elva F. calls it "a flower made up of base-ball bats." Bessie Durham identifies it as "a passion-flower," and Charlie G., Jr., at the end of a good letter about "Do animals think?" writes: "By the way, as to that mysterious picture on page 483, *I* think it is a penwiper or something very much like it."

So you see the answers made it animal, mineral, and vegetable, but only those who took the sea-urchin standpoint were correct. JACK thanks you all for your clever letters, which came from everywhere — Texas, Scotland, California, Staten Island, Minnesota, Canada, Maryland — north, south, east, and west.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

SO many bright and interesting letters have been received in answer to the question asked by Fannie S. B. in the April number that your JACK must print as many as he can crowd in.

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

DEAR JACK: I am thirteen. It 's my opinion that horses, cows, dogs, and cats, etc., all have a way of making each other understand, and this is why: When we were home, I remember one day my sister Isabel and I were eating our lunch out in the yard at school, and we had such fun watching the big red ants carrying off some crumbs of bread we would throw near their mound. First one ant tried to carry a crumb, and finding he could not manage it, he left it and went away. In a little while he and one other ant came and tried it together; then they stopped and got a third to come and help them, and the three carried the crumb to the mouth of their hill and all went tumbling in together, and if ants have a way of understanding each other, I cannot help thinking the domestic animals must have too. MAUD Q——.

DEAR MR. JACK: I think cows, cats, dogs, etc., have a language of their own. I have often seen them standing with their heads close together, and looking as if they were talking on some interesting subject.

Your faithful reader, M. BRICE HILL.

DEAR JACK: I answer decidedly, animals have languages.

The reason I have for thinking so is this: We have a dog (not very beautiful) named Buff. A while ago

* See St. Nicholas for April, 1891, page 483.

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some neighbors across the street had a pointer-dog named Don, who was a great friend of Buff. One day Don was in the neighbor's yard, locked in. The fence was made of upright slats. Buff ran over to see him, but as Buff could not get in and Don could not get out, they could only wag their tails at each other. Suddenly Buff went round to a high gate beyond the house, and quite a way from the low gate where they were. The high gate was partly open, but not wide enough for Don to come through. Don disappeared also.

In a minute Don's nose appeared at the high gate, but no more of him. The gate did not open easily, for it stuck on the board walk. Buff shoved the gate and Don pulled with his nose. The gate yielded and opened. Don came out and off the friends trotted.

Don't you think when at the low gate they must have conveyed the plan for opening the high gate? Anyway, I think so. MAY H. F——.

ALABAMA.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think that animals have languages of their own, and can understand each other that way, because we once had a cat and five kittens. The kittens were rather wild. Mama was going by the place where they stayed. As she passed, all the kittens ran under the house, but the old cat went under with them and made a funny noise and all the kittens came out again and let mama pet them. I think the old cat told them not to be afraid to come out.

Yours truly, ELEANOR C. A——.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR JACK: In my opinion animals *do* have a language of their own in the sense that they certainly have a method of communication. I also believe that animals and birds reason. Thus in the case of my little canary, Teddy: He will first, when the water is cold in his bath, dip his beak in, as if wishing to know if it would be conducive to his health to take a bath that morning. Then his head will follow, and last (if the water suits him) his body. Sometimes he will hover about his bath-tub for about five minutes before deciding. Is not that reasoning? Also as to birds and animals having a method of communication, will not the chirp of a bird bring its mate to its side? Also, will not that same chirp show the state of the bird's feelings, as in anger, grief, or happiness? I could state many other instances, such as the bleat of the sheep bringing its kid to it, the low of the cow its calf, but for making my letter too long.

Yours most truly, CHARLIE G——, Jr.

DEAR JACK: Please give this to your chicks. I cut it from the *Bangor Whig*. Yours truly,

B. C.

A good cat-story, illustrating the sagacity of the felines, is told by an eye-witness. A cat saw a large rat run out from under a stable and seek shelter in a wood-pile. Tommy followed his ratship and tried to reach him, but could not do so. Finding that his efforts were in vain, Tommy scratched his head and hit upon an idea. Leaving the woodpile, he went off a short distance, informed another cat of what was up, and the two went back to the woodpile. Tommy No. 1 stationed No. 2 at the place where the rat had entered the wood-pile, while he climbed upon the wood and began scratching. This frightened the rat and out he ran into the chops of Tommy No. 2, who had been expecting such an occurrence.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR JACK: I think that animals *do* have languages. If there is poison around and one rat finds it out, all the rest know it almost instantly.

Then when a hen clucks to her chickens they *must* know that she says "Come," or something like it.

Your friend, NELLY D. B——.

FERNBRAE, DUNDEE.

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl of nine years, and have just taken ST. NICHOLAS this year. . . . In the April number you asked if your readers thought that all animals have their own languages. I think they have a sort of one; anyway, they can make themselves understood, especially horses, cats, and dogs. We have an old dog of fifteen, and a kitten, and we always know by the way the dog barks or the kitten mews if they are hungry or angry with each other. As for other animals I think you can see by the way they look at you what they want.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have written. Your little Scottish reader, GERTRUDE A. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR JACK: The buffaloes of North America have sentries when they are feeding, and at a snort, or prance, or a motion, the whole herd will make off.

The elephants when marching through the forests are led by an old one and obey him, stopping when he stops, and going when he goes. The springbok of South Africa is another animal of that kind. Hunters of Africa tell us that if one of the sentries discovered them, five seconds after being discovered the whole herd was nowhere to be seen. The wildebeest, bison, and zebra are other animals — besides the wild horses, who roam over the plains — that have a leader at their head who conveys his orders to the herd in some mysterious manner.

Whether this is a language between animals or whether it is not, it cannot be doubted that they have a way of communicating with each other. P. H——.

Annie H., Henry W. T., Elva F., A. L., A., Edith M. P., Agnes W., and Alice E. also sent very interesting letters.

WHICH IS IT?

DEACON GREEN is puzzled. He has been asked "What is our National Hymn?" Of course he has an opinion, but no man's opinion, however wise, can decide such a question.

He would like to hear from you young folks. Is our National Hymn "The Star-Spangled Banner," "My Country, 't is of Thee," "Hail Columbia," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," or "Yankee Doodle"?

With the World's Fair approaching, the Deacon says we ought to have this momentous question settled.

Talk this matter over with your parents, my children. Inquire of every one — in short, so stir up the question that there will be little rest for grown folk, or little folk either, until it is settled.

Who knows but that on the Fourth of July, 1892, you children all over this great country — east, west, north, and south, may be singing as with one voice the one authorized National Hymn that henceforth shall be recognized as ours forever!

THOSE TWO LONG WORDS.

X. Y. Z. requests your JACK to say that the two long words which she "broke up" for you last month are these: "INCOMPREHENSIBLENESS" and "DISPROPORTIONABLENESS."

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THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WILL Pansy M. M., who wrote a letter printed in the Letter-Box of the April ST. NICHOLAS, please send her full name and present address to the Editor.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and for some time have wanted to write and tell you how very much I enjoy reading you; but having a dread of the waste-paper basket, I have never gained courage to venture until now.

Two years ago I spent a winter in Florida. I enjoyed it exceedingly, and perhaps one of my most enjoyable excursions was my trip down the Oclawaha River, which I will briefly describe to you.

The Oclawaha River is a very crooked river, constantly twisting and turning. The water is not very clear, although in some portions, especially near Silver Springs, you can see the beautiful plants on the bottom of the river, through lovely pale-green or blue water. Tall trees grow along each bank, and sometimes nearly meet, so that they form arches over the narrow river; all the trees are heavily laden with Spanish-moss. We left Silver Springs (our starting point) in the early morning, and remained on the deck of the little steamer until dinner was announced. Oh, never will I forget that dinner! In the first place, it was served in a stuffy little cabin, and, in the second place, scarcely anything was fit to eat. You may well think we did not linger at the table.

We passed the afternoon pleasantly on deck, several of the gentlemen trying their skill in the fishing line, during the greater part of the voyage. We frequently saw alligators and large turtles, and one of the young men who was fishing discovered a moccasin snake swimming up the river; he caught it on his fish-hook, and it was immediately killed by one of the sailors. Evening came all too soon, and, after a tea in the little cabin, we again gathered on deck, this time to enjoy the singing of our colored crew. When we met the up boat, quite a time was made, ringing bells, tooting horns, etc., and each crew trying to outdo the other in loud singing.

The next morning, when we woke, we were at our journey's end, and all agreed in thinking it had been a very delightful trip.

Wishing you a long life of prosperity,

I remain your devoted admirer, E. M. J——.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just moved here from Montana. Last summer we spent in California, and thought perhaps you would like to hear something about our trip. We went to Pescadero and amused ourselves by picking and sorting the beautiful pebbles most of the time. After that we went to Monte Rey and visited the Hotel Del Monte, which is one of the largest in the world. We went through the old adobe churches with their tiled roofs, which are the old Indian Missions built by the Spaniards at Monte Rey. At Santa Cruz we enjoyed watching the surf-bathers. We went through the beautiful Yosemite Valley and often rode our little donkeys in preference to riding in the jolty stages. We came here over the Rio Grande way, where there is such magnificent mountain scenery.

Your constant admirer, VIVIAN T. C——.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Long live you! I thought I would write to you, as I have not before. I am eleven, and have two brothers, one eighteen and one fifteen.

I have a parrot named "Archie"; he talks a good deal, and he is pretty tame. I have no other pets; we had a dog, but he got poisoned in Newport, Rhode Island, where I was born.

I have a large seal collection. I have one put on by Daniel Webster, and a great many other ones. And a large stamp collection, which is pretty valuable. I have the first *Transcript* ever issued, which is worth a good deal. I have a good many old things besides these.

I go to school every day, and like to very much. I study reading, spelling, and arithmetic, Latin, French, and geography, grammar. We take drawing and carving, and Slojd or Swedish system of carpentering. It is very interesting. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will stop. So good-by.

From your constant reader, A. T. B——.

RYE, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wanted to say something about Rembrandt Peale, whose letter is in the April ST. NICHOLAS. He is my great-grandfather, and we have his portrait and his second wife's hanging in our parlor, painted by himself, life size. We have other pictures painted by him also. All his daughters were artists except my grandmother.

I have been much interested in your stories, but I like "Lady Jane" best.

Your affectionate reader, B. P——.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We stay in the Episcopal Orphans' Home. A little boy gave you to us for a Christmas present, and we like you very much; we don't know what we would do without you. We do all of our own work and go to school in the morning and in the afternoon we sew; we make our own clothes. We have a pet cat, two birds, and a great many chickens. Each one has a week in doing different parts of the housework; two girls cook every week, one works in the dining-room and two in the pantry. We have a little girl four years old, and she is the sweetest little thing we ever had here. She is the pet of the house; everybody loves her dearly.

We are, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your devoted readers,

WINNIE S——. and LOTTIE B——.

NUREMBERG, BAVARIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from quaint old Nuremberg, I would like very

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much to see one in print. Papa, mamma, and I have been spending the winter in Europe. We have been here for about a month, but leave for Italy in a few days.

I would like to tell you about something which happened while we were in Vienna. We saw the little Crown-Princess Elizabeth start for a drive with her mamma, the Princess Stephanie. They drove to one of their castles near the city; and while they were there a little peasant boy saw the little Princess; he recognized her and took off his cap, then ran to her, knelt and kissed her hand. They must have made a very pretty picture, as each of the children is only about six years old.

Most cordially yours, ENA.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEAL PARTY.

BY ISABEL YEOMANS BROWN.

I 'D like to give a party some lovely summer's day,
When the air is warm and fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay,
When song-birds warbling blithely and brooklets running free
And busy little insects all join in minstrelsy.

And who would be invited? First, that thoughtful little boy
With the heart so sweet and loving—I mean Lord Fauntleroy;
Juanita and her brother; kind little Sarah Crewe,
And Dorothy and Donald, and a host of others too.

Yes, all the story people—"Little Women," "Little Men";
And all Miss Alcott's people—the children of her pen.
And when it came to parting I 'm sure we 'd all agree
We had ne'er before attended such a pleasant company!

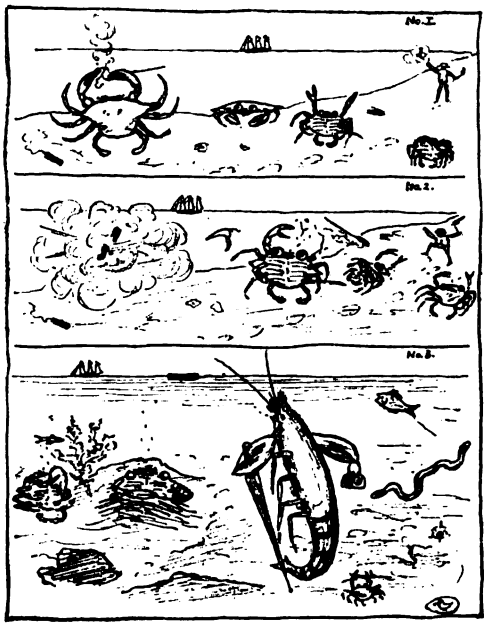
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICK: In all the three years that I have taken your charming paper I have seen but one letter written from this city. It seems so strange to me, because I know so many girls and boys that subscribe to you. You publish the prettiest stories! "The Gates on Grandfather's Farm" is lovely. I am so fond of the country. Almost every summer we go to a little resort not far from here called Lakeside. It is not at all like a farm, but we have a great deal of country fun there. At Lakeside families of ten accustom themselves to the use of four or five rooms. It is a cluster of about thirty cottages around a small hotel. All the guests have their meals at the hotel. There is riding, driving, boating, and every kind of outdoor fun all day, and dancing in the ball-room every evening. Last Fourth of July, mamma and some other ladies got up all sorts of races, and the gentlemen furnished very handsome fireworks in the evening. I won the prizes for four of the girls' races! Was I not lucky? One summer papa gave me a beautiful Cotswold lamb; I called her Miss Nibble Snow. She used to follow me everywhere, but her greatest accomplishment was playing "tag." She used to chase me all around the trees, and dodge with much more skill than I have. Finally she was so large that we had to sell her. I have never really enjoyed lamb-chops since! My small brother has a taste for gardening, but his efforts are not crowned with success. Yesterday he came to me with a troubled expression that I knew meant mischief, and said, "I 've been fixing your plant, but it don't look right." He had killed it. But when he said, "Please scuse me," I had to forgive him.

From one of your admiring friends,

ELEANOR R. M——.

This picture of Mr. Crab's Fourth of July was sent to the Letter-Box by the late Frank Lloyd Drake, who made the sketches at the age of thirteen.



No. 1. Mr. Crab finding a lighted cat-tail and a firecracker on the beach, thinks he will celebrate the glorious "Fourth."
No. 2. He celebrates the Fourth, and loses his claw.
No. 3. He is obliged to call in Dr. Lobster.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you a little about the queer ways of the people living in Brazil. You must not think I have been there, for I have not; but my brother has, and he has told us a great many funny things about the way the people live, and of the odd customs. He says the first thing you notice as you enter a city is that the houses have no chimneys; that is because it is so hot that they never need a fire. Another thing he told us, which I thought was very funny, is that instead of the milkmen going around in wagons, as they do here, they drive the cow to the door and milk her. I think that is a good way; you can't have any water in the milk then.

I liked the story of "Lady Jane" very much, and in one of my books I have a picture of Mother Margaret. I hope this letter is not too long to print, as I have not told mama or papa anything about it.

I remain your loving reader, P. A——.

LARNED, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live a mile east of Larned. There is a little piece of the Santa Fé trail left, which has got filled up with dirt, but you can see where it was. There are lots of buffalo-wallows and trails around. The Denver, Memphis, and Atlantic R. R. is a quarter of a mile away, where it crosses the Arkansas River. The river rose before they got it built, and swept away some of the piles. The river is a mile from our house, and it rose within a quarter of a mile from our house. It went down that night, and next morning it went down about to its banks. It 's very

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sandy on the other side of the river. The trains got stuck in the snow a little piece west of here a week or two ago. There have been lots of wild geese flying over, and at night you could hear them down at the river. There are lots of people hunting them.

Your respective reader, WILL B——.

A CHARADE.

BY ELIZABETH S. BATES.

BERYL.—I AM the oldest, so I 'll tell
The first; now Mama, listen well:
Our first is what we call a man
Who leads the purest life he can;
Who feeds the hungry, clothes the poor,
And helps the needy at his door.

KITTY.—Our next is but a little thing
That carelessness will often bring
To pretty dishes, dolls and toys;
You tremble when you hear a noise,
For this small thing will mar them all
From just one little knock or fall.

ANNA.—Our third I say when I am glad
Or when I 'm very, very sad;
And when I stub my toe and fall
I say it then the most of all;
But when the rockets burst and shine
Then it tells we think they 're fine.

TOM.—Our fourth I 'm thankful that I 'm not,
For this good reason, that we 've got
A plenty in my sisters four;
I 'm grateful that there are no more.
So I am glad that I 'm a boy,
And like the things that boys enjoy.

ELIZABETH.—Our whole we all know very well;
We love to hear what he can tell
Of fun and frolic and the store
Of fairy tales and Brownie lore.
He 's everywhere the children's friend
And all to him their greetings send.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the Indian boys of the school at Hampton, Va. One Indian boy I like very much. The building where they live is named the Wigwam, and my aunt takes care of the boys. They are very kind to me. I had an afternoon tea, and invited some of the Indian boys and Mr. and Mrs. F., and "Peggy" (Peggy 's a dog). I had some chocolate and cakes, and a very nice time. All came whom I invited. One night there was a party at Winona (the Indian girl's home), and I went over to it. We had a very good time playing blindman's-buff and other games.

Our camp here in the Adirondacks is on a pretty pond near Big Tupper Lake. We have two guides, John and Fayette, and three dogs, "Foo," "Drive," and "Jack." We have three tents, one for papa, another for Aunt Anne and me, and one for the guides and a store-house. "Margaret," my doll, has a little tent put up, and one night she had a cunning little camp-fire, about as large as my hand. In front of the big tent there is a fire made to cook things, and in the evening we have a fire in front of our tents, and a little stove inside. I think I shall never forget about camp. The head of the first deer papa shot is to be mounted for my little room at home.

I fish all day, some days, but do not catch a thing. One night we went trolling for trout. When we got back it was dark, and we saw Fayette pulling up fish by the wharf. I fished there and caught a good many shiners, and papa caught beautiful trout, big pink ones and some little ones that were always cooked for me. Papa has given me a fly, a "grizzly king," on which he has caught thirty trout, and I wear it in my cap.

I love you, ST. NICHOLAS, very much indeed. Good-by. Your little friend, JEANNETTE J——.

THE AQUARIUM.

BY HAMILTON. (*A Young Contributor.*)

AN Aquarium is a very interesting thing. It consists of a water-tight glass case, open at the top, half full of water, with the bottom just covered with sand and a few big rocks in the middle; it is nicer to have a flag-lily or any other aquatic plant and a bank of sand at the side. The most familiar animals for the Aquarium are gold-fish, turtles, frogs, lizards, alligators, tadpoles, etc. I advise my readers not to have any frogs, for they are always jumping out and they eat most of the other animals. I have known a frog in my Aquarium to eat in one day a small turtle, two goldfish, and one pet lizard; after this greedy meal he died of indigestion.

The best thing to give your animals to eat is a thin wafer called rice-cake, broken up into small pieces and thrown into the Aquarium; this can be obtained at the druggists or animal fanciers.

The water should be changed once a day to keep your animals healthy. The best way to change it is by having a hole in the bottom of the Aquarium with a piece of wire netting over it, so that the small animals cannot escape. When you have taken out enough water the hole may be stopped up by means of a cork.

It is very interesting to get some frogs' eggs and see them hatch; first they will burst and a miniature fish will come out of each one of them; then in the course of several weeks they will grow larger; then two fore feet will gradually grow; then two hind feet will slowly grow, and the tadpole will look something like a lizard; after a while the tail will wither off, the nose will become pointed, and the tadpole will become a small frog, which in due time will grow larger, and croak, hop, and "Jump Jim Crow!"

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Ida M., Minerva C., L. H., Roy W. J., Gertrude A., Isabella C., Carita A., Alfred F. E., C. E. J., Arthur H. T., D. A. D., Margaret C., Jesse R., Stella S. Y., Charles G. H., Wilder W., Helen F., George H. S., Jean H., Fritz A. G. N., Marian B., Ermine B., Marie De F., Alton F., Harry W. W., Willie A. C., Laura, Louisa, Beatrix, and Dora, Louise W., Jean K. and Clarence E., Harry G. N., Elsie D., Elsie T., Janet C., Charles F. E. Jr., Carrie E. L., Helen Curtis S., C. L. E., Francis B. H., Jessie B. H., Katrina T. I., Sally F. D., Harker R., I. T. S., Nettie B., Margaret W. B., Evelyn C. S. G., Mary M. L., Frank E., Anne B. R., Andrew B., Gertrude and Helen B., A. A. S., Harry S. S., Herbert P., H. O. B., Olga R. G., P. D. V., Algenia T. G., Ethel C., Percy W., Margaret M., Eleanor B., Margaret F. J., Ernestine W., Ernest S., E. Lois S., Ethel J., Alice E., Susan H., Eliza A. P., Hetty M. A., Daisy M., Mary, Agnes, Julia, and Ella, Edith M. B., Horace P. A., Three Hungarian Girls, Florence C., Aimée M., Helen E. D., J. W. B., Saml. Breckinridge L.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Macaw. 2. Agave. 3. Cabal. 4. Avant. 5. Welts. II. 1. Pewit. 2. Erato. 3. Waver. 4. Items. 5. Torsk.

AN ESCUTCHEON. Centrals, Robert Burns. Cross-words: 1. Rembrandt. 2. Condorcet. 3. Auber. 4. Ebers. 5. Byron. 6. Patti. 7. Cable. 8. Gluck. 9. Verne. 10. Ino. 11. S.

WORD-BUILDING. I, in, Ain, gain, grain, earing, reaving, raveling, traveling, starveling.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Belgium. Cross-words: 1. Warbler. 2. Dream. 3. Fly. 4. G. 5. Tin. 6. Blunt. 7. Primary.

NOVEL DIAMONDS. I. Caprice. II. Eaten.

ST. NICHOLAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA, Contributors.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Centrals, Magna Charta. 1. S-imp-ly. 2. Re-war-d. 3. B-egg-ar. 4. Sl-ant-ed. 5. De-bat-ed. 6. L-act-ate. 7. La-she-d. 8. S-tar-ing. 9. C-orb-an. 10. Rot-ate-s. 11. Mor-dan-t.

A GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Tabor. 2. Adore. 3. Bowie. 4. Oriel. 5. Reels. II. 1. Nadir. 2. Apode. 3. Doree. 4. Ideal. 5. Reels. III. 1. Reels. 2. Eclat. 3. Elope. 4. Lapse. 5. Steep. IV. 1. Steep. 2. Tiara. 3. Eager. 4. Erect. 5. Party. V. 1. Steep. 2. Terra. 3. Ergot. 4. Erode. 5. Paten.

PI.

From the distant tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet faint undertune,
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy southwind, lingering, sweeps the royal blooms of June.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Boreal. 2. Oread. 3. Rent. 4. Eat. 5. Ad. 6. L.

A STAR. 1. M. 2. At. 3. Madison. 4. Tittle. 5. Stair. 6. Olives. 7. Nereids. 8. Sd (sad). 9. S.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Helen C. Mc.Cleary — Jo and I — "Infantry" — "The McG.'s" — Aunt Martha and Mabel — "The Peterkins" — Paul Reese — "May and '79" — Mamma and Jamie — "Violette" — Clara B. Orwig — Alice M. Blanke & Co. — "The Wise Five" — E. M. G. — "Uncle Mung" — Mary Thomson — Lehte — Grace and Nan — "Ed and Papa" — Nellie L. Howes — Edith Sewall — Carrie Thacher — Stephen O. Hawkins — Bertha W. Groesbeck — Charlie Dignan — Josephine Sherwood — Ida C. Thallon — Arthur G. Lewis — Hubert L. Bingay — Blanche and Fred — Charles Beaufort — Marion G. Rice — "Suse" — "King Anso IV." — Nellie and Reggie — "Juliet, Miranda, Ophelia, and Portia" — "Deerfoot."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from "My Lady," 2 — Edith P. T., 1 — Maude E. Palmer, 11 — A. H. R. and M. G. R., 11 — K. C. S., 1 — Horace Holden, Jr., 3 — H. E. H. M., 6 — R. W. Deacon, 1 — Carrie B. A., 1 — H. Hughes, 1 — Elva E. F., 1 — J. Clods, 1 — Elaine S., 3 — Holcombe Ward, 5 — A. V. and S. B. Farquhar, 2 — "Snowflake," 1 — R. L. McCormack, 1 — S. Barbour, 1 — Fanny and Mama, 2 — C. S. P., 5 — "Four Little D's," 1 — E. W. Wallace, 1 — Emeline A., 2 — "The Trio," 1 — "Papa and I," 1 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 8 — Edith M. Derby, 4 — "Uncle Ned and I," 7 — Cicely, 1 — "Deux Amies," 11 — "Polly Wog and Tadpole,' 5 — Elsie S., 2 — Lillie M. Anthony, 2 — "The Nutshell," 9 — Geo. Griffith, 1 — "The Pirate," 3 — "Hard Work," 2 — "D. I. Agonal," 2 — "Grandma, Mama and Harry," 5 — Thomas W., 1 — No name, 5 — Agnes and Elinor, 9 — Estelle and Clarendon Ions and Mama, 7 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — B. P. King, 1 — "Le Marquis," 1 — C. Curtis, 1 — P. M. Conrad, 1 — Agnes Laird and Frieda Mueller, 7 — "Snooks," 7 — Laura M. Zinser, 3 — James and Sarah Swaine, 5 — "Nemo," 1 — W. Kenney, 2 — R. and J. King, 1 — Robert Lee Randolph, 7 — Hetty J. Barrow, 8 — "Sunlight and Shadow," 10 — C. and M. Kellogg, 2 — Nellie Archer, 9 — L. H. Holland, 4 — Robert A. Stewart, 7 — Lisa Bloodgood, 10 — "Miramonte Quartette," 11 — M. L. Carmichael, 1 — Raymond Baldwin, 5 — Matie I. Dayfoot, 4 — Frances Adams, 4 — "The Rivals," 1 — Wilford W. Linsly, 6 — Mama, Grace and Annie, 5 — Geoffrey Parsons, 4 — "The Four C.'s," 2 — Bertram and Mama, 11 — E. N. G., 6 — Mama, Sister, and Marion, 4 — "The Scott Family," 10 — Ida and Alice, 11 — "Last of the Mohicans," 7 — Mary Keim Stauffer, 11 — "Dictionary and Co.," 5 — Clara and Emma, 7 — M. P. Trimble, 5 — No name, San Francisco, 10.

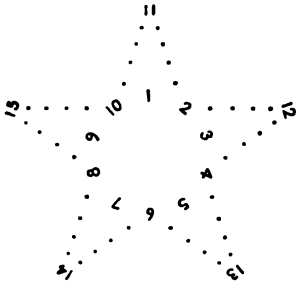
THE RIDDLE BOX

DIAMOND.

1. IN cranberry. 2. A beverage. 3. To venerate. 4. The first forge through which iron passes when it is melted from the ore. 5. To expunge. 6. Before. 7. In cranberry.

JULIA J. LEWIS.

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 11 to 10, one of the great leaders of the French Revolution; from 2 to 11, an English poet born in 1822; from 2 to 12, a name borne by several popes; from 4 to 12, an eminent English navigator; from 4 to 13, a great musical composer, born in 1684; from 13 to 6, the author of "Lucile"; from 6 to 14, a famous English admiral; from 8 to 14, a distinguished American traveler, writer, and poet, born in 1825; from 8 to 15, a famous painter; from 15 to 10, an illustrious philosopher and mathematician, born in the 17th century.

From 1 to 10, an name famous in history.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell historic ground.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A bird. 2. Undeveloped. 3. Mounds. 4. To compare. 5. Habit. 6. A song of joy. 7. Often seen in a fireplace. 8. Unruffled. 9. A tree which bears red berries. 10. Uneven.

"DICTIONARY."

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

IF one should be so cruel as to 1-2-3-4-5 a little child, he should make 2-5-4-5-6 to pacify him with an 3-4-5-6-7 or some other pretty fall flower, to atone for his 4-5-6-7-8 behavior; otherwise, he ought to be thrown into the water with the 5-6-7-8-9 and other aquatic fowls.

When placed one below the other, in the order here given, the five words to be supplied will form a word-square.

M. E. D.

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NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-eight letters, and am a sentence written by Rufus Choate.

My 76–10 is a verb. My 70–43–21–56 is an exploit. My 44–5–33–14 is delicate. My 7–26–67–60 is one of the United States. My 66–30–48–54 is a cleansing substance. My 13–37–32–73 is often made of pottery. My 20–39–46–23–52 is to be loquacious. My 3–17–8–78–36–63 is to jolt. My 1–69–18–50–11–9 is a prodigy. My 42–4–25–59–53–75–28–34–71 is one of a South African tribe. My 15–61–65–35–41–57–22 is to stammer. My 31–6–77–68–72 is a character mentioned in Genesis. My 55–51–27–12–29 is an ancient Scandinavian bard. My 62–74–49–47–38–24 is having a keen appetite. My 58–16–19–45–2–64–40 was a king of Egypt. M. M. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In toiling, not in work;
In heathen, not in Turk;
In headache, not in pain;
In fracture, not in sprain;
In stopping, not in walk;
In utter, not in talk;
In granite, not in slag;
In standard, not in flag;
In chasten, not in whip;
In schooner, not in ship;
In Francis, not in Will;
In Joseph, not in Bill;
In Judith, not in Beth;
In Lawrence, not in Seth;
In yellow, not in brown:
The whole brings noise to every town.

CYRIL DEANE.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Household articles. 2. A short sleep. 3. Floating on the surface of water. 4. A falsifier. 5. A little ball. 6. Rarely.

DOWNWARD: 1. In mottle. 2. In like manner. 3. An inclosed place. 4. Part of a book. 5. To impede or bar. 6. Gazes at. 7. To scheme. 8. To inform. 9. A color. 10. A preposition. 11. In mottle. JULIA J. LEWIS.

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

1. What country does everybody eat on Thanksgiving? 2. What city do you often find in a bottle? 3. What island do ladies sometimes wear? 4. What city is burned nightly? 5. What city of New Jersey is eaten for dessert? 6. What city do we find on a toilet table? 7. What city is worn on the head in summer? 8. What cape names a fish? 9. What city names a kind of board? 10. What river names a reptile? 11. What cape names a costly fur? 12. What river names a long coat? 13. What city in the northern part of the United States names a statesman? 14. What city in Asia might crow? 15. What two cities in the eastern hemisphere are used as trimmings? 16. What mountains are named after a giant? 17. What Australian river is a term of endearment? 18. What coast is a troublesome insect?

DAISY, NELLIE, AND FANNIE.

PI.

HET nus shang clam ta remsmus sipeo;
Het thare elis bedhat ni grimmeshin nono,
Ta ster rofm lal ehr cleerhuf inose,
Whit thear-grisstn liltneys ni nute.
Het mite, woh fluteibau dan read,
Wehn alyre strufi giben ot shlub,
Dan het lufl agafele fo eht yare
Wasys o 're hemt whit a grilshenet shuh!

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. An exclamation of joy or triumph. 3. The daughter of Cadmus. 4. Inflexible. 5. The angular curve made by the intersection of two arches. 6. A triangle. 7. Raising an uproar. 8. Proportioning. 9. The act of removing from one place to another. 10. The removal of inhabitants from one country to another, for the purpose of residence. 11. The act of sprouting. CHARLES BEAUFORT.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contain six letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a sea.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fish of the tunny kind. 2. A motet. 3. A grayish-white metal. 4. A narrow passage. 5. An Egyptian deity. POLLY.

HIDDEN DIAMONDS.

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. . . . 1 . . .
. . . 12 . 2 . .
. . 11 . . . 3 .
. 10 . . . . . 4
. . 9 . . . 5 .
. . . 8 . 6 . .
. . . . 7 . . .
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I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fabled monsters of terrific aspect. 2. Fire-worshipers. 3. To beat soundly. 4. One who incites. 5. A general statement reached by comparison of different amounts. 6. To deaden. 7. The son of Semele.

From 1 to 12, a very famous naturalist born in 1769.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. The god of the waters. 2. A fierce animal found in Africa. 3. The apparent junction of earth and sky. 4. A Greek measure of length. 5. Two-threaded. 6. The surname of a President of the United States. 7. One of the Muses.

From 1 to 12, a very famous inventor.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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Puck and Fairies

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII. AUGUST, 1891. NO. 10.

A RHYME OF ROBIN PUCK.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

HOWSOE'ER the tale be spread,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead.

At such tidings of mishap,
Any breeze-blown columbine
Would but toss a scarlet cap,—
Would but laugh, with shaken head,
"Trust it not, do not repine,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead!"
If you know not what to think,
Ask the tittering bobolink;
Straightway shall the answer rise
Bubbling from his gleeful breast:
"Dead? 'T is but his latest jest!
Robin Puck, the wild and wise,
Frolics on, and never dies!"

Had we but the elfin sight,
On some pleasant summer night
We should see him and his crew
In the fields that gleam with dew;
Had we but the elfin ear
(Pointed sharply like a leaf),
In the meadows we should hear
Fairy pipings, fine and brief,
Shrilled through throats of tiniest flowers;
Would that subtler sense were ours!

Tricksy Puck! I shall not tell
How it is I know him well.
Swift yet clumsy, plump yet wee,
Brown as hazel-nut is he;
And from either temple springs
Such a waving, hair-like horn
As by butterflies is worn;
Glassy-clear his glistening wings,
Like the small green-bodied flies'
In the birch-woods; and his eyes,
Set aslant, as blackly shine
As the myriad globes wherein
The wild blackberry keeps her wine;
And his voice is piercing thin,
But he changes that at will—
Mocking rogue!—with birdlike skill.
How it is I must not tell,
But you see I know him well.

Ah! with some rare, secret spell
Should we bathe in moonlit dew
Eyes that this world's book have read,
We should see him and his crew
In the dreamy summer dell:
For, howe'er the tale be spread,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead!

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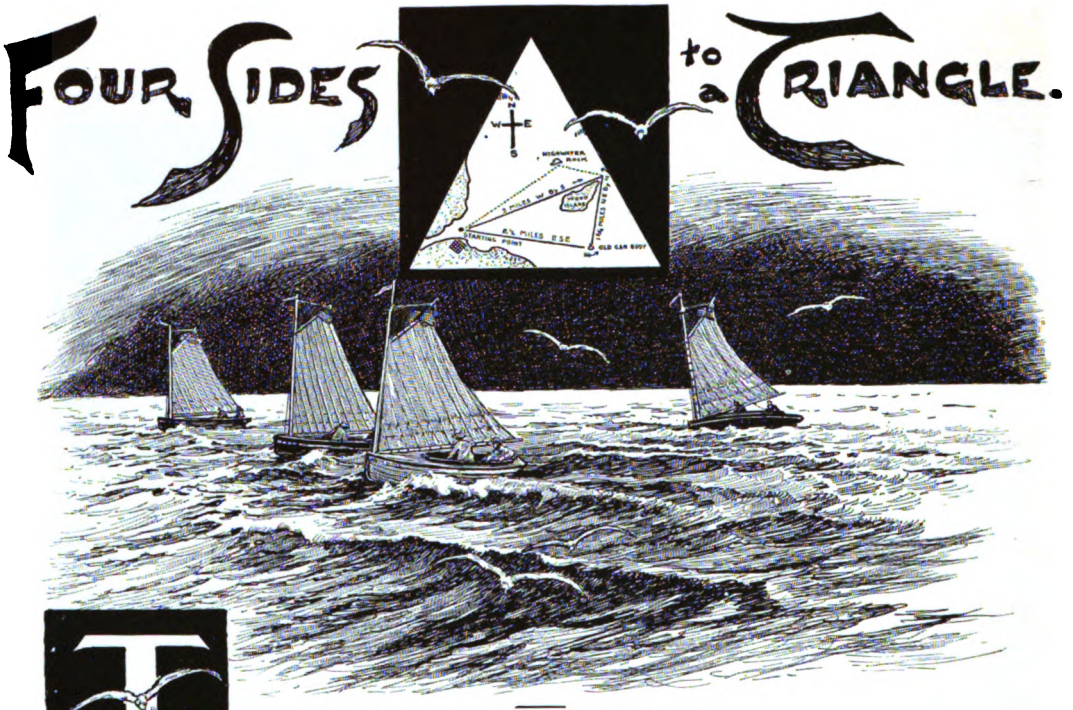
FOUR SIDES to a TRIANGLE.



By Charles R. Talbot.

THE race was to be a triangular one; the starting point off Ruggles's wharf; thence two miles and a half E. S. E. to Old Can Buoy; thence one and three-quarters miles, N. E. by N., around Wood Island; and then three miles W. by S., straight home again. It was to be sailed by the Quinnebaug Catboat Club, a youthful organization of the town of Quinnebaug, consisting of six catboats with their respective owners and crews, and having a constitution, a commodore, a club-house, and a club-signal, all its own. The prizes were given by the bishop's daughter. They were an elegant yachting ensign for the boat first in, and a brass compass set in a rosewood box for the second. The boys were enthusiastic over the prospect. There was not one of them, commodore, captain, or crew, but believed that the boat he sailed in would take either first or second prize.

Phil Carr and Horace Martin stopped at the bishop's cottage on the way down to the wharf, the morning of the race, to take a last look at the prizes. Miss Maitland herself was on the porch as they came up. Miss Maitland was a very beautiful young lady who came every summer to Quinnebaug with her father, the bishop. She took a warm interest in the affairs of the catboat club. She went into the cottage with Phil and Homer, and once more the ensign and compass were examined and admired.

"I only wish I might see this at the peak of the 'Nameless,'" said Phil, with the bunting in his hand. He spoke with the least bit of a sigh. The Nameless was a good boat; but, alas! there was one boat in the club, the "Flash," that up to this time had been able to show herself a better. It was to this fact that Phil owed it that Clarence Caldwell and not he himself was commodore of the club.

"I am sure I wish you might," said Miss Maitland, heartily.

Phil was a favorite with her, and there was no boy in the club to whom she would rather have awarded the prize.

"I shall try my best," said Phil.

Then Miss Maitland took from the table and held up before the boys what she laughingly informed them was a third prize, a large tin watch with a leather chain.

"This is given by my Uncle Poindexter,"

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said she. "He has come down here to deliver a lecture for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. You know he is full of fun. This is one of his jokes. It 's a booby prize for the boat that comes in last."

"The Nameless won't take that, at any rate," Phil declared stoutly. "Will she, Horace?"

"No," said Horace emphatically, "the Nameless won't take that."

There were things that the Nameless could n't do. She could n't come in last at a race.

The day of the great race came.

Down at the wharf quite a number of people had assembled, and the boats were already preparing for the start. The Nameless was quickly among them, with Phil at the helm and Horace close at hand, ready and alert at the slightest hint to do his captain's bidding. Presently the first gun was fired from the judge's boat, and the boats, all under way now, began standing about, each with the purpose of crossing the starting line at the earliest possible moment. Then, as the final minute drew near, one after another, as each found itself in position, they sprang away across the line. *Bang!* from the tug went the second signal; and the race was begun.

It was anybody's race for the first stretch. The wind was free, and good sailing was easy for everybody. The boats, all six, were still keeping well together as they rounded the Old Can Buoy.

From that point on, however, things were different. The breeze was forward now; and presently, with Wood Island to keep it off, there was less of it. There was a chance for manœuvering. You could make long tacks or short ones; you could lay a boat close to the wind or could keep her off; and the sailing qualities of both crafts and skippers were put more severely to the test. It soon became apparent, on this windward stretch, which were the better boats of the fleet. Two of them, before long, had drawn well ahead of the other four and seemed to be making up a match between themselves. They were the Flash and the Nameless. Phil Carr's eye sparkled and his heart beat quicker as he realized the fact. This was what he wanted; indeed, it was what he had expected. He had believed all along that the two boats destined to take those two prizes were his own and Clarence Caldwell's. He had felt sure that the Nameless would get the second prize at least. But he intended her to take the first. And as he sat there, the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, and felt his boat draw and spring beneath him, Phil resolved that she should take the first. The Flash was not a better boat than the Nameless. Certainly, Clarence Caldwell was not a better sailor than he. And if pluck and skill and watchfulness could do anything, he meant to be in first at the finish, and not second.

The Flash weathered the north point of Wood Island first, however, and, standing on a few moments beyond it to make sure of deep water, was first to turn westward for the home stretch. But the Nameless was not far behind her; and Phil, as he cleared the island, noted a condition of things that more than counterbalanced the distance between the two boats. The wind had shifted, around here. The run home would be straight before it. Moreover it was blowing harder. Now, as it happened, this state of things was exactly what the Nameless wanted and what the Flash did not want. With the wind aft and plenty of it, the Nameless was always at her best and the Flash at her worst. Phil Carr's heart swelled exultantly as he slackened his own sheet and headed his boat homeward. Well he knew that long before that three-mile stretch was ended he would overhaul his rival and leave him behind.

Five minutes later it seemed clear that Phil's hopes would be realized. They were certainly overtaking the Flash. The gestures of the boys on board the latter boat could now be plainly discerned. Phil gaily declared that he could see their faces grow long at the prospect of being beaten. Presently a stir was observable on board the Flash, and then Commodore Caldwell was seen to be looking very intently through a pair of field-glasses at something off to the northward.

"There 's nothing over there but Highwater Rock," said Phil. "What 's he looking at Highwater Rock for?"

"Perhaps he wants to know about the tide," Horace suggested.

It was a well-known fact among the boys that the state of the tide could be at any time almost

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exactly determined by a look at Highwater Rock. The rock was all out of water at low tide, and was just covered from sight at high tide. It was from this fact that it got its name. It lay half a mile or so northward of where the boats now were and could be plainly seen, although only a foot or so of it was now above water. The tide was nearly in.

"Humph!" said Phil in answer to Horace's suggestion; "he would n't need a pair of opera-glasses to see the tide with. No," he added, after a moment, "he 's looking at something on the rock. What can it be? It looks like a bird or something. Hand me the spy-glass, will you?"

So Horace brought the spy-glass from where it hung in the companionway, and Phil, giving Horace the tiller, opened it, carefully adjusted it to a mark on the barrel, and then leveled it in the direction of the rock. He had hardly done so when he uttered an exclamation:

"Why," cried he, "it 's a cat!"

"A cat!" repeated Horace in astonishment. "How came a cat on Highwater Rock?"

"I don't know," Phil answered, still looking through his glass. "But it 's a cat, sure. Somebody 's left it there to get rid of it, maybe."

"Well, they 've taken a sure way," said Horace. "The rock will be all under water in half an hour."

"Poor thing!" murmured Phil in a pitying tone. The glass brought the cat so near that it almost seemed the victim might hear him. "It 's too bad. I 'd stop and pick you up, if I was n't sailing a race."

They stood on several minutes, still watching the cat with interest. It seemed too bad to leave her there. But what could be done?

"I vow!" exclaimed Phil at last. "I think Clarence Caldwell might run over there and take her off."

He spoke in an irritated tone. Possibly his own conscience was pricking him a little.

"I don't see why *he* should do it any more than we should," observed Horace simply.

"I do," declared Phil. "He 's going to lose the race, anyway; and it won't make so much difference to him."

Horace shook his head. "I don't believe he will look at it in that way," said he.

It would seem that the owner of the Flash did *not* look at it in that way, for he still stood on. And the Nameless stood on after him. But Phil still looked anxiously now and then at the cat. And presently he took to looking aft, too, where the four other boats could now be seen coming round the island.

Perhaps some of them would go over and get the cat. There was no reason they should not; they could n't win the race.

But the minutes passed and the boats held on; and (although they must have seen her) not one of them showed any signs of turning aside to go to the rescue of the cat. Phil disgustedly gave them up at last, every one of them, as cases of utter, incurable heartlessness.

Then he looked over at the cat again. He almost fancied he could hear the poor creature's cries as the water rose about her. He turned his eyes away. He would not look at her. But he could not help thinking of her.

Then, all in an instant, he jumped to his feet, shoved over his tiller and began hauling in his sheet. The boat came up to the wind and in another moment, with her sheet trimmed well aft, the Nameless was running off at a sharp angle from her former course.

"Well!" uttered Horace in blank amazement, "what 's that for, I should like to know? What are you going to do?"

"I 'm going after that cat," answered Phil grimly. And that was all he said.

At the "finish" of the race, the Flash came in first, still making good her claim to being the best boat in the club. Commodore Caldwell proudly kissed his hand, as amid plaudits from the shore and the waving of gay-hued parasols and handkerchiefs he shot across the line and his time was taken.

The "Prancer" came next, not so very far behind, winner of second place. Then followed, one after the other, the "Winsome," the "*Jolie*," and the "Black-Eyed Susan."

And last, with her colors union down in comic token of distress, came the Nameless. Phil's friends greeted him laughingly as he and Horace came up the steps of the wharf.

"Hallo, Phil," they cried, "brought 'em all back with you this time, eh?"

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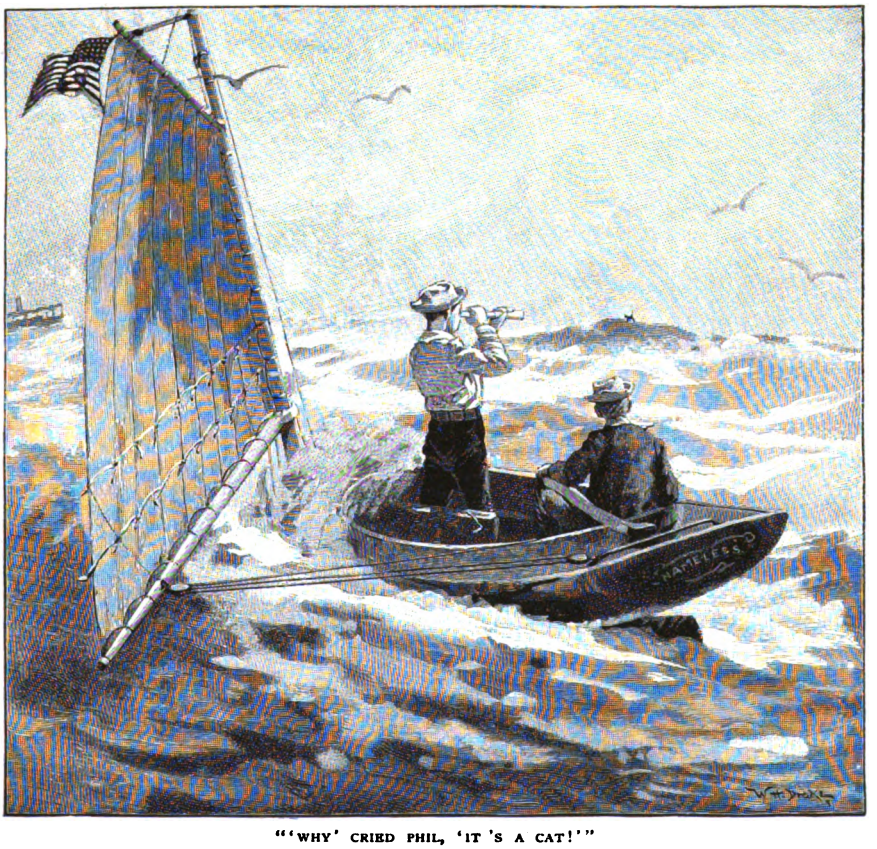
"Yes," answered Phil laughing too. "We carried everything before us this time."

Then, with the cat under his arm, he went up to the bishop's to get his tin watch. Phil had no notion of being ashamed of himself because he had been beaten. He was not sorry for what he had done.

There was a gathering of the guests on the bishop's lawn, where there were to be refreshments, and the awarding of the prizes.



"'WHY' CRIED PHIL, 'IT 'S A CAT!'"

Miss Maitland herself conferred the first two prizes, speaking a few appropriate words to the winners as she did so. Phil Carr's heart throbbed rebelliously as he saw Clarence Caldwell receive and bear away the yachting ensign. Phil had wanted that ensign dreadfully, and he knew that "by good rights" he ought to have it. But he was glad that Dave Comstock took the second prize, which Dave could not have done had the Nameless kept her course.

Then, after a moment, Mr. Poindexter, Miss Maitland's uncle, came forward holding a pasteboard box. Mr. Poindexter was a quaint, wiry little gentleman with a nervous manner and a quick, jerky way of speaking. His jokes always sounded funny whether they were so or not. Phil bit his lip and felt that his time had come.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Poindexter began in a comically impressive tone, "I believe that watches or chronometers are generally considered indispensable on board ship."

Then he took the tin watch from the box and held it up to view. There was a burst of good-natured merriment from the audience. They understood that this was the booby prize.

"I suppose they are needed," continued the speaker, "to keep the ship from being behind time." At this there was more merriment. Then he added facetiously, "I don't know whether this is the starboard watch or the port watch or the dog watch. Perhaps it is the anchor watch." Whereupon those who were

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"AND LAST CAME THE NAMELESS."

listening laughed more than ever; all except Phil, who did not feel like seeing anything funny about it at all.

Then Mr. Poindexter's manner suddenly became graver.

"But before I call upon the young gentleman who has won this valuable prize to come forward and receive it, I wish to show you its works," said he, "and to tell you a little story about it."

Mr. Poindexter, as he spoke these words, touched a spring in the case of the watch, which, flying open, disclosed a bright object within. This object he took out and held up to view by itself. It was a beautiful gold watch and chain. The audience gazed at it in silent wonder, Phil Carr more amazed and mystified than all the rest.

"You all know," continued Mr. Poindexter, smiling, "that I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is my hobby, people say. And I am quite content that they should call it so, if they like. Certainly, the objects which that society has in view commend themselves to me, and I think so well of them that I do everything I can to forward them wherever I am. When I came down here yesterday and learned about the boat race, I immediately concocted a little plan of my own in connection with it, which had to do directly with this hobby of mine. I resolved to test these boys, while they were racing their boats and striving for their prizes, in a new way—to find out how much kindness of heart they could feel and show for a dumb animal in distress.

"This was the way I did it. This morning, as soon as the boats started in the race, I had a man take a steam launch and go down to what you know as Highwater Rock and leave there, on the rock, a cat that I had borrowed. I did not mean to leave her there for any length of time, of course, or that she should be in danger. The man had instructions to wait until the boats were in sight before he left her; and he was to run over to Wood Island until the boats went by, and then go back and take her off again. I had an object in view which I thought warranted me in subjecting her to so much of anxiety. I knew that the boats, in sailing the

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last stretch of the race, would pass in full view of the rock and must see the cat. And I knew — and I knew that each of those boys would know — that if the poor creature were left there the tide would certainly come up before long and drown her. My object was to see if any of the boys would turn aside from the race to pick her up. I hoped that some one of them would be humane enough to do so even though he should thereby seriously damage his prospects in the race. I am glad to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that the plan succeeded admirably.

"The captain of one of the boats had the race practically in his hands. Four of the boats were well behind him, and he was rapidly overhauling the only one that was ahead. And yet, in spite of this, when he saw that none of the others would do it, he himself stood over to Highwater Rock and rescued the cat from her perilous position. I saw the whole race through a spy-glass from the bishop's cupola, as plainly as if I myself had been in the boat. It was a noble act. I honor and praise that young gentleman for it. And in the name of the society, which in some sense I represent, I thank him for it, and beg him to accept this watch as a tribute to his real manliness of character. Will Master Philip Carr please come to the platform?"

Then Phil, confused and blushing, went forward, and presently found himself, cat and all, standing before the audience while a perfect storm of applause burst upon him from the hundred true friends of his that were present. Everybody liked Phil Carr; but they liked him that day as they had never liked him before. And when he received his new gold watch everybody was as glad and happy over it as he was himself.

"Ah, Phil!" said the bishop's daughter as she took his hand to congratulate him, "this is better than beating the Flash, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Phil. And then he added confidentially, "But I mean to beat the Flash yet, Miss Maitland."

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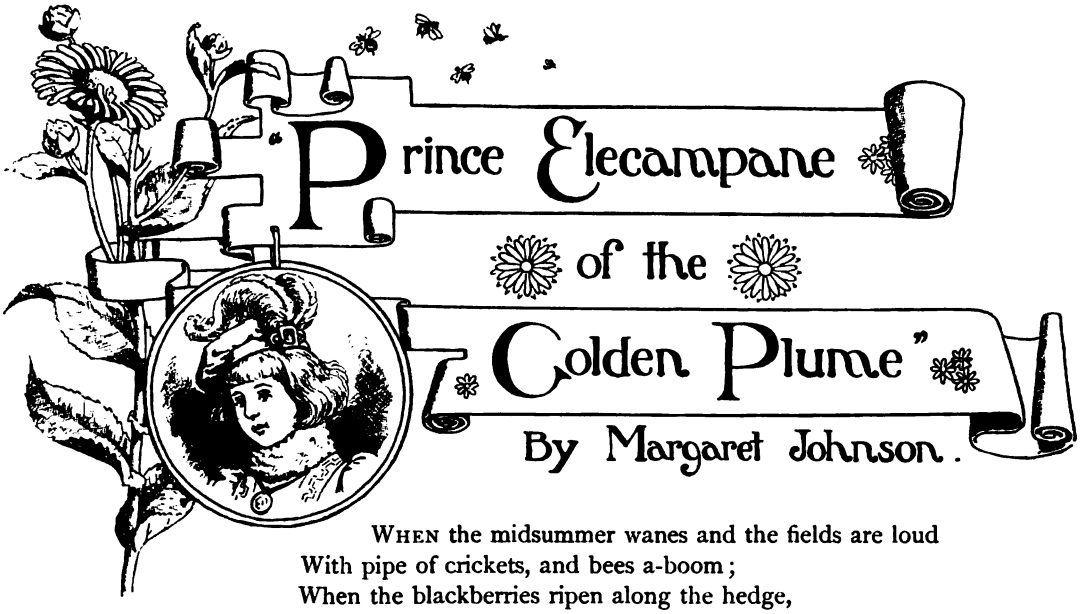

"Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume"

By Margaret Johnson.

When the midsummer wanes and the fields are loud
With pipe of crickets, and bees a-boom;
When the blackberries ripen along the hedge,
And the grass is brown at the thicket's edge,
When the rose that reigned by the roadside gray
Has flung her crown to the winds away,—
He comes, to rule with a lordlier sway,
  Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The dust rolls up in a curling cloud;
  He recks not the mimic white simoom.
He laughs in his scorn of the passers-by,
Who, trudging, scan with a vacant eye
His shape superb, in its splendor drest,
The sunbeams gilding his radiant crest,
And the fire of youth in his royal breast,
  Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The burdocks under his feet are bowed,
  They crouch and cower to yield him room.
He turns from the reaching venturous vine,
The daisies that dim in his shadow shine.
He nods with an arrogant, easy grace
To the breeze that timidly fans his face.
He is lord of the realm for a little space,
  Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The thistle he woos,— she is flushed and proud,
  As she leans to her lord in the fragrant gloom.
His heart is haughty, his hopes are bold,
The blood in his veins is a wine of gold.
He lifts his face to the cloudless sky,
And the summer wanes, and the days flit by,
And he scarce remembers that he must die!
  Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

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The asters shine in a starry crowd,
  The goldenrod breaks to her perfect bloom,
And the sumach marshals his banners red,
And crowns her queen in the prince's stead.
He feels, astonished, his strength decline.
He fails, he droops, by the blackberry vine,
And cold in his veins is the ebbing wine,
  Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The spiders spin him a silvery shroud,
  The bees go buzzing abroad his doom.
He trails in the dust his shriveling crest,
And the faithless thistle laughs with the rest.
His reign is over, his splendor is spent;
He yields up his life and his crown, content,
And the loyal breezes alone lament
  Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume!

THE STATUE.

By Tudor Jenks.

A traveler came to a certain great city, and as he entered through one of its wide gates a passer-by spoke to him.

"Welcome, sir," said the citizen. "I saw by your dress that you were a stranger and make bold to accost you."

"Your welcome is most courteous," answered the traveler, "and I thank you for it."

"You must not fail to see the statue in our market-place," said the citizen. "We take great pride in it, and for my part I consider myself fortunate in being one of the community

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that owns so fine a work of art and so grand a memorial."

"I shall certainly take pains to see it," answered the traveler, bowing to the citizen as he passed on.

So when the traveler had made his way into the city he paused for a moment, wondering in which direction the market-place lay. As he stood in doubt, another citizen presented himself, hat in hand.

"You seem unfamiliar with our city," said the new-comer, politely. "If you are seeking the market-place I can easily direct you to it."

"You are right in your supposition," said the traveler.

"Naturally," said the citizen, smiling. "All the world comes to see our great statue; and I have pointed out the way to many. It would be strange if I did not know it, for it was I who proposed the setting up of the statue in the market-place. I am fortunate enough to be one of the town council."

"My respects to you," said the traveler, saluting him.

"Follow this straight course," said the councilman, pointing, "and ask again when you come to the open park."

Bidding the citizen good-day, the traveler proceeded upon his way; nor did he pause until he had come to the park. Then, as he had been instructed to do, he made further inquiry at the door of a little shop.

"Yes, indeed, I can tell you," said the woman who came to the door, "for it was my husband who designed the pedestal for it. John! — another stranger to see the statue."

"In a moment," said her husband, from the back of the shop. "How do you do, sir?" he asked, as he greeted the traveler. "Your face seems to me a familiar one. Where have I seen you? Never been here before? Ah, I must have been mistaken. A chance resemblance, no doubt! Turn to the right, and follow this wall, and you will soon reach the statue, for which I designed the pedestal, as the good people of this town will tell you."

The traveler withdrew, and walked leisurely along by the wall. At the first corner he met a workingman who was carving a bit of stonework on a fence-post.

"A stranger, sir?" inquired the workman, as the traveler approached. "To see the statue, no doubt?"

"Yes," said the traveler.

"A good bit of work, and well worth your time. Many 's the long day I have worked over it. I carved the block, and never did a better bit of work! Turn to the left — but, wait! Here is a man who can show you the way. Henry!"

As he spoke a man who was driving a heavy wagon drew up near the sidewalk.

"Can you show this gentleman the way to the statue?"

"Can I? — when you know well enough that I drew the statue to its place with this very horse and wagon. Come, my friend, follow me. Or, better still, get up on my wagon and I 'll take you there. You 're a lighter load than that bit of hewed stone, I warrant you!"

So the traveler mounted upon the wagon, and was soon at the market-place, and stood before the statue itself.

As he gazed up at it, another citizen addressed him:

"Admiring the statue, eh? Well, it 's a noble bit of art, and a credit to the place. Every stranger says so."

"It seems well done and well kept," replied the traveler, quietly.

"Well kept? To be sure it is well kept! Would the council of the town have me here if I did n't attend to my duty? Perhaps you don't know that I 'm the custodian of this work of art? No? Well, I am. Yes, you see before you the statue-keeper. It 's a great responsibility; but there, there! — the townspeople don't complain, so I suppose my work is not so badly done."

"Who is it?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, I never thought to ask," said the man, unconcernedly. "Maybe I 've heard the name; no doubt I have. But I 've forgotten it long since."

The traveler thanked the fellow and gave him a silver coin. Then he departed from out the city. But as he went through the gate in the city wall, there was a boy playing marbles near by, for now the school-hours were over. And as the traveler passed him, the boy looked

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to see whose shadow fell upon the wall; and then the boy sprang to his feet, and said:

"See! see! There is the man whose statue stands in the market-place!"

And so it was; but none else in the city knew anything beyond their stone image of the man.

"You were asleep and dreaming in the sun!" the people said, when the boy told his story. And as the traveler never came again, even the boy himself began as he grew older to think it was a dream, so real seemed the statue compared to his faint memory of the great one in whose honor it stood aloft.

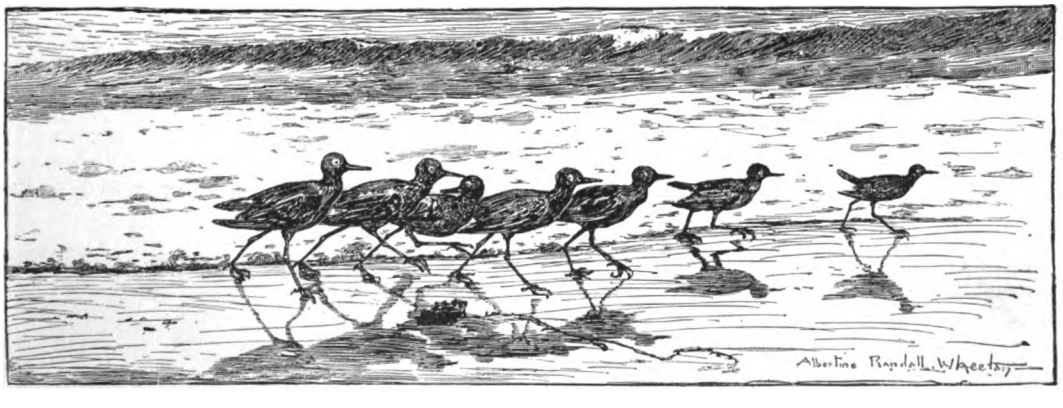
A HINT.

By Anna M. Pratt.

If you should frown and I should frown
While walking out together,
The happy folk about the town
Would say, "The clouds are settling down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile and I should smile
While walking out together,
Sad folk would say, "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile,
In dark and dreary weather."

JINGLE.



The boys and girls have gone to bed; the moon shines on the sea;
A band of merry sandpipers are going out to tea.
"We shall be late!" the youngest cry, in something of a flurry.
"Oh, take your time," the elders say, "there really is no hurry!"

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THE CROWNED CHILDREN OF EUROPE.

By Charles K. Backus.

The crowns of three of the hereditary kingdoms of Europe are now worn by children. The oldest in length of reign and youngest in years is Alphonso XIII. of Spain. He has been a king from the day of his birth, May 17, 1886, his father, Alfonso XII., having died a few months before.

As the youngest child of Alphonso XII. was a boy, under the laws of Spain which declare that the royal title shall descend in the male line whenever that is possible he became king at once, taking rank above his sisters, the first-born of whom then ceased to be Queen of Spain and became only Princess of the Asturias. The short life of this titled boy has been less happy than that of many of his little subjects, for his health has not been good, and he has passed through some severe illnesses, which have left him a frail rather than robust child. He has recovered from his illnesses without serious results, and is now a knowing and attractive little boy, who loves play and delights in mischief, even though he does live in a palace and is surrounded with all the ceremony of a court.

As many amusing stories are told of his bright sayings and comical acts as are told of wonderful babies of less prominent families.

One anecdote relates to his first attendance at chapel. Great pains had been taken to make him understand that he must sit very still during the service, and especially must not say a word. He listened eagerly and in silence to the organ, but when the priest commenced to speak the small monarch called out, "Stop! you must not talk in chapel."

His pictures are common in Europe, and all of them are pleasing. In one he is in the chair of state. On a footstool, before him, are his two sisters, and at his right hand sits his mother. Standing before him, in a rich uniform, is one of the high officers of Spain, who is reading a long address to his sovereign as solemnly as if he were in the presence of a monarch of ripe years. Not only do the baby eyes stare in surprise at this interruption of fun and frolic, but the mouth also is wide open, while one tiny hand clutches with all its puny strength the fingers of his faithful Andalusian nurse, who stands in waiting behind the monarch's chair of state.

ALPHONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, AND THE QUEEN REGENT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FERNANDO DEBAS, MADRID.)

The Spaniards are both an unruly and a chivalric people. Within twenty-five years they have

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changed their government several times. They drove out Queen Isabella, the grandmother of Alphonso XIII. An indirect result of their effort to choose her successor was the terrible war in 1870 between France and Germany. One of their temporary rulers, Marshal Prim, was assassinated. They would not submit to the sway of the Italian Prince, Amadeus, and he finally abdicated the throne. A strong party among them now prefer a republic, and hope to see it established. But all classes have been touched by the innocence and lovableness of the little fellow who is their ruler in name, and the Baby King at present gives real strength to the throne. He is greatly liked by his people, and his daily appearance in Madrid with his sisters, in his little carriage drawn by four fine mules, always calls out universal expressions of affection. It is especially fortunate that his mother is a woman of good sense, high character, and an exceedingly kind heart. She was an Archduchess of Austria and is now Queen Maria Christina, reigning as regent until her son reaches the age of sixteen years. She has greatly endeared herself to the people of her adopted country by her wisdom and her benevolence. Lately, the eloquent leader of the Spanish republicans, Señor Castelar, explained the quiet condition of his party by saying: "One cannot make war upon a baby and a woman!"

Servia is a new European monarchy. It was for many years one of the small principalities situated on the lower Danube, and bounded by Turkey, Austria, and Russia. Its security was constantly in peril through quarrels with its neighbors because of the rival ambitions of those powers. Finally, in 1882, it was made an independent kingdom, each of the nations who were eager to absorb it consenting to its independence with the view of preventing the territory from falling into the hands of the others. The family of Obrenovich had long been Princes of Servia, and its head became the first king, under the title of Milan I. He had married Natalie, the daughter of a Russian colonel named de Kechko, and to them there was born on August 14, 1876, their only child, a son named Alexander.

King Milan and his wife did not live happily together; and Queen Natalie has been accused by many of the folly of letting her Russian patriotism outweigh her prudence, and of lending herself to plots and intrigues which aimed at

ALEXANDER I., KING OF SERVIA.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADÉLE, VIENNA.)

bringing Servia in greater or less degree under the control of her own country. The result was a long and bitter quarrel, of which the end was their separation and the expulsion of Queen Natalie from Servia. King Milan I. finally abdicated his throne and his son became King of Servia on March 17, 1889, under the title of Alexander I., while still in his thirteenth year. The actual government is in the hands of a "Council of Regency," composed of three of the most experienced statesmen and soldiers of the country; and Alexander is yet in care of his tutors, and he rarely sees either of his pa-

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rents, neither of whom lives at Belgrade, the capital. His real authority is as yet but slight. He is an attractive youth, speaks French and German, as well as the Servian dialect, and is reported to be intelligent, well-disposed, and manly. His reign has thus far been peaceful and prosperous, for the men who govern in his name have shown themselves to be both sagacious and patriotic.

Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, was born at The Hague on August 31, 1880, and received the full name of Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie. The monarchy of the Netherands includes not only Holland but its colonial dependencies in South America and the East and West Indies. These colonies are both rich and extensive, covering an area of 800,000 square miles and containing a population of more than 27,000,000, six times that of Holland itself!

The youthful Dutch queen is the daughter of William III., who died on November 23, 1890, and of Emma Adelaide Wilhelmina, Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Her father was the last descendant in the direct line of one of the most famous families of Europe, the house of Orange-Nassau, which has given to history three splendid figures: William the Silent, the first Stadtholder of the Dutch republic; his son Maurice; and William III., who became also King of England.

From her early childhood Princess Wilhelmina has been trained to prepare her for her royal duties. She has been carefully educated under an English governess, having been required to master the English and French languages as well as the Dutch, and great attention has been given to her diet, exercise, and all that could contribute to her health. She has also received the constant supervision of her mother, a woman of amiable character and excellent judgment, who is greatly and deservedly beloved in Holland, and who acts as queen regent during her daughter's minority. As princess, Wilhelmina is dressed plainly, wearing simple white gowns, and having as her only ornament a turquoise or pearl necklace.

She will not take up the full duties of queen for six or seven years to come, and probably there will be no great change in her habits and privileges in the interval.

The people of Holland have welcomed her to the throne with feelings of tender pride and interest akin to those with which more than half a century ago Great Britain greeted the accession of their "Bonny English Rose," the Princess Victoria, then a girl still in her teens.

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAMEKE, THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS.)

That Queen Wilhelmina has already won the love of the Dutch has been shown by the fact that even during her father's life her birthday, although not a regular *fête*, was usually celebrated with public rejoicings by the people.

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THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXXVIII.

MAKING ENEMIES.

Toby had plenty of time to talk the business over with Burke, and give him further instructions, before sending him to meet the afternoon train.

The boy played his part well, but he brought only one passenger; a disappointment to Toby, who had hoped the success of the forenoon might be repeated. He was consoled, however, when told that there were but two fares for the bus. He was beginning to regard the traveling public exclusively as so many "fares."

He now found a use for one of his omnibus tickets. His passenger was going to spend a day or two at the Springs, and would not risk paying a return fare by the boat, owing to the uncertainty of the weather. But he was willing to take a ticket which, Toby told him, would be good for either the boat or the bus.

Then there was the party Toby had engaged to bring back from the Springs for the four-o'clock train. He himself went with his one passenger, and returned with the five. Burke, who was left to do some work at the wharf, let the Whitehall boat in Toby's absence to two young fellows going a-fishing. A very satisfactory business for one day.

In the evening there was a wind that rendered the lake rough for rowboats. But Toby went out with Mr. Allerton in the "Swallow," and learned to manage it under sail.

The boat behaved beautifully; it sailed close to the wind, and never missed stays. It was a delightful lesson. And what interesting things in the present and future Toby had to talk over with his friend!

Mr. Allerton warned him against being puffed up by prosperity.

"Things promise well," said he, "but you must n't expect to step into a business worth twenty or twenty-five dollars a week without meeting with obstacles."

The obstacles were not slow in appearing.

The following week opened with two days of bad weather, when the lake was very rough. Then, when business brightened with the brightening skies, Burke reported that the sign on Mrs. Patterson's fence had been pulled down.

"It must be Yellow Jacket's doing!" Toby declared resentfully.

But it was worse than that.

Mr. Thomas Tazwell, manager of the omnibus line for the railroad of which he was a director, was likewise the real-estate agent who had let to Mrs. Patterson the old house opposite the station. She had no lease; and he had lately sent her word that either she or the sign must go.

"So what could I do?" she said appealingly to Toby, when called on for an explanation.

"Pretty small business for Tazwell, I should think!" said Toby indignantly. "But he is n't going to stop my boats that way. I 've more time now, and I 'll go myself to the depot with Burke, and we 'll just rope in all the fares we can."

Then a still worse thing happened. He had found a great convenience, and no small profit, in the use of the omnibus company's return tickets. So what did the company do? It issued, in place of the old tickets, paper slips each stamped with the date and the notice, "Good for this day only." If any omnibus passengers cared to stay more than one day at the Springs, they could arrange matters with the driver. But Toby could not receive these slips and be sure of using them the same day.

Still, some who went over in the omnibus were willing to sacrifice their return slips, and pay full fare in Toby's boats, in order to enjoy the trip on the lake. And Toby spared no

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efforts in procuring all the "go over" fares he could. He and Burke were getting used to the business; generally they were both at the station to meet the two principal trains; and in fine weather they gained a full share of the public patronage.

Then came another device on the part of the company. Through tickets to Three Springs were sold at the railroad office at Z——, the great center for summer tourists. These, of course, were good only in the bus. On one occasion every passenger arriving at the village on his way to Three Springs was already provided with one of these tickets.

Toby was struck with dismay. It seemed for a while that he must fall back upon the business of letting boats; that was growing in importance, but it was not enough to satisfy his awakened energies.

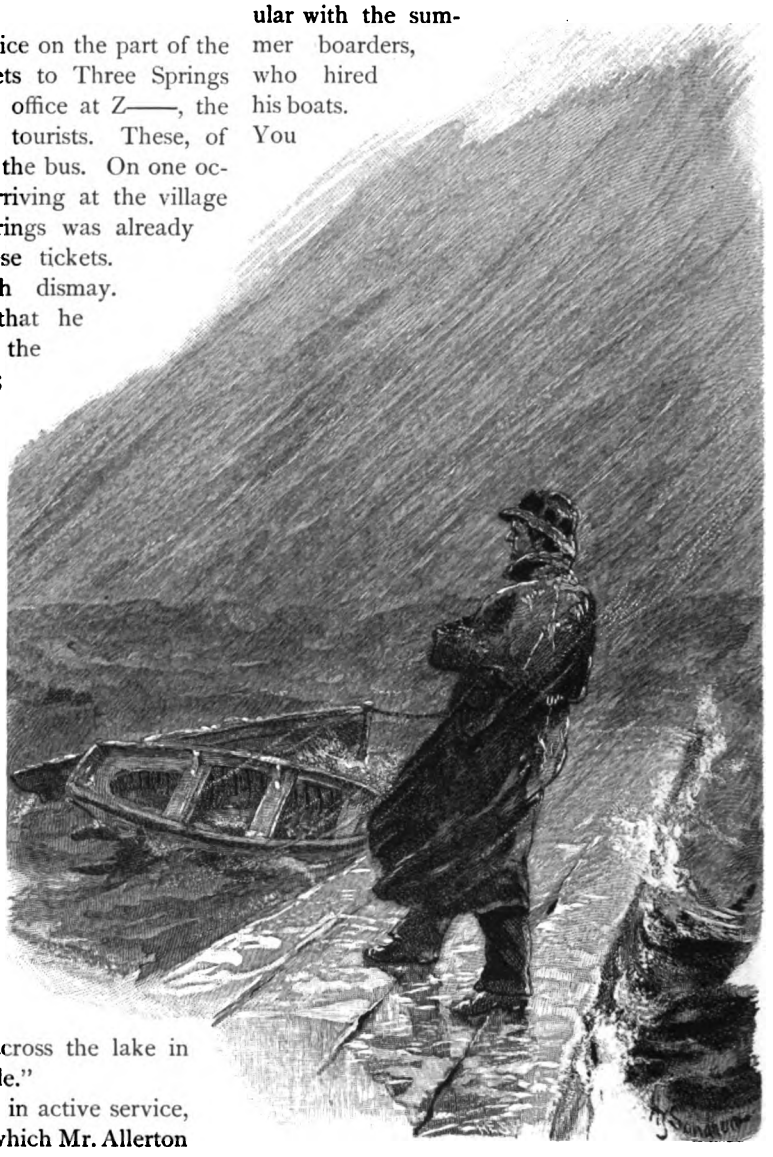
Nevertheless, many passengers still slipped through the company's well spread net. Toby's business was beginning to advertise itself; and you might now and then have heard, at summer resorts, and especially in the larger hotels at Z——, such remarks as this:

"If you go to Three Springs, don't put so much as your nose into the omnibus at Lakesend, but find the boy there who takes people across the lake in his boats. It 's worth while."

He had his four boats in active service, including the "Swallow," which Mr. Allerton insisted on his using. Sometimes when the wind was favorable he put up the sail and took his "fares" across in fine style. If he could not return without beating and there was not time enough for that, he would "down sail" and row.

Over the Whitehall boat he fitted an awning, which could be stretched in calm weather when the sun poured down its too fierce rays on the lake.

His enterprise attracted much attention in the village. He was popular with the summer boarders, who hired his boats. You might have heard a great deal of talk about "that Trafford boy," and the "brave fight" he was making with fortune and the railroad company.



A BAD DAY FOR BUSINESS.

He had his enemies also. Some took sides with the company, called him a cat's-paw, and

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declared that it was n't merely a boy they were fighting, but somebody behind him and backing him.

This "somebody" must have meant Mr. Allerton. He certainly had done much to incite and direct his young friend. But he took no credit to himself for this. If Toby had not possessed enterprise, assiduity, and a readiness to take advantage of circumstances, no "backing" could have enabled him to succeed.

"I proposed something very like it to another young fellow, who lacks those qualities," said the schoolmaster. "He would not even look at it until Tobias had taken it in hand. Now he treats me as if I had injured him, and he is Trafford's enemy."

Yellow Jacket might have forgiven Toby for accepting what he himself had at first declined, and even have become reconciled to seeing the boy Burke employed in his place. But the easy recovery of the gun by Toby and his friend, after his own futile attempt, and Toby's foolish sarcasms on the subject had given his vanity wounds that would not heal. He did not say much, but sullenly brooded over his fancied wrongs.

Then, there was the affair of the swallows, which Tom made the most of in keeping alive in his companions the bad feelings Toby had aroused. Aleck the Little did not share Tom's deep-seated ill will; but he had a malevolent nature that enjoyed seeing mischief afoot.

As for Butter Ball, he would have forgotten in a week all the resentment he was capable of feeling, but for his servile subjection to the influence of his older companions. He was proud of being the associate of such fine fellows as Tom Tazwell and the minister's son, even though often conscious of being regarded by them as a mere tool. He had no real hatred of Toby. But they made him think he had, and muddled his dull wits with the notion that to plot revenge was manly.

Toby also gave offense to some by attending strictly to business and having little to say to idlers. They called him "stuck-up," and said they would like to see him "let down a peg." I regret to say that Bob Brunswick belonged to this set. To those inclined to be lazy an example of industry is hateful.

But the enmity of all such would have amounted to nothing if Tom had not kept it stirred up and given it direction.

He of course took sides with his father and the omnibus line against Toby and his boats. He had fallen into the habit of being out late nights, when he would meet on familiar terms associates with whom he would not have been seen speaking by day. He never missed a chance of haranguing them on the one exciting topic.

"What right had he to chip in and interfere with our coaches?"—which proposition he enlarged upon, with arguments that would have held equally good against all competition in business. "It was just because he got booted out of our store! And what right has he to block up the highway with his wharf?"

This question was about as reasonable as the other. The Trafford place did not extend to the water; and Toby had found it convenient to put his wharf at the foot of the street. But it was a small affair, with only one end resting on the shore; and nobody hitherto had thought of its obstructing the thoroughfare.

"Anybody has a right to tear that thing away or burn it up; and that is just what 'll happen to it some time, if he 's not careful!" blustered Tom, firing the hearts of his partizans against the alleged obstruction.

Hints of this opposition reached Toby's ears from time to time. But he paid no heed to it until it became necessary that his wharf should be rebuilt and enlarged. Then came the crisis.

Chapter XXXIX.

"I 'LL TAKE THE RISK."

In August, summer travel was at its height; and to secure his share of it Toby met the device of the company's "through tickets" with a project of his own.

In this he had the counsel and assistance of his best friend. Mr. Allerton visited the principal hotels of Z——, and got permission to put up printed notices in conspicuous places on the walls. He also caused to be inserted in the *Tourists' World* a modest advertisement, with editorial paragraphs calling attention to "the praiseworthy enterprise of young Mr. Trafford,"

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whose line of boats across the loveliest of lakes "met a long felt want."

Toby perceived at once the good effect of these announcements. His boats were crowded in fair weather, and occasionally he had to employ another assistant. To supply at the same time the demand for boats to let, he ordered a new, light, cedar boat, to be sent to him by the boat-builders.

The increase of business rendered necessary a better and larger wharf. There was no other place so convenient for it as the foot of the street; but before making the change he deemed it prudent to consult the town officers.

The chief magistrate visited the spot with him, listened to his plans, nodded, and gave an opinion.

"No, Toby; I really don't see the slightest objection to what you propose. Your structure won't be in the way of vehicles, unless people want to drive into the lake, and it seems to me you 'll leave them plenty of room to do that. But I suppose you know there 's some feeling about your having a wharf here at all?"

"That 's why I thought it best to get your permission," said Toby.

"As for any formal permission, that is something we have no right to grant. There would be no legality about it without a vote of the town, and I 'm not sure but the consent of the county commissioners would be required; possibly an act of the Legislature."

"Not an act of Congress too, I hope," said Toby, laughing. "I had no idea so simple-looking a thing could be so complicated."

"It is simple enough, if you choose to put your wharf here, and take your chances of its being allowed to remain. But when you talk of acquiring a right, that 's a different matter. An established highway does n't belong to individuals; it belongs to the town, to the county, to the whole community. I can say only that the town authorities will not object."

"What if anybody else objects?" Toby asked anxiously.

"I 'm not much of a lawyer," the magistrate replied, "but I don't see what anybody's objection can amount to, unless a complaint is entered and your wharf is shown to be a nuisance."

"That 's all I care to know!" exclaimed Toby. "It may not be a legal act for me to put it here; but once here it will not be a legal act for Tom, Dick, and Harry to meddle with it."

"Tom, Dick, and Harry," said the magistrate, "will have no more right to injure your property than they have to destroy mine, if they find my cart left on the sidewalk. If it is absolutely in their way, they can move it out of their way, but they will be liable for any wilful damage done to it. If I persist in leaving it there, they can make a complaint."

"That looks like common sense, whether it is law or not," said Toby.

"The law itself is only a sort of cut-and-dried common sense, as I understand it," said the town officer, turning to go.

Toby thanked him and said, "I 'll take the risk. I 'll build a neat wharf here, well out in the lake, where it will be in nobody's way, but where other people will find it a convenience, whether they use it as a boat-landing, or as a platform to stand on if they come to the lake for water."

And he said to Burke, the carpenter's son:

"Tell your father, as soon as he has a few minutes to spare I want to see him."

The elder Burke came, listened to Toby's plan, pronounced it "likely," and, standing in a boat, measured with an oar the depth of water off the old wharf. Then he made some figures on a chip with a bit of red chalk, and gave an estimate of the cost.

"That won't break me!" said Toby, gleefully conscious of accumulating profits. "When can you do it? The season is short; and my new boat will be here in a day or two."

"To-morrow morning, good and early, I 'll be on hand with a load of lumber and jise" (carpenter's word for *joists*). "I 'll have a man to help me," said the elder Burke, "and we 'll try to squeeze the job into a day."

Chapter XL.

THE LAKESIDE LOT.

When Toby went home to tell what he had done, and to make ready for the afternoon train, he was amazed to see Mr. Tazwell coming away from the door.

They could not well avoid a meeting, if either had wished to do so. Toby was passing

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by, with head held high and a stern look, when the merchant accosted him as politely as if there had never been the slightest unpleasantness between them.

"I hope you are well, Toby. How are you getting on?"

"I am getting on as well as could be expected under the circumstances," Toby answered coldly.

"I have just been to call on your mother," said Tazwell, "to see about the transfer of that piece of property."

"What piece of property?" Toby asked, though he knew very well.

"Why, that lake-side lot," said the smiling Tazwell. "You know how she acquired it: by foreclosing a mortgage I turned over to her. I promised to make the loss good; and as the land is n't salable, I am now—and have been for some little time—ready to take it off her hands."

Toby knew that, too, very well. Soon after the collision between him and the persecutors of the swallows on the lot in question, Tom's father had written Mrs. Trafford a respectful, businesslike note, making the proposal. She was in favor of accepting it at once; but by the advice of her children she had delayed sending an answer.

Then Mrs. Tazwell had called, and in speaking—sincerely, no doubt, for she was a sincere woman—of her husband's desire to act honorably by the widow, she had reminded her of his offer.

"It is very kind of him," said the widow; "and I will think it over."

Which meant that she would once more consult her children. But now Toby's suspicions were fully roused.

"He has never made that offer out of mere good will to you, I am sure," he declared. "I believe, with Mr. Allerton, that the property on this lake is going to rise in value within a few years, and that our lot will be worth more than it has cost us, if we can afford to keep it. Tazwell has come to the same conclusion. He does n't want to help you; what he wants is the lot."

Mildred would never agree with her brother when there was a fair opportunity for a disagreement; but now she declared herself to be of the same opinion.

"I should think everything of Mr. Allerton's judgment," she said, "for he seems to be a living refutation of the old prejudice that a man who knows books can know nothing else. I would wait a while longer."

So the widow had waited; and at last, in his neat kid gloves, and with his persuasive smile, Mr. Tazwell himself had come to repeat his proposition.

"I 'll think of it; I 'll see," was all the satisfaction he could get when he urged her to name a price for the property. And he had finally gone out to "waste the sweetness of his smiles on Toby,"—so said Mildred, who watched him from the half-open door.

"What did my mother say?" Toby asked him, with hardly concealed disdain.

"That in her ignorance of business she has done some unwise things; and that now her son is getting to know more of practical matters than she does."

Tazwell meant this for flattery, and watched for its effect on Toby.

"That does n't imply that I know very much," the boy answered, making a move to enter the house.

The merchant laid his gloved forefinger on Toby's arm.

"But you know well that the property lies dead on her hands; and you must see that it will be much better for her to get rid of it."

"If better for her, how will it be for you?"

"That 's my lookout," said the merchant; "I feel bound to make up for her losses."

"In that case," replied Toby, "suppose you begin with the West Quarry bonds that you turned over to her at par, and that are now worth about seventeen cents on the dollar."

The merchant was seldom disconcerted; but this suggestion, put to him by the boy with a quiet smile and almost laughing eyes, made him color to the tips of his ears.

"I shall attend to them in good time—all in good time," he replied, and artfully glided from that disagreeable topic. "I consider myself fortunate in being able to fulfil my obligation regarding the lot, in the first place. Now if a bonus of one hundred or even two hundred

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dollars will satisfy your mother, why, I am not the man to stand dickering about it."

"Could n't you make it five hundred?"

Toby put this question ironically, without the slightest idea that Tazwell would consider it.

"That would be an extravagant price! Three hundred — or three hundred and fifty — I am willing to go as high as that, considering all the trouble your mother has had; but that is the limit."

"Then there 's no use in talking," said Toby.

Once more the merchant stopped him as he was entering the house.

"See here, Toby, if it can be settled at once, I will give a bonus of five hundred dollars. Shall I go in with you and talk it over again with your mother?"

"I 'd rather talk it over with her alone," replied Toby, finally breaking away from the gloved finger and going in.

He kept his emotions well under control until in the presence of his mother and sister, when he went into convulsions of laughter.

"Over and above what the place has cost us! Five hundred dollars — and a month ago we could n't sell it at any price. If it was anybody but Tazwell, I should say he was crazy. But Tazwell! Oh!"

"What can it all mean?" asked Mildred.

"It means that the place has a value which Tazwell sees and we don't. I can't think of any peculiarity about it except the old swallow-tree; and he is n't the man to take any stock in a curiosity of that sort. I suppose that would soon be cut down, if he had the place. And that 's another objection to his having it," added Toby.

"But five hundred dollars profit!" said the widow. "What are we thinking of, children? People will say we are the crazy ones!"

"Let 's be crazy, then!" cried Toby hilariously. "I tell you, it 's fine to own something Tazwell wants so badly that he is willing to hide his hatred of me and my boats and come to us in this fawning way!"

"But we must n't sacrifice our own interests in order to spite him," argued the widow.

"Oh, no; we won't. You may be sure the place is worth more than he offers — if we could only find out his secret!"

"At all events," said Mildred, "let 's wait and see what Mr. Allerton says."

The schoolmaster, who came often in those days to take tea with the family, came again that evening; and he was decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Tazwell's apparent generosity should be examined with great caution.

Chapter XLI.

CATS AND CLOVER.

Fortunately, the Traffords were better able to hold the lot than they had been before Toby set up his business. That made Toby, for one, feel vastly independent; he was so sure of success!

"To-morrow," said he, "I 'll have my new wharf; then in two or three days you 'll see my new boat in the water. I wonder what Tazwell will say then?"

The boat was to cost fifty dollars; he had saved money enough beyond his expenses to pay for it, and also for the wharf, which was to cost thirty dollars. No wonder his head was a little turned.

The carpenters began driving spiles for the wharf early the next morning. It was a great day for Toby.

With feelings of pride and triumph he saw his plan, which had existed first as an idea in his own brain, take solid shape and plant its firm legs in the water.

The wharf was built high enough to make room for two good-sized boats under it, and there were rings along each edge for lines. On one side, a little below the main platform, was a short, narrow one, that made an easy step from the wharf and the boats. On the other side, but nearer the shore, was placed a long, low box, in which he locked up his oars, row-locks, sponges, and bailers.

It was a dull day, and perhaps that was the reason why there were but few passengers for the Springs — no more than the boy Burke could ferry over. Toby was not sorry, for he took great pleasure in helping the carpenters, and in seeing where every nail was driven.

The work attracted considerable attention, and friendly people stopped to talk with him about it; while Lick Stevens and his set passed

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by with evil glances and whisperings among themselves. When the men gathered their tools together, late in the afternoon, and went home to supper, the wharf was practically finished.

Toby, too, went home to his supper, but in half an hour he was back again, admiring the structure, and clearing up the litter about it with rake and broom. His mother and Mildred also came down to look at it and praise it — with some sly pleasantries on the girl's part; and later in the evening Mr. Allerton appeared.

His approval brimmed the cup of happiness for Toby, who showed him how easily the two boats could be run into their stalls under the platform, and how convenient the step at the side would be at low water for women and children. Then the two sat down on the end of the wharf, and with their legs dangling over the lake had a good talk.

Mr. Allerton had just returned from a trip to the city.

"By the way," he said, "how was business to-day?"

"Rather poor, even for dull weather," replied Toby. "The omnibus got more than its share."

"I ask," said Mr. Allerton, "because I found that those notices we put up in the hotels had been torn down."

"Who did that, do you suppose?" said Toby, surprised and angry.

"I could n't find out. The clerks claimed to know nothing about it. Either the railroad people have used their influence to have them removed, or somebody has gone in and pulled them down without any formality."

"We can put them up again," said Toby.

"Yes; but will they stay up? What a pitiful thing it is that one should have such enemies."

"I 'm independent of 'em; I 'll show them that before I get through!"

"I don't like to hear you make so many declarations of independence," replied the schoolmaster. "Nobody is independent of his enemies, or of anybody, or of anything, I might almost say. We are all links in a chain."

He lifted his hat, patted his hair, and went on, while they both sat looking out on the starless and moonless water:

"There is a curious story naturalists tell, which will show you what I mean. You would n't imagine, I suppose, that the quality of English beef, which is so celebrated, could depend at all upon — cats?"

"I can see how cats may depend upon beef; not how beef can depend upon cats," said Toby.

"I 'll tell you. The favorite food of the English ox is red clover. To sow clover you must have the seed. To have the seed the pollen of the blossoms must be 'mixed,' as gardeners say; that is, the dust of the anthers must be lodged upon the stigmas."

"I know it is so with cucumber plants," said Toby. "If you grow them under glass, in cold weather, you have to go around with a little brush and mix the pollen, or the pickles won't set. I 've seen gardeners do that. But the best way is to have a hive of bees where in warm days they will find their way under the sashes and mix the pollen for you."

"That is just what field bees do for the red clover," said Mr. Allerton; "though in a different way. Now there is a field-mouse that destroys the nests of the bees; where there are many mice there are few bees, and the clover suffers in consequence."

"I see!" exclaimed Toby. "The cats, by killing the mice, give the bees a better chance; so where there are the most cats there are the most field bees and the most clover seed."

"The clover makes the beef, and the beef nourishes the robust Englishman," the master added. "So he who kills a good mousing cat strikes a blow at the human brotherhood, and the keepers of cats are philanthropists. This is not a fancy picture; nor is it true of English cats and clover alone. It is more or less true of life everywhere. We are parts of the universal network of men and things. So don't boast of your independence. Your feeblest enemy may do you a great mischief. I am sorry you have made enemies, Tobias."

"So am I," said Toby; "but I can't see that it is all my fault."

"I have helped you a little in getting them," replied Mr. Allerton. "We might better have left that gun at the bottom of the lake; and what was I thinking of when I gave those swallows to Tom's sister!" — for Bertha had told Mildred of Tom's anger, and of the tragic fate

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of the birds. "But we must n't sit here any longer," he said, rising to his feet.

Toby waited to see if he had left everything "all right." The doctor's boat and the "Milly" were under the wharf where they could be heard rocking and chafing as the light waves lapsed lispingly under their sides. The "Swallow" and the Whitehall were moored outside with lines made fast to the corner rings of the wharf.

Toby put his broom into the oar-box, which he locked, then shouldered his rake.

"I meant to take care of this litter to-night," he said, giving a poke with his foot to the pile of shavings, chips, and splinters and fragments of boards and joists which he had gathered up at the shore end of the wharf. "To-morrow is Sunday, and it looks like rain."

"I am afraid I have hindered you," said the schoolmaster.

"No," replied Toby; "I was really too tired to do anything more this evening, and now it is too dark. If that rubbish heap gets wet it can get dry again."

As they turned up Water Street they heard a rush of footsteps, and saw two or three figures glide behind a fence and disappear in the darkness along by the lake shore.

Toby did not think much about this until after he had parted with the schoolmaster at his mother's gate. Then he said to himself:

"I wish I had taken care of that rubbish; but it is too late now." And he went in and went to bed.

Chapter XLII.

THE STRANGE LIGHT MILDRED SAW.

Fronting the street were two bedrooms, separated by an entry. One of these was Toby's; the other, a corner room, one window of which looked out on the lake, was occupied by Mildred.

She had heard Toby bid the master good-night at the gate, and had spoken to him as he passed through the upper entry. Soon after, she too retired.

She had been an hour or two asleep, when she was wakened by a strange light, and started up, wondering what it could be. It evidently came in through the window that commanded the lake. The sash was open, but the blinds were closed, and through the slats played gleams of flickering light.

She sprang to the window, threw open the blinds, and looked out on a startling scene. All the lake shore was lighted up by the red glare of fire.

She darted across the entry to call her brother. He was sleeping so soundly after the day's fatigue and excitement that it was not easy to rouse him.

She glided into his room, a dim white ghost.

"Toby! Toby!" She did not speak very loud, for fear of alarming their mother, who slept in the room behind her son's. "Toby!" she repeated, coming to his bed and shaking him.

"What is it?" he murmured, struggling out of his deep slumber.

"Get up quickly!" she said in a wild whisper. "Your wharf is burning!"

He was on his feet in a moment, stumbling across the floor, pulling on his clothes. One look from the window told him the whole dire history. The wharf was all a sheet of fire, sending up flames and smoke, with a dull crackling roar.

With a cry of dismay, Toby withdrew his head, which he had thrust far out of the window, and struggled with his garments, which it seemed to him never would go on. And his shoes — where were his shoes? Never mind the socks!

"Keep watch," he cried to Mildred, who had returned to her own room, and was hurriedly dressing by the light of the fire, "and see if you can catch sight of anybody!"

"It is too late for that, I am afraid," she replied. "Whoever set it has had time to get away."

He was rushing through the entry as he spoke. Down the stairs he ran, with clatter of feet and clash of doors, less mindful than she had been of their mother's rest; through the kitchen, where he seized a pail by the light that came in broadly from the lake shore; and out of the house, with loud cries of "Fire! Fire!"—cries always so strange and startling in the middle of the night.

"What is it? Where is it?" asked Mrs. Trafford, rushing from her own room.

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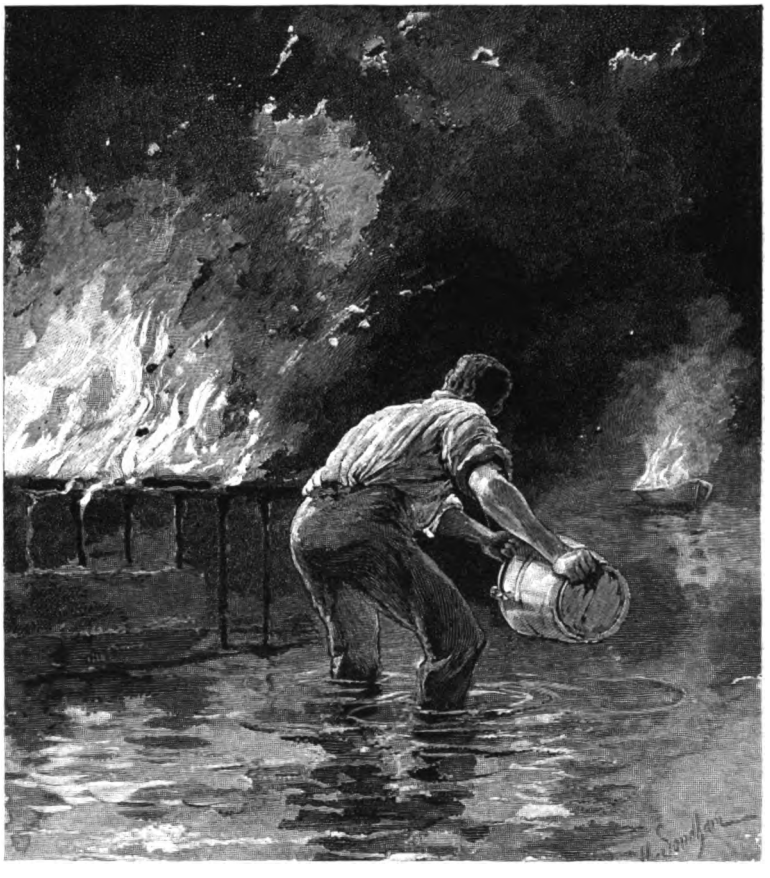
"Nobody's house," Milly answered; "it is the wharf. Somebody must have set fire to the pile of rubbish the carpenters left."

"The wharf!—after all Toby's trouble and expense!" exclaimed the widow. "Who could be so cruel?"

The rubbish had not only been fired, it had first been scattered over the platform in a way to insure destruction of the whole wharf.

A strong breeze fanned the flames. If they no longer mounted so high as when Toby first saw them from the window, it was because most of the light litter was consumed, and they had settled down to steadier work. The dry flooring blazed almost from end to end, holes were appearing in it, and flaming cinders were dropping down into the water, and into the boats beneath.

The wind blew off-shore, but obliquely, and the flames were raging most fiercely on the side upon which was the low, narrow platform. On the opposite side, nearer the shore, the oar-box was quietly burning; and there Toby began the work of extinction.



"TOBY CAST PAILFUL AFTER PAILFUL OF WATER ON THE WHARF."

There was danger of all the boats being destroyed. Two were under the wharf. The two others, the "Swallow" and the Whitehall, were moored off the end of the platform by bow and stern lines that held them within a few feet of it.

Of these the "Swallow" was in the position of greatest peril. Fortunately, the attaching line burnt off before the boat became ignited, and allowed it to swing around with the wind by its bow moorings. The Whitehall had not yet been reached.

With furious energy Toby cast pailful after pailful of water on the blazing oar-box and the wharf. Every splash left broad, black, smoking streaks where before there were curling tongues of fire. The box was a charred ruin, but its contents were saved. The flames, as they were driven off toward the farther side, revealed gaps in the flooring; but there was still hope of saving the foundations of the wharf, and at least one of the boats that were still under it.

A curious thing happened to the other boat. It really seemed moved by a sort of dull instinct to get out of its uncomfortable situation. Its fastenings had burnt off, and there was an opportunity of escape. With the wind agitating and urging it, along by the outer row of posts it worked its way, and, barely clearing the "Swallow" as it passed, set sail upon the open lake.

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It was already on fire; a sheet of flame shot up from stem to stern. It was the boat Toby had bought of the doctor. Before running it under the wharf that evening, he had laid in it, the "Swallow's" mast, with the sail wrapped around it. Flakes of falling cinders had ignited rails and thwarts, and the roll of canvas seemed to unfold into another sail, all of flame, driving before the wind. The movement was so unexpected that Toby, intent on drenching the wharf, did not notice it until the boat was well off shore. Then to attempt to save it would have been to abandon the "Milly," which was under the platform and perhaps already on fire. And the farther side of the flooring, with the timbers under it, was still in flames.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MEASURE OF LOVE.

By Robert Underwood Johnson.

One twilight was there when it seemed
New stars beneath young eyelids gleamed;

In vain the warning clock would creep
Anear the hour of beauty-sleep;

In vain the trundle yearned to hold
Far-Eyes and little Heart-of-Gold;

And Love that kisses are the stuff of
At last for once there was enough of,

As though of all Affection's round
The fond climacteric had been found —

Each childish fancy heaping more,
Like spendthrift from a miser store,

Till — stopped by hug and stayed by kiss —
The sweet contention ran like this:

"How much do I love you?" (I remember but part
Of the words of the troth of this lover)
"I love you" — he said — "why — I love you — a heart
Brimful and running over.

"I love you a hundred!" said he with a squeeze;
"A thousand!" said she as she nestled;
"A million!" he cried in triumphant ease,
While she with the numbers wrestled.

"Aha! I have found it!" she shouted, "Aha!"
(The red to the soft cheeks mounting)
"I love you — I love you — I love you, Papa,
Over the last of the counting!"

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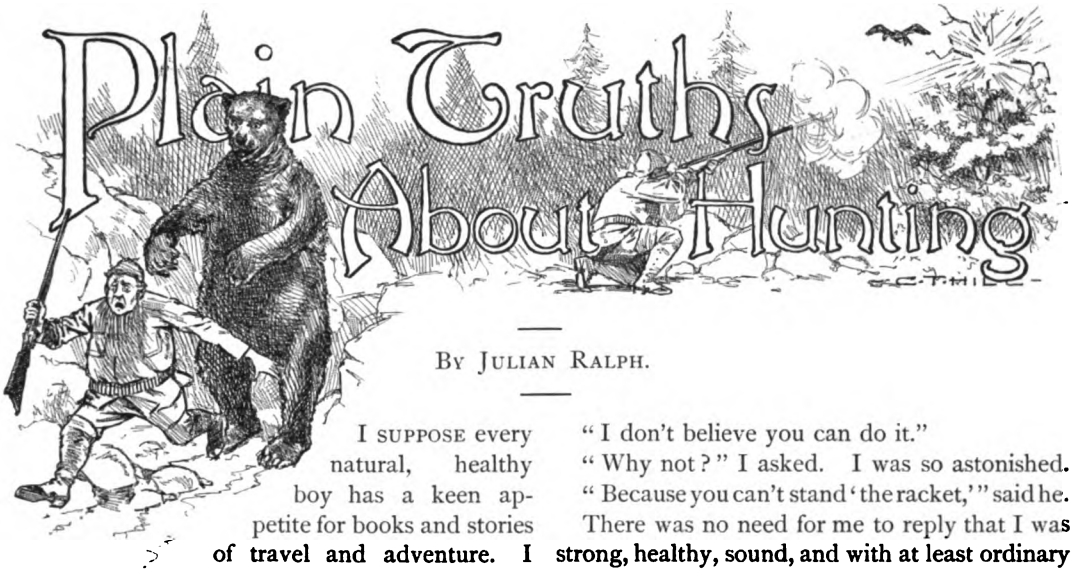

Plain Truths About Hunting

By Julian Ralph.

I suppose every natural, healthy boy has a keen appetite for books and stories of travel and adventure. I suppose they all envy such explorers as Stanley and such hunters as Cumming. The feeling does not end with boyhood, for I find that if you come to know the most sedate and busiest men, wrapped up in the affairs of stores and offices, underneath their gray hairs you will discover that they often think of how they would have enjoyed seeing new countries, hunting wild animals, and fishing in rivers where great fish are swarming. But I wonder how many boys ever think of the price such pleasures cost—I do not mean the cost in money, but in discomfort, hardship, fatigue, and pain. I wonder how many grown-up men realize that they could not possibly endure or go through an ordinary hunting adventure in a rough country.

It happened that, a year ago, I was asked to go into the wildest regions I could find in order to describe the hunting of big game and the catching of what are called "game fish." I had always possessed a city boy's fondness for the country and had enjoyed rural life for at least a short time every year since the days when I was at boarding-school. I had fished in the St. Lawrence, gone bird-shooting in the woods and mountains near New York, had camped out half a dozen times, and had even been deer-hunting in what I thought were wild districts. Nevertheless, when I sought a true hunter and told him what I was about to undertake he looked me all over (though he knew me very well), and he said:

"I don't believe you can do it."

"Why not?" I asked. I was so astonished.

"Because you can't stand 'the racket,'" said he.

There was no need for me to reply that I was strong, healthy, sound, and with at least ordinary pluck, fair nerves, and a strong digestive apparatus. He knew that as well as I.

"I believe that hunters are born, not made," said he; "at least, what I mean is that if they have not roughed it from boyhood there is no use in their trying to rough it in manhood. You have no idea what you are thinking of undertaking. To live the life of men in a rough country, you must have a body like india-rubber, without fat or extra flesh, with supple muscles and hard substance. You must have lungs that will serve you as long as you call on them—that is the most important thing of all. You 've got 'sand' enough" (he meant courage and pride and earnestness by that one word), "but what good is all the 'sand' in the world if your wind gives out when you are running away from a grizzly, or trying to climb a mountain two miles straight up in air, or when an Indian whom you could break in two across your knee asks you to follow him on a dog-trot for ten miles at a stretch over a rough country? What would any one give for your pluck if your breath stops short, and your muscles relax, and you have to sit down and rest when everything depends on your going straight ahead?"

I could not understand what he meant, any more than any reader of this who has not tried what we talked of can understand it; but I was very enthusiastic and very much in earnest, so I persisted that he was wrong. The hunter ended the talk by paying me a very high com-

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pliment, which I only mention because I did not deserve it and because it will show how thoroughly serious he was in his belief that "not every soft man can endure a hard time," as he put it. He found all his talk was to no purpose, and then he said, "Well, all that I can say is that if any man who *can't* do it *can* do it, you are the man."

One day, nearly two years afterwards, a very kind friend in Vancouver, British Columbia, declared that, if I would say the word, he would get me two Indians who would guarantee that I should kill a mountain goat within three days. It was a very tempting offer. The mountain goat and the "big horn," or Rocky Mountain sheep, are rapidly disappearing, and their capture offers a sport which all hunters covet. In a very few years from now it will seem a great deal (to one who loves hunting) to be able to say that he has killed a mountain goat. But I had just come from a very rough experience in the Selkirk mountains, I was sore and tired, and I had learned what "mountain work" means. I knew that in order to capture the mountain goat you must *hunt down* the mountain, that is to say, you must ascend to the top and work your way down, as the goats will always run up when hunted and if you are below them you will be sure to be left below them. "No, thank you," said I; "some other time I will accept your offer."

In the best hunting districts in British Columbia, and in all that vast region north of the settled parts of Canada, the wilderness is mainly as Nature left it. You travel either along a "trail" through the woods, or in a canoe on the rivers and lakes; seven-tenths of your time you cannot take a horse and do not want one, and unless you are a "make-believe hunter," like the rich noblemen of Europe who expect to have their work done for them and their game driven before their guns, you must take your full share of the hardship. By that I mean the work, the exposure, the fortunes of the chase, and the discomfort of living where the food is the simplest; water is often hard to find, a blanket forms your bed, a few boughs are your shelter, and cold, heat, insects, duckings, dirt and sprains come as they will. Any one of a dozen causes may prevent your making a fire, and many and many a man has had to walk violently to and fro a whole night, after an exhausting day, to keep from freezing to death. But the contingencies — that is to say, the possibilities that go hand in hand with roughing it — are far too numerous to set down here. I met a civil-engineer last summer who started out for a three months' walk over the Rockies. After a time, when he was hundreds of miles from any settled place or house he slipped on a rock beside a mountain torrent and lost his bacon, his tea, his knife, and, in fact, all his outfit except a coffee pot and his gun and ammunition. Think what a plight that left him in! Another man told me he started out with a companion to make a day's journey in the mountains on snowshoes. The two were within half a mile of one another. One went through a narrow pass, and in a few minutes heard a crashing noise and, looking behind, saw that a vast body of snow had fallen from the side of the mountain, filling the pass and burying his companion beyond human help.

But those things one can take into account. The chances of a boat's upsetting, of a horse's stumbling, of a gun's bursting, of wettings and freezings and snow-slides and encounters with animals — you must take the risk of them cheerfully. And let me add that I have often heard soldiers, explorers, and hunters say that in the matter of pluck the city boy and man can oftener be relied upon to show plenty than country folks can. That is difficult to account for, but it has often been said, by men who have tried all sorts of their fellows in emergencies, that there is more will and moral strength and a greater store of reserved courage in city-bred than in country-bred persons. However, there are occasions when the trials of wild life out of doors demand some things that the country boy possesses more often and in greater degree than most city boys — these are wind, strength, and hardened flesh and muscles.

When I look back upon one terrible climb I made in the Selkirk mountains it seems to me beyond belief that any physical exercise should be so difficult. It amounted to climbing for hours up a flight of stairs formed of boulders, no two of which were of a size. They "teetered" and rolled about and were sometimes too far

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apart, while at other times they were so big that it took a deal of work and trouble to get over them at all. And once in a while there would be one that you would scarcely expect a fly to climb up, to say nothing of the oozy, greasy bits of vertical earth up which I had to hoist myself by the help of twigs, bushes, branches, and tree-trunks. When I breathed, it was as if there was only a teaspoonful of air in my lungs, and the sun shone so hot through the clear, thin air that I was wet with perspiration. The air was so clear that objects apparently close at hand proved to be half an hour away, and the climbing reached on and up until a walk of thirty miles on level ground was as nothing beside it.

With the loss of breath all the strength in my body seemed to leave me. Of course I sat down — forty times. I think I must have sat down if a mountain lion were after me. On my return I tried to cross a glacier — a vast frozen river of ice. It looked dirty and rough and as if it offered easy walking, but the dirt proved to be slippery, greasy mud, and the ice beneath it was smooth and wet, and there were awful blue and green cracks all about, like hungry mouths, big enough to swallow up an entire regiment. I fell and slid many times; and at last, worn out, bruised, wet to the skin, and grimed with mud, I turned and made my way to solid earth by crushing the rotten ice beneath my heels to get a purchase for each step.

Yet that was only like every other adventure in the mountains. On the forest "trail," or path made by felling trees, any one could travel, but whatever we wanted to do forced us to leave the trail, and then came the hard work, the slipping, the climbing, the slow fighting through bushes and thorns, the missteps and falls, the awful tax upon one's lungs. Creeping vines caught our feet and threw us heavily, rotten tree-trunks broke beneath us, muddy places swallowed up a too venturesome leg now and then, twigs tore our hats off — sometimes these happenings were constant so long as we traveled; and this was whenever we hunted or fished or went even a few steps away from the trail on any errand whatsoever. When snow deeply covers such a country, as it did where I once hunted the moose in Ontario, all the roughness of wilderness travel is increased tenfold. It was humiliating and vexing to have to ask the long-legged, quick-footed Indians to halt every now and then, but I had to do it to get my breath.

I found a new way to tax my lungs last summer. It came in the course of paddling up a swift stream in a birchbark canoe. The straightforward paddling was tiresome enough, but it was not all straightforward. Here and there the river bottom would sink and the water would roar over rocks in its bed. At such places the Indians would take advantage of the "set back" and we would glide along a little way without work, but there was always one point, of course, where we must force the boat against the full, strong, swift current. Ah, then came a tug-of-war! We would fight the current with strong, vicious stabs of our paddles, full sixty to the minute. The perspiration would flow, the

"CREEPING VINES CAUGHT OUR FEET AND THREW US HEAVILY."

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breath would grow short, the muscles would tighten, and the boat would stand as still as if

ONLY OUT OF BREATH.

it were pinned between rocks. There was no time to think, no breath to speak with — nothing to do but to fight with desperation. Jab, jab, jab with the paddles we went, like men fighting for life, one minute, two minutes, four minutes, then — ah! the boat shot ahead, and we fell back in our places, limp, breathless, spent, sore, fagged out.

We fought that stream all one day and for worse than nothing. When we got to the best fishing ground it looked precisely as if it was snowing. Billions of tiny white moths filled the air above the river, and were driven along before the breeze, hurrying forward, yet steadily sinking to cover the river as with snow. They were trout-flies, and were in such numbers as you never saw anything but sand grains or snowflakes. Yet in that same air were other things, unseen until we landed, that proved so frightful and vicious as to render life itself unendurable. These were mosquitoes and black-flies. They bit us as a Gatling-gun shoots or as grains of pepper shake out of a castor. In half an hour I was red hot, smarting all over, covered with lumps, itching as if I had been rubbed with poison-ivy. And yet I wore a calico bag over my head with a little apron on it to cover my neck, my face was smeared with pennyroyal, tar, and grease, and I sat in the smoke of a "smudge" or fire covered with grass and green leaves. It was nearly night and we put up a tent and filled it with smoke, then closed it tight and passed the flame of a candle all over the canvas walls to burn up the mosquitoes and flies that were resting there. We slept well and next morning essayed to fish. It was of no use. The insects almost drove us wild. There was no reason why we

MOSQUITOES AND BLACK-FLIES.

should endure the torture. We packed up our things and started back to the frontier, chased out of the forest by these winged imps. We saw some Indians "packing" freight over a

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"portage" or neck of land between the river and a lake. Wondering how they could stand the pests, we paddled over to see them. They were in misery. Their faces and hands were swollen and their necks were raw and bleeding. We gave them our next to worthless bottle of "mosquito frightener," and their gratitude well repaid us.

But these are only incidents. Whoever tries roughing it must sleep out of doors; must expect to spend days of idleness in wretched habitations if there is crust on the snow or some other interference with hunting; must fare only on bacon and flapjacks and tea, without complaining; must endure heat, rain, sleet, bitter cold, thunder-storms and loneliness; must climb and toil; must carry a gun and a pack of food which drag like lead; must work as no laborer ever had to work; must walk interminable distances; must be up by daybreak at the latest, and so on, through all the long category of the dangerous, disagreeable, and uncomfortable things that go to make up such a life.

The bright side of the subject you have all read. It is not exaggerated. When you come upon your game you forget all it has cost. When a four-pound trout is on your hook every fiber of your body thrills with pleasure. When you break a routine of bacon and flour with your first venison, or your first trout, you enjoy that meal as few kings ever enjoyed theirs. But it is not all fun; it is not a sixth part of it fun. And it is well to remember that it is not everybody who can stand it.

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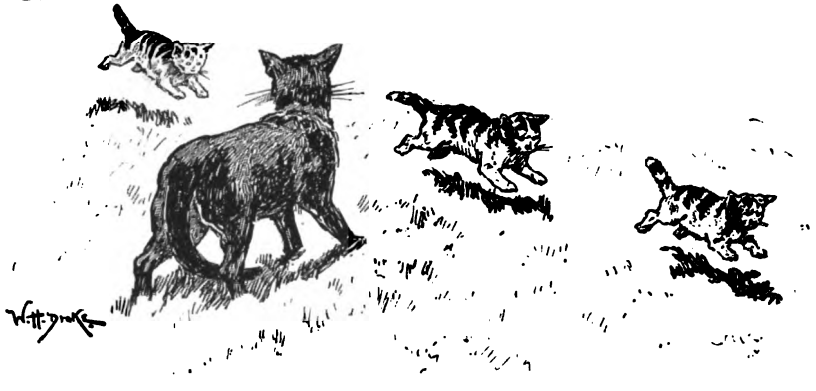
A queer little boy in the month of June,

Hung a swing for himself from the points of the moon,

He swung and swung till the moon grew round,

When the rope slipped off, and he fell to the ground.



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THE TORPEDO-STATION AT NEWPORT.

By John Osborne.

What a wonder-land for warlike imaginings is that little island in Newport Harbor called the "Torpedo Station." On it are but a few insignificant buildings; but in them is made nearly all the gun-cotton used in the United States navy.

Gun-cotton! It seems a peaceful name for a terrible explosive. How innocent it appears, done up in little round cakes. And yet that peaceful looking cotton is ready at the touch of the electric spark, or the slightest blow of a hammer, to rend great rocks or masses of metal that would resist three times the weight in powder.

Near the long, low buildings in which gun-cotton is manufactured, but separated from them by the massive walls of an old-time fortification, is the machine-shop of the station. Above the shop are lecture-rooms, and storage places for the various kinds of torpedoes used in the past. The specimens run from a model of David Bushnell's original torpedo, designed to blow up a British man-of-war in the Revolution, down to the types used in the great rebellion; and there are even working models of the kinds which will probably be used in the future wars of our country, should there be need of them.

In the large and well lighted lecture-room, those officers of our navy who are selected to "study up" this subject and become experts in handling these dangerous implements of war, frequently gather for instruction. Here they see not only plans and charts, but the real models themselves. The various methods of anchoring, buoying, floating, towing, or propelling torpedoes are carefully explained to them here. They learn also what substances make up the many deadly explosives used, and are taught to handle the wires, batteries, and other means of exploding them.

In the broad, beautiful bay, whereon the sunlight shimmers beneath the station windows, the classes lay mines and countermines, or send the swift movable torpedoes tearing through the water in search of an imaginary enemy.

In the center aisle of the lecture-room, and hanging from the ceiling, are short portions of booms or spars bearing torpedoes on their ends. They are all large, ponderous, and black, and point down at you in so realistic a way that one looks anxiously about, fearing that a few may have caps on and be loaded. Some are round, some are cylindrical, others are oval; some are like great conical cans, others yet are pear-shaped.

On the floor, to the left, is a "mushroom torpedo," made to lie at the bottom of a bay, where a ship must pass over it. Beyond it is one shaped just like a great sunfish, with a tail-like rudder, and attachments known as side elevators, looking like fins. This is made to be towed by a chain fastened to a ring in what may be called its nose; and upon little rods sticking from its snout are caps, the touching of which means destruction.

On the right of the room is a reel on which is wound a long line. The line is to tow and direct the queer-looking towing-torpedo just beyond it, with the iron handle upturned. Next to this lies a "union," an arrangement from which a number of wires can diverge to a like number of torpedoes. The torpedoes can then be set off "in battery" or separately.

The long, white, pointed torpedoes are more modern, and are known as "Fish," "Log," and "Whitehead." Some of these are propelled by electric engines in the torpedo, connected to the shore by a wire which is paid out. Some of the torpedo engines work by soda-gas. In another sort, the machinery is kept in motion by a wire which is continually pulled *from* the coil in the torpedo by those on shore. The coil being thus revolved turns the machinery of the torpedo, so the harder you pull the faster it goes from you. Yet another is propelled by a heavy

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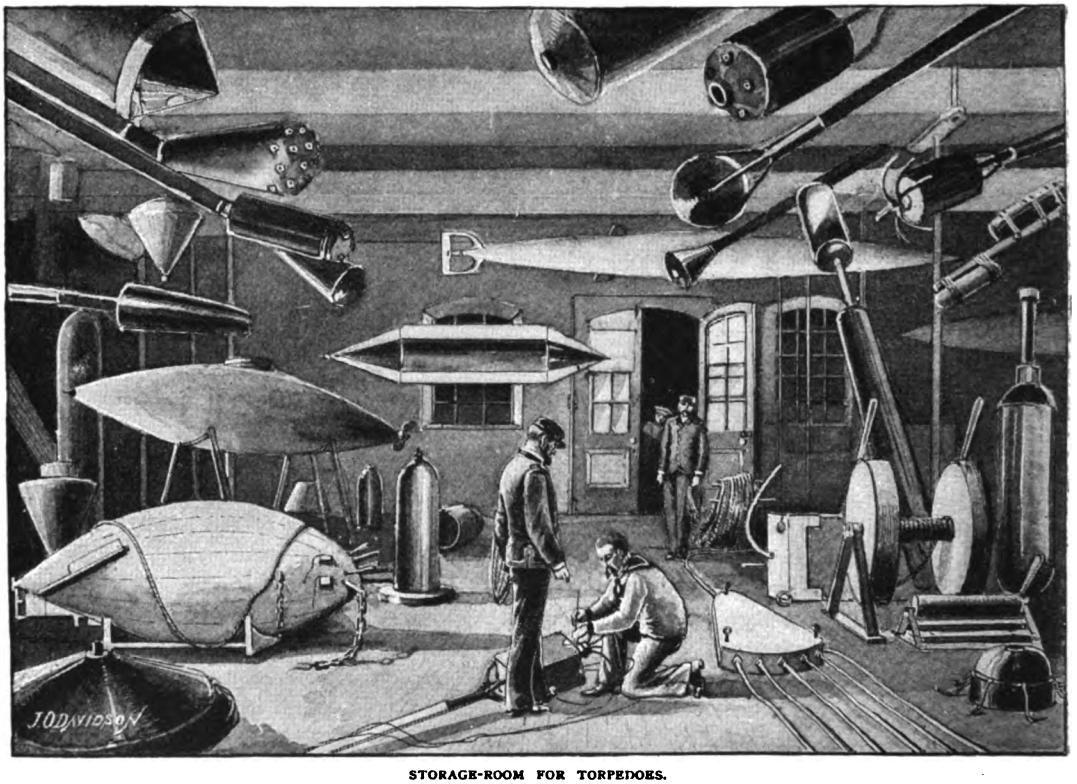
iron wheel, which, revolving at wonderful speed, is set spinning in the hollow torpedo shell, and by gear-wheels operates the propeller. This fly-wheel runs a long time. Perhaps you have seen toy locomotives run by the same method.

In fact, surrounding the visitor all kinds and shapes and sizes of queer-looking objects can be seen; but they are all torpedoes, and the whole purpose of each device is to be quiet, stealthy, obedient, and, above all, effective in action.



STORAGE-ROOM FOR TORPEDOES.

The entire collection is wonderfully interesting and instructive, but each of the terrible machines, although unloaded, has a certain dangerous air which is likely to give a timid visitor the "creeps."

JINGLE.

By W. S. Reed.

Bow your little heads, daisies white, daisies white;
Bow your little heads, purple clover,
And shut your eyes up tight, for soon it will be night —
The sun sets, and day-time is over.

Lift your little heads, daisies white, daisies white,
And open all your eyes, purple clover,
For the sun is coming up to cover you with light,
And to tell you that the night-time is over.

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THE MERRY OUTLAW, BOB O' LINCOLN.

By L. E. Stofiel.

The merry bobolink is one of the prettiest song-birds in the country. In Eastern Pennsylvania, along the Delaware, the bobolink is known as the "reed-bird," and is eagerly hunted by sportsmen.

You must likewise know that the bobolink has a third name—"rice-bird." That is what it is called in the Southern States. It is so named because it attacks the rice-fields and devours the grain. We of the North know little of the trouble it causes by this especial appetite. The magnitude of the depredations of the little bobolink can hardly be appreciated outside of the narrow belt of rice-fields along the coasts of a few of the Southern States. In innumerable hosts the birds visit the fields at the time of planting in spring, eating the seed-grain before the fields are "flooded," and then fly back north into Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, where they spend the summer. About the middle of August they commence to migrate south again, and swoop down upon the rice-fields once more, just at the time of harvesting the crop. What rice escaped in the spring now has little hope of surviving, for as the grain matures the birds pick it off in the face of the most desperate opposition.

To prevent total destruction of the crop during these invasions, thousands of men and boys, called "bird-minders," are employed by the rice-planters; hundreds of thousands of pounds of gunpowder are burned, and millions of birds killed. Still the number of bobolinks invading the rice-fields each year seems in no way diminished, and the aggregate annual loss they cause is estimated by Dr. C. Hart Merriman, Ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, at $2,000,000.

One of the largest rice-growers in South Carolina, Captain W. M. Hazzard, of Annandale, tells these interesting facts:

My plantation records will show that in the past ten years the rice-birds come punctually on the night of the 21st of August. All night their chirp can be heard passing over our summer-house. On the next three nights millions of these birds make their appearance, and settle down on our rice-fields. From that time until the 25th of September our every effort is to save the crop. Men, women, and boys are posted with guns and ammunition, one to every four or five acres, and shoot daily an average of about one quart of powder to a gun. This firing commences at the dawn of day, and is kept up until sunset. During the bird season we employ about one hundred bird-minders on this plantation, who shoot from three to five kegs of powder, of twenty-five pounds each. Add to this the cost of shot and caps, and you may know at what an enormous expense our fight with the bobolink is kept up. After all the waste of money, our loss of rice seldom falls below five bushels per acre, and through these pests of birds, rice-culture is rendered a hazardous speculation.

Between spring and late summer, when the bobolink is at the North, he displays none of

THE BOBOLINK.

these ruinous ways of his. He is all beauty and music. Sometimes he may plunder a cornfield slightly, but in Pennsylvania he is not guilty even of that slight offense. He is known on the farms of the North only as a bird most showy in his dress of black, white, and yellow feathers. The song of the bobolink is a peculiar, rapid, jingling, indescribable medley of sounds, started first by one bird, quickly followed by another and another, until the whole flock are engaged in a grand concert. Then, suddenly, without any apparent reason, they

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all, at the same instant, stop. These delightful choral concerts endear them to the farmer boys and girls of Pennsylvania. The "mellow, metallic chink" the birds utter has given them a name to imitate their song—"bob-o-link." When the birds mate, the male appears to lose his vocal powers, and is heard to utter only a sharp, clinking note, like that of the female. And when they settle down to plundering a rice-field, they seem to have lost all their melody, for then they can only chirp.

Another strange thing about the bobolink is that he loves the darkness of night. They only migrate, or travel, at night. They winter in the West Indies, where they get so fat that the natives have given them a fourth name—the "butterbirds."

Now, you know the habits of this masquerading little warbler. On his spring journey from the West Indies north, he robs the rice-fields of the Carolinas as they are being planted. Then he flies from justice to find a refuge in Pennsylvania and the North, where he suddenly puts on a quaint, coquetting air of sweetness, and wins the admiration and love of all who come within the sound of his voice. Then, suddenly, he takes on an evil mood, clothes it with darkness, and flies back to the rice-fields, where he spreads desolation all around, and increases the cost of rice in the cities of the North.

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

By C. P. Cranch.

"Ah, will you, will you," sings the thrush,
Deep in his shady cover,
"Ah, will you, will you live with me,
And be my friend and lover?

"With woodland scents and sounds all day,
And music we will fill you.
For concerts we will charge no fee.
Ah, will you — will you — will you?"

Dear hidden bird, full oft I 've heard
Your pleasant invitation;
And searched for you amid your boughs
With fruitless observation.

Too near and yet too far you seem
For mortals to discover.
You call me, yet I cannot come,—
And am your hopeless lover.

Like all that is too sweet and fair,
I never may come near you.
Your songs fill all the summer air;
I only sit and hear you.

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VACATION DAYS.

A STORY TOLD BY LETTERS.

By Laura E. Richards.

EDITH.

I. FROM EDITH, THE ELDEST.

Bywood, Mass., July 2.

Dearest Mama: We arrived safely last night. The little ones were pretty tired after the long stage-ride, but this morning they are as bright as buttons, and have gone to pick wild flowers in the meadow. Cousin Eunice seemed glad to see us, and is *very* kind, though I think perhaps she is not much used to children. She starts whenever they scream (and you know Agatha cannot *live* without screaming!) and asks whether "the little one is injured." I do hope they will be good, and I know they mean to be. Mammy, darling, of course I think of you every day in the hour, as Phil used to say. It seems very strange, does n't it? for us all to be scattered so, when we have never before been separated. But we can all be together, as you said, in think-

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ing of Papa and each other. I try to remember all the things you said, and I do hope I shall be able to keep the little ones well and happy. How is our precious Baby? The mountain air will be so good for him, and for you, too; you seemed so pale and tired, as I looked out of the car window. My own Mammy! You *will* take the very best care of yourself—won't you? You know you promised. Next time I will tell you all about this lovely place; but Agatha wants to write now, and I must rule a piece of paper for her. Always and always, dearest Mammy,

Your very loving child, EDITH.

II. FROM THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD AGATHA.

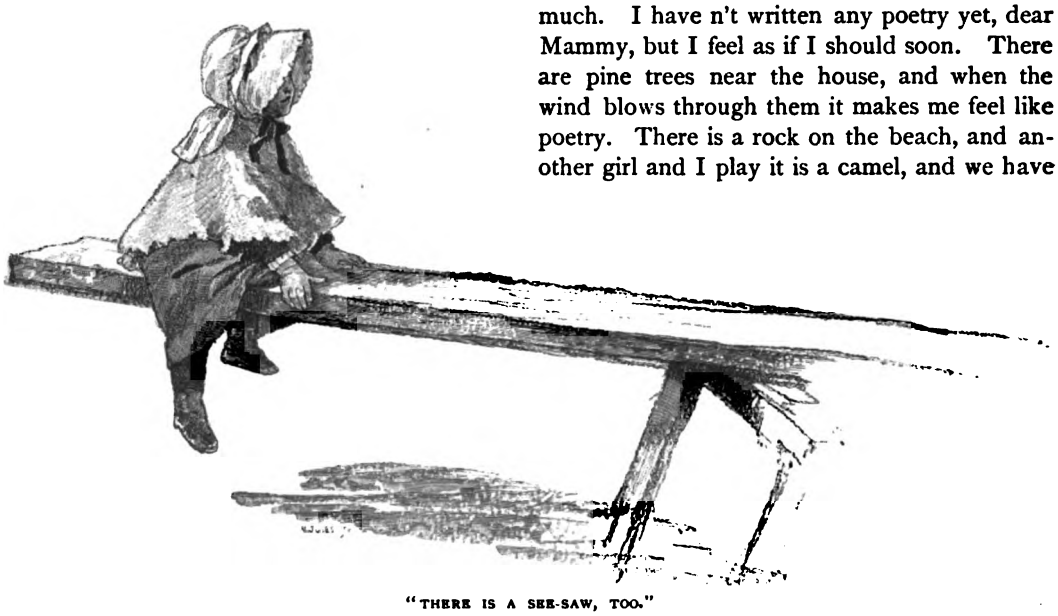
DEAR MAMMY: Ther is a cow her, And three pigs, and one is awl blak and one is awl whit and one is spoted. They skweel. I can skweel just lik them, but Cusin Unis dosnt lik it. She is nis, she gave me gam on my bread. I am very wel. I hop you are very well. Edith is wel too. She sais I mustnt do things a good eel but I will be good be coz dear Papa is dead. It is a pity he is dead. Edith sais I must not say that but I wil be coz it *Is* a pity. Ther is a see-saw too. I lik it. So good bi from AGATHA.

III. FROM MAY.

July 3.

DEAR MAMA: Edith and Agatha wrote yesterday, so it is my turn to-day. This is a lovely place, and I like it very much, only I wish you and Baby and Phil were here. Cousin Unice is funny and kind, and Vesta is funny, too. Vesta is the girl. I think she must be about a hundred. She calls me "Child of Mortality!" whenever I drop anything or tumble down. I have n't broken anything yet, but I fell down stairs yesterday, and dropped my hair-ribbon down the well this morning. Cousin Unice thinks I must be weakly, and wants to give me some kind of medicine that an old Indian used to make, but Edith told her I always fell down and dropped things. We have not been down to the beach yet, but Edith is going to take us soon. There is an old yellow horse called "Buckskin," and Cousin Unice says I may ride on him sometimes, when he is not hauling. They say "hauling" here for everything.

To-morrow is Fourth of July, and we shall not have any fireworks, but we don't mind much. I have n't written any poetry yet, dear Mammy, but I feel as if I should soon. There are pine trees near the house, and when the wind blows through them it makes me feel like poetry. There is a rock on the beach, and another girl and I play it is a camel, and we have fine rides on it, for the grass is thin and short and pinkish, and the sand does very well for a desert. Edith is going to lend me her shawl for a caftan, and then we will have a sand-storm, and we



"THERE IS A SEE-SAW, TOO."

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may kill the camel to get water out of him, but I am not sure yet. Now, good-by dear Mammy, from MAY.

IV. FROM PHIL, THE BOY OF THE FAMILY.

PUMPKIN HOUSE, MONTANA, July 10.

DEAR MAMA: I have n't written before, because I have been looking about me; you know you have to, when you go to a strange place. Uncle James had n't any name for the place, so I call it Pumpkin House, after that story of the two children who found a big pumpkin and lived in it, because it is bright yellow. I mean the house is. Uncle James is out on the farm all day, and so is Ned, and Aunt Caroline is sick. I fought with Ned yesterday because he said that I was nothing but a tenderfoot. It was about even, but I think I shall lick him next time, because I am practising with a bag of hay in the barn. I hang it from a beam and punch it. He makes faces at me at table sometimes; but I kick his shins under the table whenever he does it. He does n't make them very often, now.

There are some woods near the house that remind me of home, and I walk there often. I have a tree-toad, and am taming it for May. I found it on a tree, and it was exactly the color of the bark. Then I brought it home in my pocket, and when I took it out it was nearly white. I put it in my bureau drawer, and when the girl was putting away my clean clothes, it jumped out and scared her, and she screamed like a house afire. She is a stupid girl, any way; but Aunt Caroline said I must take it out to the barn, or her nerves would be destroyed. I have found two or three strange moths — one of them a beauty, only I had to set them with common pins, for I forgot my butterfly pins. If you should go to Boston, will you please go to the shop and get me a box and send it? I chloroformed them.

"WE PLAY IT IS A CAMEL."

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"THERE ARE SOME WOODS THAT REMIND ME OF HOME, AND I WALK THERE OFTEN."

I must stop now. I hope Baby is all right again. Your affectionate son,

PHILIP STRONG.

V. FROM EDITH.

BYWOOD, July 20.

OWNEST MAMA: First I will say that May and Agatha are both sitting here beside me, as good as kittens, shelling peas; and *then* I will tell you what a fright we had yesterday about May. I thought she was with Cousin Eunice (she *was* when I left her), and Cousin Eunice thought she had come to me; but when dinner-time came, the child was not to be found. Oh! Mamma dear, you can imagine how I felt. We hunted the whole house, from garret to cellar! We ran through the orchard and garden, calling and shouting. Dear Cousin Eunice was *so* kind, and kept thinking of one place and then another; but there was no sign of May. Agatha thought it was only fun, and kept singing,

"*She* fell
Down the well!
Down the well
She fell!"

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which did n't make me feel any better. Oh, dear! At last a neighbor came in with some vegetables, and said he had seen a little girl with a pink frock running about in the meadow by the cliffs. Then my heart went down, and all my strength seemed gone for a moment; but next minute I thought of you, and then I *flew!* I could n't call, for my voice seemed all dried up in my throat; I just looked and looked, as I ran. I came to the meadow, and saw the cliffs, and the sea shining so blue and calm, and thought — but never mind what I thought, Mama dear. Just then I saw a spot of pink in the grass, quite near the edge of the cliff. I don't know how I got to it, but I did, and — Mammy! there was that child, lying down, as comfortable and quiet as if she were on the sofa at home. And when I came up, panting and gasping, and dropped on the grass beside her, she just looked up, with the "composition" look in her great blue eyes, and said:

"There is n't any good rhyme to 'silver,' is there, Edith?"

Well, I could n't do anything but cry. Of course it was very silly, Mammy darling, and I knew it all the time, but I suppose it was only natural. I could n't speak to tell May of our fright, and May, of course, did n't know what was the matter, and thought I had had bad news from you; and altogether it was a bad moment. But it is all right now, Mammy, and you may be sure it will *never* happen again, for I shall hardly let the child go out of my sight. I suppose she ought to have been punished, but yet — well, she had no idea that she was doing wrong, and I remembered dear Papa's "If the intention is good, never mind the result!" so I only explained to her what the danger was, and what a terrible fright we were in. Cousin Eunice talked to her, too, so wisely and sweetly! We all love her dearly. But old Vesta shook her head, and said: "Child of Mortality, ye 'd oughter be spanked and put to bed!" and then gave us apple-turnovers all round, because we had "had a turn."

Your letter made us all happy next morning, and since Baby is well, and you rested and quiet, everything looks bright. Yes, dear, we are *very* happy here! A lovely, lovely place, flowers, and fields, and fresh air, and berries,

"THERE WAS THAT CHILD, LYING DOWN COMFORTABLE AND QUIET AS IF SHE WERE ON THE SOFA AT HOME."

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and the sea, and such *great* kindness! Only, of course, I do miss you dreadfully, and there would be no use in saying I did n't, because you would know better. Then — there is one thing more! I fear poor dear Phil is not happy in Montana. His letters are rather blue, and I don't think he gets on well with Uncle James's family. Could he possibly come here, Mammy dear? Cousin Eunice says she would *like* to have him. Tea-time now, so good-by, my own dearest. Kiss our blessed Baby twenty thousand times for his and your EDITH.

P. S.— I have finished "The Old Régime in Canada," and am beginning "Pontiac." Oh, how interesting it all is! Is n't Mr. Parkman a *great* historian? Everything is so clear, and so thrilling. I want to read *all* his books.

VI. FROM MAY.

BYWOOD, July 20.

DEAREST MAMA: I am very sorry they were frightened about me, but, of course, I should n't have fallen over the cliffs, so there was n't really any danger. I wanted to make a little song about the sea, so I went to look at it and be near it. I wish I could find a rhyme for "silver," but I can't, except "delver," and of course that won't do. I wanted to begin

"Sailing on a sea of silver,"

but I had to give it up, so I made this instead:

If I had a little boat,
I would sail and I would float
Like a rover proud and free,
All across the silver sea.

"I WANTED TO MAKE A LITTLE SONG ABOUT THE SEA."

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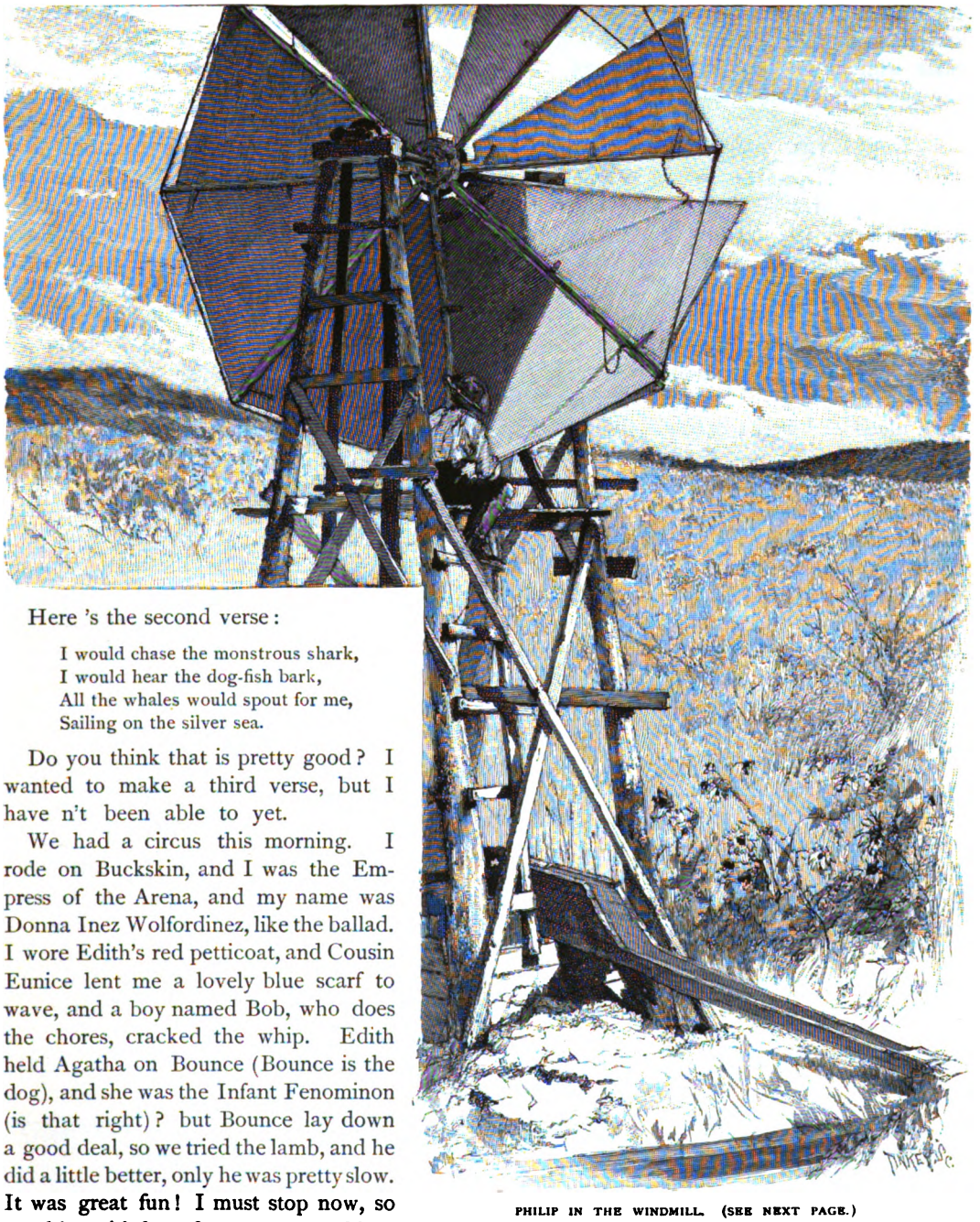

PHILIP IN THE WINDMILL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Here 's the second verse:

> I would chase the monstrous shark,
> I would hear the dog-fish bark,
> All the whales would spout for me,
> Sailing on the silver sea.

Do you think that is pretty good? I wanted to make a third verse, but I have n't been able to yet.

We had a circus this morning. I rode on Buckskin, and I was the Empress of the Arena, and my name was Donna Inez Wolfordinez, like the ballad. I wore Edith's red petticoat, and Cousin Eunice lent me a lovely blue scarf to wave, and a boy named Bob, who does the chores, cracked the whip. Edith held Agatha on Bounce (Bounce is the dog), and she was the Infant Fenominon (is that right)? but Bounce lay down a good deal, so we tried the lamb, and he did a little better, only he was pretty slow. It was great fun! I must stop now, so good-by with love from MAY.

VII. FROM LITTLE AGATHA.

DER MAMY: May dropt Ella into the pig sty, so we said she shuld be the pigs' dolly. Was n't that funny? she had only one leg, and both her arms was lost and her hed was broke, so we did n't care, but the pigs tryd to eet her and I skweeled, so Bob took her out. Bob made me a cart it is panted red it has too weels he sais I must be a boocher but I want to be a

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tin pan man. He cam her yesty Cusn Unis bort sum tin pans they are brite and she bort me a plate with al fib bits on it. So now I will say good bi. Good bi from AGATHA.

VIII. FROM PHILIP.

August 1.

DEAREST MAMA: I hope you will not be angry when I tell you that I have run away. I shall not send this till I have nearly got to Bywood, because I don't want you to be frightened. I could n't stay there any longer. That Ned was a perfect terror. He said that bats were birds, and when I said they were n't he said I lied and I knocked him down and made his nose bleed and broke one of his front teeth. (I 'm sorry for *that*, but it could n't have been much of a tooth.) So Uncle James said he would flog me before all the farm hands, and I would n't stand that, so I ran away. You know he is n't my real uncle at all, and even if his first wife was my aunt I don't see what right he would have to do that. Do you? I am certain he had not. When I got a good way from the farm I hired out to a man to tend windmill. It was great fun! You have to oil it, and regulate the speed, and watch the troughs. And just think! one day I saw Uncle James, and I suppose he was looking for me, so I hid behind the sail, and he went right by and never saw me. I caught a gopher, and now he is so tame he stays in my pocket or sits on my shoulder. I did it while I was tending the mill. The man was very kind. In about a week he had to go to Chicago, on business, and I went with him. I had all the money you had given me for my fare back. He gave me — I mean the man did — quite a sum of money, and his wife gave me such a lot of nice grub — I beg pardon! I mean food — to take with me, and a note to some other people on the way (they had a boy just my age who died, and they wanted to keep me, but of course I could n't stay), and so I had a splendid time. I 'll tell you all about my journey, when I see you again. But at Chicago I found Uncle Dick just starting for the East, and he took me with him to New York. The rest was easy enough, and I shall get to Bywood some time to-morrow. So good-by, dear Mammy, with love from PHILIP STRONG.

TELEGRAM.

To Mrs. John Strong, Bethlehem, N. H.

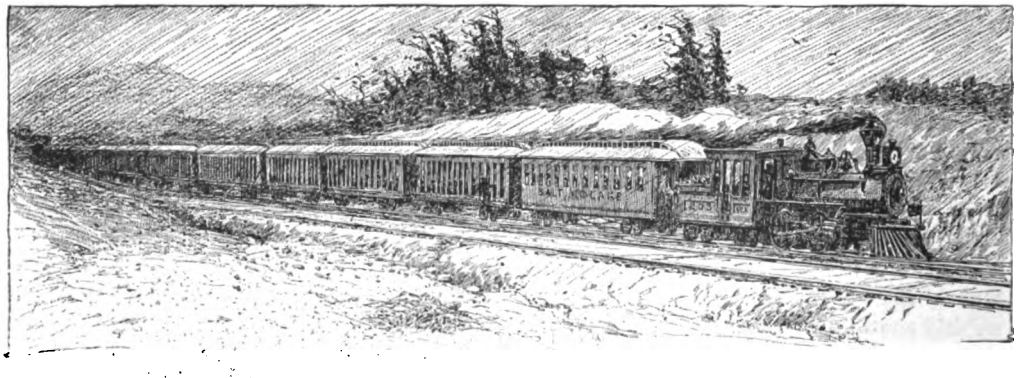
Phil arrived last night. All well and happy. See letter. EDITH STRONG.

IX. FROM ALL FOUR.

BYWOOD, Aug. 3.

DEAREST DEAR MAMA: Please don't mind! We are all together, and we are *so* happy! Phil looks splendidly well, and Cousin Eunice is delighted with him. She is writing to you herself, but this is just a little line from all of us, to say how glad we are, and how jolly it is, and how we do hope you won't mind.

— Oh!!! Your letter has just come, saying that you and Baby will be here in three days. Oh! Mama, Mama! it seems too good to be true. We can't write any more, for we must go and dance the "Dance of Delight," which Phil invented when he got here. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Kisses and love from EDITH,
PHIL,
MAY,
AGATHA.



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(A NONSENSE RHYME.)

A MERRY little maiden with a wealth of golden hair
Went out one day a-sailing with a friendly polar-bear.
The maiden spread her handkerchief and made a jolly sail;
The bear sat in the stern, and told an interesting tale.
"Now this," the bear remarked to her, "is just what ought to be.
We 'll sail away and sail away until we cross the sea,
And I will be the captain, while you shall be my mate;
I 'm sure a boat like this cannot be hard to navigate."
So on they sailed and sailed away and never knew a care,
This merry little maiden and the friendly polar-bear.

But after many days the wind began to blow a gale,
And all the crew were ordered up aloft to shorten sail.
"Dear me!" the merry maiden cried, "how miserable I feel!"
"You must not speak," the captain said, "to him wot 's at the wheel.
Now throw the cargo overboard as quickly as you can;
We 've got to lighten ship at once or perish to a man!"
Oh, then the captain looked at her and she looked back at him,
And each remembered, suddenly, that neither one could swim.
They looked to windward, fore and aft; there was no help in sight.
They felt that all their beaming hopes must suffer early blight.
At last the captain, sobbing, said, "I might eat you, my dear;
And that would lighten half the weight at once, 't is very clear."
"Excuse me," said the mate, "I think the better plan would be
To cut off all your bushy hair and fling it in the sea."
"No sooner said than done," said she, and straight her scissors plied,
And snipped away until the bear had lost his shaggy hide.

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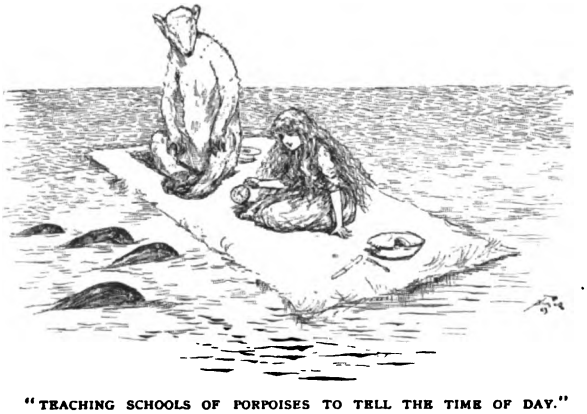
"AND STRAIGHT HER SCISSORS PLIED."

They saved the hair, however, and they made a goodly raft,
Then sailed away and sailed away on that fantastic craft;
And when the captain's temperature without his coat grew low,
He boxed the compass for a while and got in quite a glow.

They studied navigation, and they passed some hours away
In teaching schools of porpoises to tell the time of day,
But made so little headway, since they could not sail nor row,
They begged a whale, that happened by, to take the raft in tow.
But suddenly the whale he dived, and disappeared from view,
And left them floating on the sea, this shipwrecked crew of two.

Then said the bear: "The very thing we ought to do just now,
Is to go and furl the mizzen-shrouds and lash them to the bow."
Then they gave the keel a luff or two and brought the jibs about;
They took an observation and sat down to work it out.
That night the captain kept the watch. They had but one, you see,
And he forgot to wind it, so they drifted far to lee;
And when the morning broke they saw the breakers just ahead,



"TEACHING SCHOOLS OF PORPOISES TO TELL THE TIME OF DAY."

Yet not a solitary spot where they could heave the lead.
They drifted on! — they felt a crash! — the boat began to sink!
When suddenly the mate remembered she had saved the ink.
She rushed below,— she got the ink,— she poured it on the waves,
And thus alone that hapless crew were saved from watery graves.

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She took a pen and dipped it down into that inky sea;
She wrote a line,—threw it ashore,—'t was caught, and thus you see
They all were drawn quite safe to land, the captain and his crew,
And lo! they found they were in France and had to "*parlez-vous.*"
"Now this," the bear remarked to her, "is just what ought to be;
We've sailed away and sailed away until we've crossed the sea."
And they started off to view the land,—this friendly polar-bear
And the merry little maiden, with the wealth of golden hair.

CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. Davidson.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter VIII.

THE ESCAPE.

Next day was bright and beautiful; but Frank Austin was kept a close prisoner, though he occasionally caught glimpses of the fleet following in their leader's wake. Twice during the day they passed heavily laden traders northward bound; but all were allowed to go by unmolested. Strange behavior for pirates, Frank thought, as he saw the prizes glide by without being even hailed.

Toward nightfall land was sighted, and the fleet hove to in a deep and narrow passage between two islands. Evidently some important work was to be done here; for busy preparations were made by the crews, and boats passed from junk to junk carrying the long grass hawsers which Frank had seen on the beach while he was at the settlement. After dark, he saw a line of glimmering lights stretching over the water on both sides of the chief's junk, as if the fleet had formed a line of battle. What could it all mean? No foe was in sight, and they were still at some distance from the land. How quiet everything seemed on board! But for an occasional footfall on the deck above, Frank would have thought the craft deserted. His lonely watch and the gentle rolling of the boat wearied him, and he fell asleep.

How long he slept he did not know. He was suddenly awakened by the distant sound of a steamer's whistle. The deep boom of the deck-gong then sounded above, and was immediately followed by sharp orders from the

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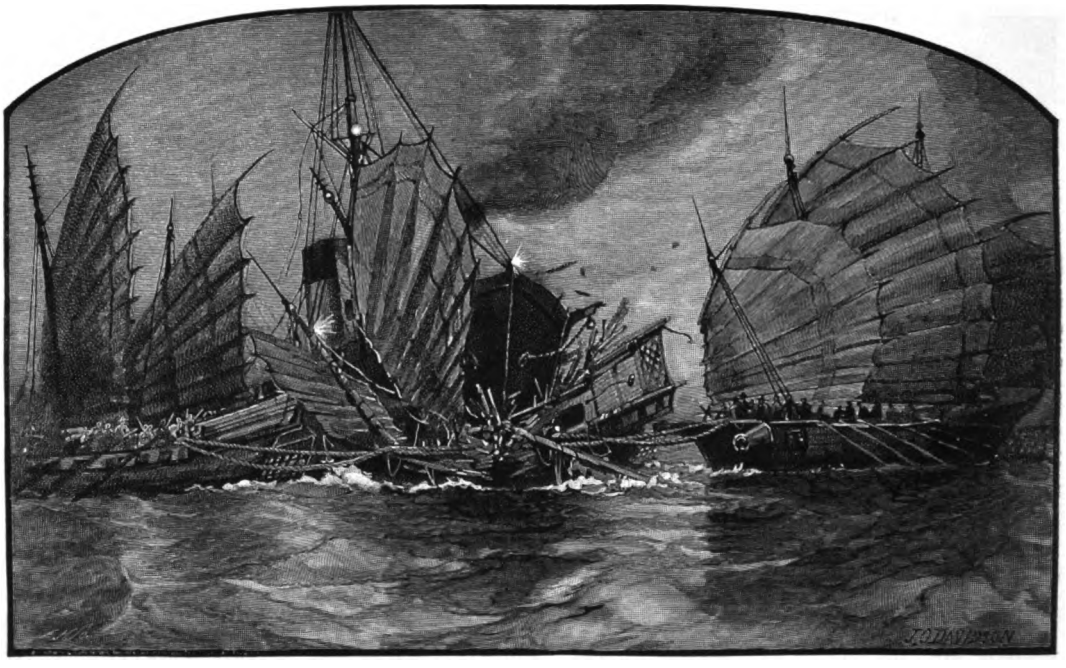

THE PIRATES CLOSING IN UPON THE FRENCH STEAMER.

officers; then came the surge of the sweeps, and Frank knew, from the bustle, that the crew were casting loose the guns.

"Can it be the gunboat on their track?" Frank asked himself, but at once remembered that the pirates would hardly dare to meet her in open fight. Again the steamer's whistle reached him; but now she was much nearer. One, two, three — four short blasts, followed by a long one.

"That means 'Clear the track!' Something is in her way," said Frank to himself.

The thud, thud of the propeller and the rush of water at the steamer's bows could now be heard.

Suddenly the shout of a man came clear and distinct through the night air saying in French:

"Port your helm! Stop her! Back her! For your life, be quick! We 're among pirates!"

Then the steamer's bell clanged twice, and Frank heard the reversing of the engines. He rushed to the window and looked out. For a moment all was still; then came a terrific crash, the sound of rending planks, and the surging of spray, with a shock that almost threw him off his feet. The explosion of heavy guns succeeded; and, by the light of the discharges, Frank saw the shadowy form of a large iron steamer alongside, completely surrounded and hemmed in by the fleet of junks, whose crews he could see swarming over her sides with weapons in hand.

Darkness, powder, and smoke soon obscured the scene. No more cannon were fired, but the confused noise of a struggle reached his ears, mingled with the reports of firearms, of battle-cries, and then — savage yells of exultation from the pirates.

At length he heard the noise of escaping steam from the captured steamer's safety-valve. Frank, horror-stricken at the fearful tragedy taking place so near him, crouched on his prison floor, fervently hoping that the strangers might yet manage to escape from their deadly peril.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder, and a well-known voice hissed in his ear, "Quick! Cap'n Frank, for your life, follow me!"

He turned and beheld the swarthy form of Kanaka Joe, crouching on the floor, dripping wet, and with a coil of rope wound about his body.

Silencing Frank's cry of astonishment, Joe motioned him to one of the stern windows, from which Frank saw that a bar had been wrenched. Fastening the rope to a ring-bolt both slid down by it, Frank going out first,

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and dropped into a sampan* hardly distinguishable through the smoke of the conflict still raging fiercely above them.

Stunned and bewildered, Frank stumbled into a seat, and grasping the oar that was thrust into his hand commenced rowing with all his strength. Joe's sinewy back swayed to and fro before Frank, as he, also, bent to the work. A few moments' hard pulling, and they left behind them the smoke of the conflict, and not till then did Frank notice that Proddy was behind him rowing, while old Ben Herrick stood astern, abaft the cuddy, steering.

"Give way, my lads, give way!" cried Ben; "we 'd better get well clear of this neighborhood as soon as we can!"

Behind lay a confused mass of drifting smoke in which could vaguely be seen the masts and spars of the vessels; while the occasional fitful gleam and dull report of firearms showed that resistance was still being made to the robbers. Soon, however, all sounds of conflict ceased, and everything was dark again.

For two hours more they kept on their way until exhaustion compelled them to rest.

"We ought to be thankful for our deliverance, Mr. Frank!" exclaimed Ben, reverently, as he extended his honest hand to his commander. "I little thought our stay with those thieves would be so short!"

"But, Ben, I did not know you and the boys were with the fleet. How did you come to be with us?" asked Frank eagerly.

"Well, sir, if you 'll let me take a spell at your oar, I 'll spin you the yarn; and simple enough it is."

After changing places with Frank, Ben began his story:

"The day you had me eased of that hard labor I had nothing to do but to wander around gathering all the information I could about this here expedition; and, although I could not understand much of their lingo, I heard enough to convince me it was our only chance to get away. So I consulted with Joe and Proddy, and consequently they were of the same mind. Just before they started that evening, we slipped into a boat with some coils of rope and casks that had been forgotten, chucked the boat-keeper over, and rowed out to the fleet. We hardly knew what to do after we got there; but it would not do to go back, so Joe puts on a bold face, and picking out the smallest junk he tells her crew as how the chief had ordered us to sail in her. It was easy enough to hide ourselves, after we once got aboard, until they got to sea; and then it was too late to send us back. They kicked us about a good deal and made us work; but they said nothing to the chief

FRANK'S ESCAPE.

about our being there, and that made everything right so far. You know the rest."

"Why, no, I don't," replied Frank. "What was all this fight for, to-night?"

"Well, Joe says that he heard the men talking of a French steamer they expected to lay a trap for between two islands. I suppose that must be the steamer they took to-night."

"But how could they stop a powerful steamer like that? Why did n't she go around them?"

"Why, you know, Mr. Frank, those steamers don't turn out for junks. They just blow the whistle, and then run 'em down. Well, know-

* A light skiff, sometimes with a matting roof, usually propelled by a sail, or sculled.

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ing that fact, these cunning chaps just fastened all their fleet together with those big grass hawsers we saw them making. The steamer's lookout mistook us for a sleepy lot of traders, becalmed.

"At first they were going to sheer out of our way, but the pirates rowed their junks right across their bows, an' so she tried the usual way — running them down.

"When she struck, she smashed the middle junks to match-sticks. Thunderation! — how the timbers flew! But those, you see, were old, rotten hulks, with no one on board. It was then these grass cables came into play; for they held the wrecked junks together, and the steamer's headway made the rest of them fall back on both sides of her like a mass of kelp weed. As soon as they came alongside the steamer, the pirates chucked a lot of old cordage and fish-nets under her stern, and fouled the propeller. But long before that, there were three hundred or more of the yellow rascals on her decks, armed with their terrible knives and the Frenchmen stood no chance whatever!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Frank.

"Yes, sir, bad enough; but you see, if European steamers had n't that reckless way of running down the junks, this thing would not have happened. It was a clever trick, though, we must confess."

Before Ben had finished his story, the gray streaks of dawn appeared, and the sun rose in splendor over the expanse of blue water. Low down on the horizon lay the two islands; and near them, almost under the sun, a few specks indicated where the pirates' fleet was busy with its capture.

"Ay, there they are, the thieves! — taking her off to rob at their leisure!" growled Ben as he gazed after them.

"It 's pretty hard work, this rowing; and it 's a pity to lose this fine breeze," said Frank, turning to the mate. "Ben, don't you think we might rig up some sort of a sail?"

"Well, we might; but there is nothing on board but a small bundle of canvas, here in a locker. We might make out by using our coats and shirts, and such few things as we can spare!" So saying, Ben went to work and, with a sailor's ingenuity, soon finished a contrivance which all heartily laughed at, but which nevertheless held the wind, and caused the boat to run merrily through the water.

"There!" said Ben, eying his work aloft with great satisfaction, "it 's not much of a craft, with that lug; but I think, as we 're laying a good course, we 'd better beat all hands to quarters, and give you the command of the ship, sir"; and he made a bow as respectful as if Frank were the captain of a man-of-war, just going into commission.

"All right, Ben. I shall take command," replied Frank, laughing; "and as there are only four of us, we can all be officers. You can be lieutenant, Ben; Joe, second-officer; and Proddy, chief cook. As we 're all hungry, the chief cook had better get us some breakfast!"

Proddy drew a long face, and announced that two pounds of rice, a keg of water, and some salt-fish was all their larder afforded.

"We had to steal this boat, and get off during the fight, sir; and I 'm afraid we overlooked the provisions entirely, not thinking of anything at the time but how to escape," said Ben, ruefully.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose we shall have to go on short rations immediately," said Frank, with as much cheerfulness as he could command; "for we have a long journey before us, and must not waste a grain of rice."

Dividing out their first day's food, they had just enough left for one day more.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SAMPAN.

ALL day long they relieved each other at the oars, and managed the sail so as to catch every breath of wind that favored their northward course. As soon as relieved, each crawled under the thatched roof of the cuddy and instantly fell asleep. Those on duty kept a careful watch for any passing sail, but saw nothing more than the distant clouds, or the dip of a white gull's wing.

After an anxious night's watching, the second morning broke as clear, bright, and beautiful as the preceding, but its very serenity was a source of anxiety; for without wind or rain their death was certain before long. Indeed, the last morsel of food and the last drop of water were

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consumed that day, and as the evening stars came out starvation stared them in the face.

Next day, at noon, Joe contrived to catch a few little fish that had sheltered themselves under the shade of some floating sea-weed. These they divided and ate raw; but all their efforts to tempt some sea-birds within reach of a bamboo pole were unavailing. The long, hot afternoon wore away, and still they toiled at the oars. They looked for rain, but in vain. They kept watch for a sail; still nothing but a waste of blue water and feathery, floating clouds met their gaze.

Again the sun set in golden glory; the constellation of the Southern Cross blazed out in the heavens, and the cool night winds crept gently over the unruffled water.

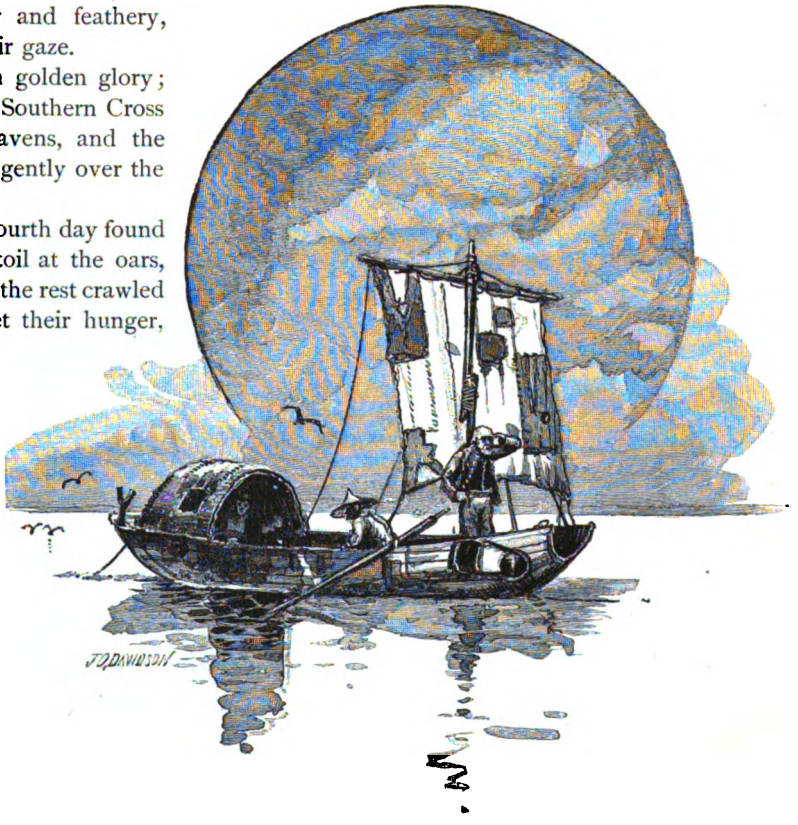
The morning of the fourth day found them too exhausted to toil at the oars, so one kept watch while the rest crawled into the cuddy to forget their hunger, if possible, in sleep. Little was said as they relieved each other on the watch, for their parched mouths almost refused to form words, and as they avoided one another's desperate eyes, they all felt the end could not be long delayed.

The spectacle they presented was pitiful indeed. The rude, patched sail flapped lazily against the mast as the old boat turned its prow slowly from point to point, as if seeking some sign of relief from the stillness around. In the cuddy lay Frank and Joe, stupefied with hunger and utterly exhausted, and Proddy sat listlessly on the thwart. Old Ben, with his gray locks hanging in tangled masses about his head, leaned feebly against the mast and gazed with restless eyes around the horizon.

Strange to say, the old man had withstood privation better than his younger companions. Possibly his long, rough life at sea had rendered him less sensitive to suffering.

At all events, while his companions dozed, Ben still watched. The evening's chill settled over the water. Just as the light was fading from the sky, Ben struggled to his feet and, steadying himself against the mast, gazed long and earnestly at a thin, dusky haze stretching along the horizon.

"Can that be land?" he huskily muttered,



BECALMED.

"or is it the smoke of a steamer? I'll not wake the boys yet. Disappointment now would kill them."

He continued to gaze at the hazy cloud as the darkness closed around. An hour passed: and though the boat turned slowly about, now pointing this way, now that, becalmed on the glassy water, the old man still kept his eye on that one point where he had seen the dusky line. Presently his patience was rewarded by the sight of a faint point of light like a tiny star

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resting on the water; but it was yellower in color than the stars above.

"Thank Heaven!" the old sailor whispered as he tottered aft. "Ay, sleep away, my lads! You 'll soon be out of this trouble."

So saying, he softly opened a locker and drew forth a lot of oakum, rags of canvas, and a few chips of wood. These he carried forward in a pannikin, which he fastened in the bows. Then he produced from his pocket a quaint-looking, circular Chinese mirror of polished metal, and carefully rubbed it bright with a bit of flannel. The distant light was now much nearer, and another could be seen somewhat lower than the first. "Ay, ay! there 's her masthead-light and her bow-light," exclaimed Ben; "and now I see her red light to port. The starboard green light is hid yet, so she must be a large steamer. Hullo! there 's her green light now. She 's changed her course somewhat. She is coming head on. Guess I 'd better show my glim."

So saying, he touched a match to the mass in the pan, and it instantly burst into a bright flame.

"Fire, fire!" came in husky tones from the cuddy, as Frank sat up, dazzled by the glare.

Ben touched him on the shoulder and, pointing to the distant light, uttered but one word:

"Safe!"

Joe and Proddy, who had now crawled out, comprehended the situation instantly, and stood watching eagerly, as Ben, standing behind the fire, reflected the glare in the little mirror and flashed its light far out into the darkness toward the steamer.

"Hush!" whispered Joe, leaning over the boat's side and putting his ear close to the water. "Propeller, Massa Frank. P. and O. steamer. Listen!"

Sure enough, before long the "thud, thud," of a propeller wheel came faintly to their ears. At this the weakened crew attempted a cheer, but their voices were so faint they produced only a shrill, feeble cry. So they gave it up and busied themselves in feeding the fire with such things as they could lay their hands on. In their eagerness they even tore off the cuddy thatch and split up the seats to keep up the fire.

"Golly, Massa Frank!" exclaimed Proddy, "we 'll burn up the boat befo' dey gets here!"

"Never mind, lads; it 's our last chance," cried Ben, as he snapped an oar to feed the flames. "Pile everything on. Hooray, lads! they see us! Here they come."

In a few minutes the great hull of a large steamship emerged from the darkness, and she slowed up within a hundred yards, her many lights twinkling from her open ports, while numerous figures could be seen clustered about the decks.

"Boat ahoy! Do you want any help?" came in ringing tones over the water.

"Yes! Yes!" cried the castaways all at once; but their voices were so husky and shrill that they could hardly have been heard on the steamer.

Fearing they were to be deserted, Frank seized a brand from the fire and, waving it

"HELP, HELP!"

above his head in despair, managed to call out, "Help, help!" and then, overcome by the exertion, fell back into the arms of Ben.

The rattling of blocks and tackle now was heard from the steamer as the crew sprang to lower the life-boat, and the officer's orders from the bridge were audible as he directed the men; but all other sounds were presently drowned by the roar of steam from the safety-valve.

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An instant later the stanch life-boat ran alongside the small craft. It was not a moment too soon, for the neglected fire had reached the woodwork of the sampan and she was all ablaze forward.

The rescued castaways were helped into the life-boat, and Frank was tenderly laid in the stern-sheets.

"Quick, men! Shove off!" ordered the officer, for all the bow of the sampan was now in flames. The sail, too, had caught, and from it were dropping blazing fragments, which hissed as they were extinguished in the inky water.

The steamer's side was soon gained, the tackle hooked on, boat, crew, and all were run swiftly up to the davits, and the rescued men were taken into the cabin, where they received the best attention the steamer could afford.

The rescuing vessel had meanwhile resumed her headway, and left the blazing craft to fade into the distance, where the smoke and flame from her burning hull and mast rose like a luminous column straight upward into the darkness, like a warning finger pointing to the midnight sky.

The kindly care of their rescuers soon restored the exhausted men to health, and, three days later, they were landed at Hong Kong.

Immediately on arriving they repaired to the company's office, where their appearance created the greatest astonishment, as all believed that they had perished in some gale.

Frank was ushered into the agent's office, and to him the young captain recounted his adventures in detail.

When he had finished, the agent shook him warmly by the hand, saying that the company would gladly have paid double the required money to get him back; but now that they had been saved so large a ransom (which would have been a total loss, in addition to the cost of their junk) by Herrick's and Joe's foresight in affording Frank the means of escape, he would amply reward the men for their devotion.

On being called from the outer office the three came awkwardly in, hats in hand; but Joe paused a moment at the door, and stepped on the rich carpet only after much coaxing.

"The lad has n't been used to such fine footing," Ben explained in apology.

"Well, my lads," said the agent, "I hear an excellent report from Mr. Austin of your devotion to him and to the company's interests. You shall not be unrewarded."

"We did no more than our duty, sir, in getting him out of the clutches of those villains," replied Ben, "and it was Joe, here, sir, that put the notion into our heads. He 's a fine fellow is Joe, sir, and Proddy, too,—if he *is* only a cook."

At this both Joe and Proddy grinned, looking very embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"I see you are all modest, and the carpet seems too hot for Joe, so I won't keep you waiting," said the agent, laughing. Then ringing a bell, he told the porter to summon all the employees in the offices. In a moment or two all the clerks and others were assembled, wondering what was on hand.

In a few words the agent gave them an outline of our friends' adventures, and highly praised them for their faithfulness. Then, turning to Ben, he said:

"Ben Herrick, in this affair you have behaved with a courage, bravery, and fidelity proverbial among men of your class, and I take pleasure in now extending to you, and to your two messmates, Proddy and Joe, the thanks of the company, and also a more substantial reward."

He then handed to each a considerable sum in gold, in addition to their regular wages.

"Thank ye, sir," replied Ben. Then he added severely, "Proddy, stop your staring, and say 'Thank ye' for your present!"

Joe had already made a low obeisance after the manner of his people.

All the employees now crowded about to congratulate them, and Ben, flourishing his hat, called for "Three cheers for the agent, Captain Austin, and the company!" Three rousing "Hurrahs!" followed, and as all filed out Ben was heard to say, "Proddy, you lubber of a sea-cook, where were your manners?—you acted like a fool!"

"Golly, Massa Ben," answered the good-natured fellow, "I was done gone a'most crazy for shuah, when he give me all dis money."

"Now, Mr. Austin," said the agent, when they were alone together, "please accept from me this token of appreciation. I know you are

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going to say that you lost your ship and cargo, and do not desire to take any present; but, I assure you, you have done us a great service in putting us on the track of the worst pirate in these seas. This man has caused us such losses that if we succeed in destroying him we shall consider this last loss as nothing!"

So saying he drew from his finger a handsome ring.

"Now, sir," continued he, "we had better lay your information before the proper authorities, so that they may lose no time in starting one of their swiftest cruisers on the track of these piratical gentlemen."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TWINS.

"How queer it is that we should look
So much like one another!
Most people get us all mixed up —
They can't tell me from brother,
And no one 's certain which is which
Excepting only — mother!"

Jessie B. McClure.

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THE SWIMMING-HOLE STORIES.

By Walter Storrs Bigelow.

V. A HORNETS' NEST.

My mother had come to spend the month of September with Charlie's mother, and had brought my younger brother, Robert. I was attending school with Charlie, because there was only a District School in the village where we lived. But Robert's eyes were not strong, and the doctor had said that for the present he must not study. Charlie and I wished that we could have weak eyes, too. When we were kept at home by illness, we were generally so light-headed, or so shaky in the legs, that we could n't have any fun. But a boy with weak eyes could play just the same as usual.

One evening soon after the Revolution in school, mother called us aside just as we were starting for bed.

"This afternoon," said she, "Charlie heard some of the boys talking over a plan to frighten you and Robert to-morrow. He wanted to warn you without tattling, and asked me to give you a hint. Then you can look out for yourselves. Now, I will ask you one question. Do hornets ever build their nests down near the water? You need n't answer, but you may think about it, and talk it over."

So off we went upstairs, puzzled. Do hornets ever build their nests down near the water? What a queer question!

"Last one in bed puts out the light!"

We had walked very slowly upstairs, but at this challenge from me we both began to undress with great speed. Our coats came off together, and then our collars—neck and neck. Down we went on the floor, like a well-drilled regiment's "Order arms!" and began to unlace our shoes in unison. The rights came off together; but, with too hasty fingers, I pulled the end of my left shoestring through the loop. I was the one to put out the light—after that knot was untied, and then I crawled in beside my little brother, who would much rather not have won by a "foul."

Soon we began to talk over the mysterious question, Do hornets ever build their nests down near the water?

"Do you suppose the boys will play they 're hornets, and sting us with big thistles!" asked Bobby, with an anxious voice.

"Perhaps so; but they won't dare try it if Ned Barnes is there."

"If he is n't, I won't go in," said Bobby, in the tone of one who has made up his mind.

"We 'll go down, anyway. Perhaps there 's a real hornets' nest, and we may find it. We can tell by the way the boys act, what to do."

The next afternoon, much to our relief, Ned Barnes came down to the swimming-hole soon after our arrival there, and Bobby and I did not feel obliged to sit and watch the other boys having all the fun. There was whispering among the boys, but we knew what it was about, and were ready for any trick they might dare play while Ned was there. This was Bobby's first visit to the spot, but he could swim like a little duck, and was to be our companion, instead of joining the paddlers of his own age in the shallow water, up stream.

For all my little brother's bright blue eyes were not strong, they were a much better pair of observers than mine; and if there were a hornets' nest to be seen, I depended chiefly on him to discover it.

This time I was undressed first, taking care about my shoestrings; and after the usual ceremonial soaking of my brown hair with water, and burying my browner face in a double handful of it, I dived into the deep hole.

I have already told how the current would carry us swiftly under the big tree that projected above the stream, and how we would clutch it and thereon reach the bank. But this time, as I came up, turned on my back, and was borne

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under the tree, I saw, hanging out from the down-stream side of the trunk — IT!

I did n't clutch the tree, but floated past, scrambled out on the bank below, and hastened to where my brother was about to make his maiden plunge into our swimming-hole.

"Wait, wait, Bobby!" I cried, in a hoarse whisper. "I want to tell you something. The nest is on that big tree. You dive once, so 's not to seem afraid; but get to land without touching the tree. Then we 'll go home."

The other boys were so busy that, when Bobby had made his plunge, we quietly dressed and slipped away unnoticed.

When Charlie arrived about tea-time, he asked me:

"What was the matter with you this afternoon? Why did you come up to the house so early?"

"Oh, you need n't pretend," said I. "You were a trump to give us that hint."

"What about?"

"Aw! you know. About the hornets' nest on the trunk of the big tree."

"There is n't any nest on the tree, that I know of. There was one on the old stump up by the shallows, yesterday; and the fellows meant to have some fun with you by knocking it off, and making the hornets mad. But some one else destroyed it before we got there this afternoon."

"But I saw a nest on the tree myself," I insisted.

"Why did n't the rest of us see it, then?"

"You would have seen it if you 'd been on the lookout, as I was; and I wonder you did n't see it, anyway."

"But don't you suppose that some one of the boys would have hit it when he pulled himself out of the water?"

"I should think so. I saw it only just in time to keep from hitting it myself."

"I believe you only imagined you saw a nest, because you were afraid. Just as people afraid of ghosts are always thinking they see 'em."

"I was n't afraid. Come down there and I 'll show it to you."

"All right, but I know you won't find any nest."

So that evening, after tea, Charlie, Bobby, and I went again to the swimming-hole. When we reached the stream, our shoes and the lower ends of our trousers were soaked with dew from the long meadow grass through which we had waded. It was nearly dusk. We got down on our hands and knees at the edge of the bank below the tree, and peered at the place we had come to look at, and there saw — a big, brown, warty knot on the trunk. In all the times I had seen the trunk of that tree, I had never noticed the knot; but I had never before been looking out so sharply for a hornets' nest.

Charlie and Bobby looked at each other, but they both kept still — so still, in fact, that they made me nervous. But they were very good about it, and the chaffing I expected never came.

The way back seemed to me a great deal longer than that we had come, though it was over the same ground. Across the meadow it was slightly up hill from the stream, and perhaps that was the reason. The long grass matted and tangled before us, and our shoes ripped through it as we crossed the meadow in the growing darkness.

We were so tired when we reached home that we went straight up to bed, talking over the events of the day.

"Now let 's go to sleep, Bobby," said I, at last. "Good night."

"Well, good night," said Bobby.

"Good night."

"Good night."

"There; did you hear the clock strike nine? Well, after nine o'clock we must n't talk. I 'll say good night, and then we 'll stop. Good night."

"Good night," echoed Bobby.

"You ought n't to answer me, when it 's so late. You 've said good night, and now I 'll answer, and then we must go to sleep. Good night."

"Good night," said Bobby.

"Why do you keep on answering? Suppose we say it together, after I count three."

"All right," said Bobby.

"Now, then. One, two, three —"

"Good — night!" we both exclaimed, together.

In three minutes more we were sound asleep.

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THE STORY OF THE "CENTURY" CAT.

By Mary F. Honeyman.

"So Tiberius might have sat
Had Tiberius been a cat."

Probably most St. Nicholas boys and girls have a favorite cat or kitten, maybe a whole family of these furry friends. And perhaps the lively interest taken in their home pets will be extended to the big silver-gray Maltese pussy whose portrait stands at the head of this page.

His experiences have been somewhat different from those of cats in general. In the first place, he began life very high up in the world; that is to say, in the seventh story of the building which is the home of the St. Nicholas magazine. At an early age he went into business, not as an office boy, but as an office cat; for mice were plenty in the great building, and their sharp little white teeth did much mischief in nibbling the backs off the magazines for the morsel of paste that secures the cover. And these mice, perhaps knowing more than most mice, having been familiar with good literature all their days, just laughed at mouse-traps, no matter how temptingly baited with toasted cheese, and refused to be caught in them on any terms. At length it was decided to get a cat to put an end to their depredations; and what cat could be better than the gray one who lived on the top floor with the janitor, and was then some three years old? So it came about that he was installed as The Century Cat; and what could be more fitting than that he should receive the name "Century"? A good friend of his at once gave him a fine collar with his name engraved upon it, and very soon he came to know his name quite as well as you boys and girls know yours, and answered when it was called more promptly perhaps than some of you always answer to yours.

His duties were so faithfully performed that in a short time no mice were to be seen about the premises; but how or when they were disposed of no one knew, though there was a

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general impression that the cat and the mice arranged their affairs at night when they had the building to themselves. Certainly, during the day Century devoted most of his time to sleeping, sometimes curled up into a huge furry ball, as like as not on top of a tall heap of magazines, his head resting on one of the soft gray paws that you see in the picture.

He evidently believed that a cat must live, and was inclined to be a trifle particular as to both the quality and the quantity of the beef or mutton, and milk that were daily brought from a restaurant for his delectation. In this way, although he could not be said to draw a salary, yet his name was upon the pay-roll, and his weekly account was audited with the general business of the magazines.

Century was not unmindful of his social duties, and during some portion of every day he gave his friends an opportunity of showing him those little attentions of which all cats are so fond. He walked about the entire office on the tops of the desks, stepping carefully over the books, letters, papers, etc., with which they were covered, never displacing anything, and strange to say, never upsetting the ink. Once, though, he did get a paw into a large inkstand accidentally, and then walking over one of the large wrappers in which the magazines are mailed, the perfect impression of the paw was left upon the paper, many times repeated, in violet ink. This was preserved as a specimen of the office cat's handwriting.

In some particularly cozy corner or near some chosen friend he would lie down and take his afternoon nap; and very amusing it was to see what trouble people would take so that the cat might not be disturbed. Sometimes he would station himself on the counter and make friends with the persons who came in, very few of whom failed to pat and speak to the beautiful creature. These courtesies were generally received with dignified condescension. Occasionally, however, he seemed to throw dignity to the winds; and then with ears laid back and tail erect, he would scamper down the corridor, just a city block from the front to the rear of the building, and back again as fast as he could go.

In summer, when the windows were open, he liked to lie far out on the sill, stretched at full length. And if any one, fearful that he might fall from his lofty perch, tried to persuade him to take a safer position, he would scold and resume the outermost ledge as soon as possible. One thing here disturbed his peace of mind, and that was when the sparrows would alight on the telegraph wires, not far from the windows, and there chirp and twitter in the most exasperating manner. Long, sly looks he took at them, and if they came nearer than usual he would show his teeth and "talk" in what seemed to be a very disagreeable way.

If Century were telling this story himself, I suppose he would say that his most dreadful experience was on the night when the building took fire. It was some time before the poor fellow could be found, thoroughly frightened and very wet but not at all burned. He never seemed to recover entirely from the scare, however, and this fact may have led to the suggestion, when the question of office vacations came up last summer, that Century should take a vacation, too. Why not? He must find it very trying to be shut up alone from noon on Saturday till the following Monday morning, all summer long, to say nothing of every night. So it was arranged that the cat should have a vacation, and should spend it in one of the pretty villages of New Jersey. There he found himself one fine day, though the less said the better as to the manner in which he conducted himself on the way thither. But then boys, and, I am sorry to add, girls, do not always behave perfectly well on trains and boats and in other public places; so let us not expect too much of a mere cat.

It was good to see how delighted the handsome captive was with the new out-of-door world that was now opened to him. Do you remember how you felt when you were first taken from the hot and noisy city to the seashore, or to some lovely green farm? How charming it was to dig in the sand, to run and frisk about to your heart's content, to throw yourself down on the soft grass under the shady trees and to breathe the sweet air! Something like this poor Century felt, for you will remember that he had never been out of the city before, had never walked on the ground nor

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chased another cat, and as for climbing trees, he did not know there were such things as trees. He felt his way about very cautiously at first, as if the light were too strong for his eyes, and with the air of being afraid that the ground might give way beneath his feet. He was in a strange element, and acted much as it is said sailors have been known to do when on land in a severe gale, creeping timidly about the streets, fearful that the houses may fall upon them.

After a little, the spirit of investigation seemed to take possession of our cat. Every tree, every shrub, the flowers, and the grass he must sniff and rub against in the peculiar fashion in which cats make acquaintance; this not once, but again and again. The trees impressed him greatly, and it was not long before he attempted to run up one — rather shyly at the start, and not very far, but gradually he lost all fear and climbed as nimbly as any cat need. Insects were curiosities to this town-bred creature, and he would perk his head on one side and look at a grasshopper or a cricket with a comically critical air. Of course he knew no better than to play with bees. Having pinned one to the wall, he proceeded to examine it closely; and, when stung, he shook his head vigorously and seemed much surprised that the smart could not be dislodged in that way. Toads afforded him endless diversion. He would keep one in sight for hours, giving it an occasional pat, or chasing it if he felt inclined to frolic. As to birds, their number and variety evidently filled him with amazement, not to mention the entire unconcern with which they would alight close to him to pick up a crumb or a seed.

He was disposed to be very neighborly at first; in fact he seemed to think that one country house was quite as good as another — an opinion that usually led to his hostess's going about the neighborhood at nightfall inquiring for a large Maltese cat. When found he invariably made forcible protest against being carried home.

After a time, though, he seemed to accept the idea of home and regular hours, and now not one of you boys who are the proud possessors of bright new watches could excel Century in the matter of punctuality. How he manages it I do not know, but every night precisely at ten o'clock the tap, tap of his collar may be heard against the pane of a certain low window which he has selected in preference to a door. And then he knows that he will be admitted to the waiting saucer of milk, and to the warm rug on which he sleeps.

Fears that he might not be able to defend himself against other cats and dogs proved to be quite groundless. He took his stand from the very first morning that he lay dozing in the porch and waited for an intrusive terrier to come up barking noisily. Then Century flew at that dog, taking care not to let him escape from the premises until a sound thrashing had been administered, when he was allowed to depart wailing down the street, a wiser dog, for he has passed daily ever since without vouchsafing so much as a growl. Dogs much larger than Century are admonished to depart without ceremony; and as to cats, all and sundry, a warning "S-p-t-z-f-f, s-p-t-t-t!" is the only salutation that the boldest waits for.

Century dearly loves to get into the dining-room at dinner, when he will steal from chair to chair, softly purring; and having attracted attention by gently touching one's elbow with his paw, or rubbing his head against one's arm, he will sit up on his haunches, very straight, drop those soft gray paws forward close together on his breast, and so wait for whatever choice morsel he may have. Cheese he likes exceedingly, and will do his most irresistible "begging" when his keen scent apprises him that cheese is upon the table.

He is still in the country, nowise anxious to return to the city and to business, apparently; and I know not where you will find a sleeker, happier, more comfortable cat. He is affectionate and grateful to a degree, though people who do not like cats will tell you that they are never the one nor the other.

A long vacation, did you say? Century does not think it too long, I am sure; and when did you ever find that fault with one of your vacations?

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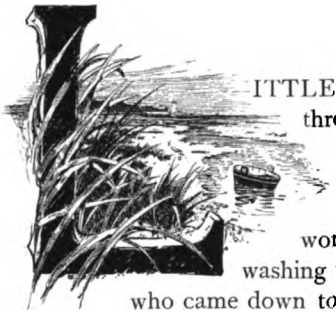
A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

By N. P. Francis.



LITTLE Eddy was just three years old. His father was a fisherman; his mother was a washerwoman, and did the washing for the city people who came down to the beach in summer. They were very poor folk, and lived in a very small house, half-way down the side of the bluff that runs out into the ocean. Along that side of the bluff, and away out across the beach, runs a little stream, where Eddy's mama used to wash the clothes when the tide was out; for the stream was then shallow and the water quite fresh.

One day she took down a large tub full of clothes to wash, and while she worked little Eddy played about on the sand and dabbled with his little pink feet in the shallow pools of the creek. When the clothes were all washed and wrung out, she laid them in a large sheet, and made them up into a bundle, which she threw over her shoulder so as to carry it up the hill. She called to Eddy to go with her, and they started together; but before they had gone very far, Eddy ran back to chase a flock of little sandpipers on the beach, and forgot all about going home. After a while he felt tired and sleepy. Now, it happened that his mother, after emptying out the wash-tub, had left it standing on a little sand bank near the edge of the bay; and, inside of it she had left an old coverlet, which had served to keep the clothes from blowing away out of the tub when she brought them down. Eddy crept into the tub, and curled himself up in a funny little heap in the soft coverlet, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile his mother had hung out all the clothes on the clothes-line, and then noticed, for the first time, that Eddy was nowhere about. She called him, but not a sound answered; she looked through the house, but no Eddy was there. Then she looked down and saw her wash-tub on the sand; but the little fellow inside she could not see. She saw only that he was nowhere on the beach, and she began to be very much frightened; so that, though she knew the tide was coming in, she could not even stop to save her wash-tub, but ran as fast as she could go to the top of the bluff and then down the road to the neighbors', to ask if any one had seen Eddy. Of course nobody had seen him; and while they were talking about him and looking for him, the tide came in and floated the tub from the little sand bank. Now that afternoon a smart little breeze chanced to be blowing off shore. The wash-tub, with little Eddy's weight in it, canted over toward one side, and the opposite side stood high out of water and made a very good sort of a sail. So, instead of going upstream with the tide, Eddy's new-fashioned boat sailed straight out to sea, passed safely over the tiny breakers at the mouth of the

stream, and stood boldly out, heading due east for the Old World.

Eddy's father, as I said before, was a fisherman. He used to go out very early in the

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morning, with trawls and hand lines, sometimes a long way from home. After setting his trawls he would spend the day in fishing with his hand lines, and toward evening, after visiting the trawls and taking off the fish that were caught, he would come home, either rowing or, if the wind favored, under sail. Now, that afternoon, while Eddy was taking his sail in the wash-tub, his papa was sailing home along shore in his boat, and he noticed something floating in the water a little distance out seaward. At first he could not make out what it was; but men who live much on the sea soon become very far-sighted, and it was not long before he saw that it was a wash-tub. He was very tired, and he knew that, if he went out to pick up the tub, he would have to row back against the wind; but, then, he was very poor, and he thought to himself how useful another wash-tub would be to his wife. So in spite of his weariness he turned his boat, and, going out before the wind, he soon overtook or, as the sailors say, "overhauled" the slow-sailing tub.

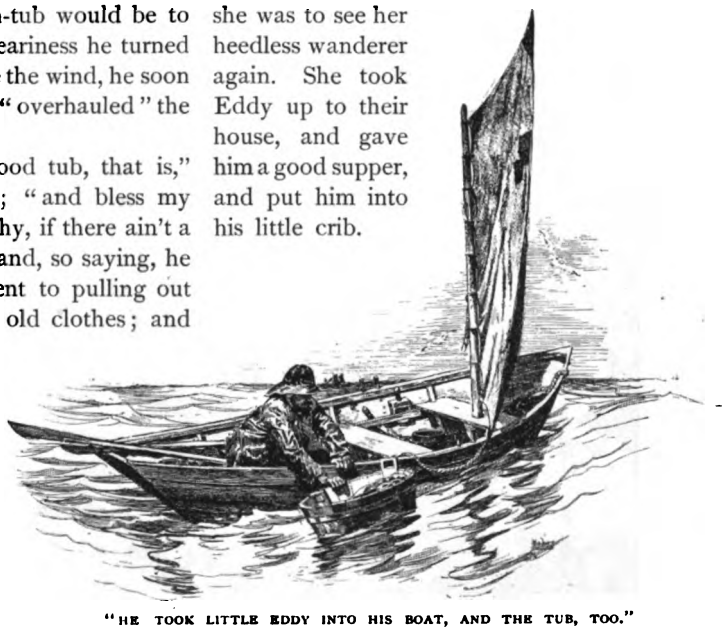
"Why, that 's a master good tub, that is," said he, when he came near; "and bless my heart, what 's that inside? Why, if there ain't a lot of old clothes in there!" and, so saying, he took hold of the tub and went to pulling out what he supposed to be the old clothes; and just think how he felt when, down among the folds of the coverlet, he found his own little rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, roly-poly baby that he loved so much!

How he hugged him and kissed him, and how glad he was that he had not been lazy enough to let the old wash-tub go! There, indeed, was a reward for his trouble!

He took little Eddy into his boat, and the tub, too, and then he pulled home and ran with the high tide right into the stream just below his house. His wife saw him coming, and she ran down toward the shore, crying as if her heart would break; and with her came some of the kind neighbors, who were doing all they could to comfort her. One of them told her that her wash-tub was in the boat; but what did she care for the tub, when she had lost her little darling? She did n't even look up. Nobody saw Eddy; for he had soon gone to sleep again, and was lying on the bottom of the boat all covered up in his papa's big pea-jacket.

When the boat touched the sand, and was drawn up high and dry, Eddy's father stepped up to the women and asked what they were all crying about. But he did n't wait for the answer, for the tears stood thick in his own eyes. "Look 'e here, Mary," said he, "I 've brought ye back your tub; and what d' ye s'pose I found in it?" and with that he caught up the boy from the stern of the boat and laid him in his mother's arms.

Of course I need not try to tell you how glad she was to see her heedless wanderer again. She took Eddy up to their house, and gave him a good supper, and put him into his little crib.



"HE TOOK LITTLE EDDY INTO HIS BOAT, AND THE TUB, TOO."

The next day nearly all the boarders at the beach came to see the little sailor boy that went to sea in a tub; and when they saw what nice people Eddy's parents were, and how very poor, they collected a good sum among themselves, and they bought the poor fisherman a fine sail-boat; so after that he made a good living by taking out people that wanted a sail. And little Eddy often went out with them.

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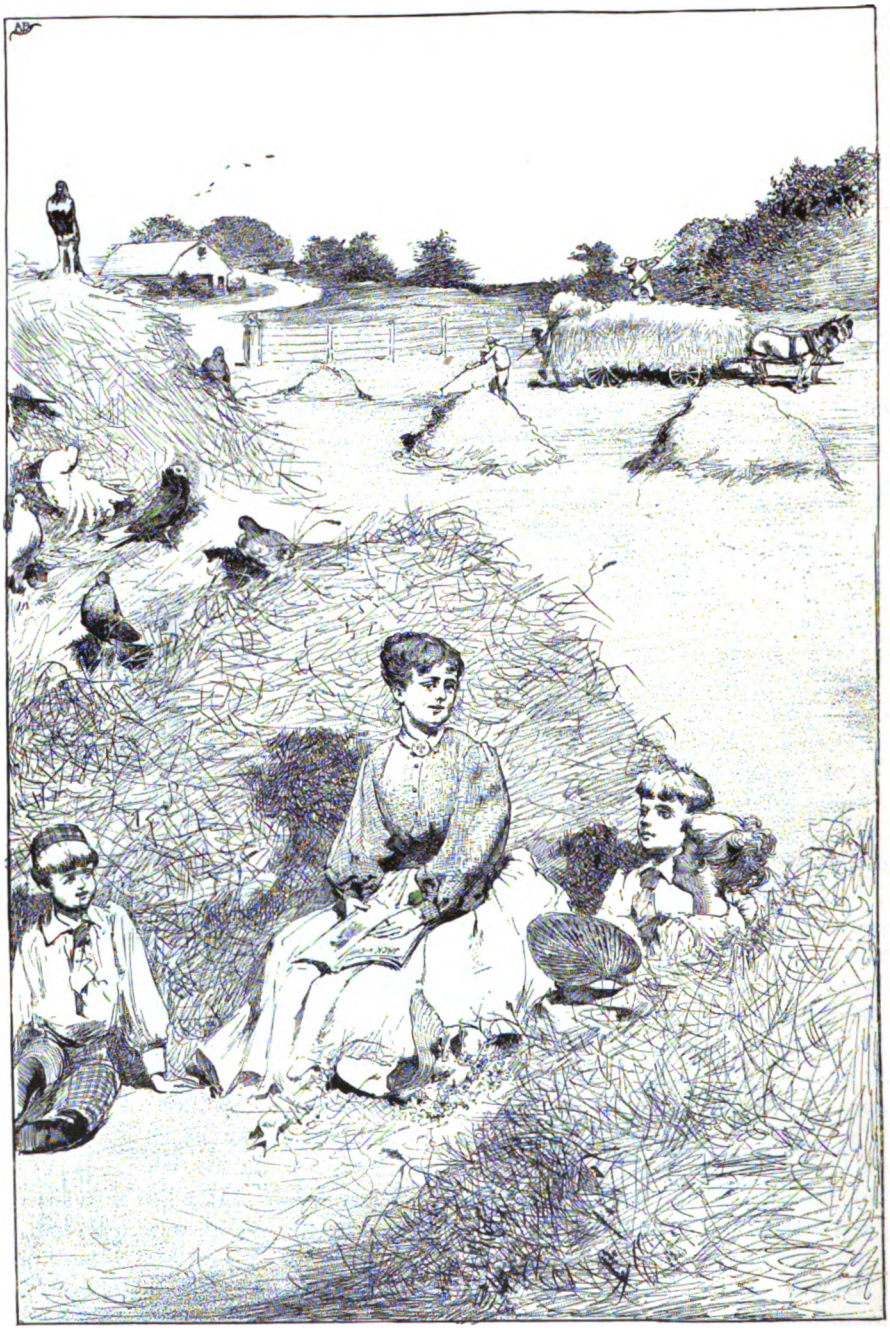

A MORNING IN THE HAYFIELD.

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SOME INCIDENTS OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

By E. J. Glave.

The Zanzibaris have played a noble part in Central Africa. They have been the companions of many white travelers in that wild land, and to their zeal, courage, and loyalty is history greatly indebted for the exploration of the Dark Continent. Under the standard of those Anglo-Saxon heroes, Stanley, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, the natives have done wonderful service.

No nobler record of absolute devotion to duty on the part of blacks exists than "Through the Dark Continent," in the pages of which the graphic pen of Stanley thrilled the hearts of all nations with the brilliant narrative of the deeds of his heroic followers — of those adventurous and plucky spirits who left home and friends in Zanzibar, enrolled themselves under the two great Anglo-Saxon banners, the "Stars and Stripes" and the British "Union Jack," and remained with their noble leader, Stanley, through thick and thin — repelled the persistent attacks of hostile savages, bore sickness, privation, and hunger, and remained unconquered till their work was accomplished and Africa had been crossed.

During Stanley's last triumphal success, relieving Emin Pasha from the fanatic hordes of the Mahdi, the young Zanzibari, Saleh Bin Osman, served with great distinction and by his loyal conduct gained the confidence of "Buana Mkubua," "Big Master," which, as I have told you, is the name by which these people knew Stanley.

After accompanying Stanley through Darkest Africa, he returned with the expedition to Zanzibar, and remained with his leader while the explorer narrated to America his stirring adventures.

Being conversant with Ki-Swahili, the language of the Zanzibaris, I have had several interesting chats with young Saleh, and in the following short article I have translated from his own tongue some anecdotes and incidents which happened on the march and in camp during the travels of the expedition.

Early in 1887, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, in command of the "Emin Relief Expedition," for which Mr. Mackenzie, who was acting as agent, had gone on ahead in order to recruit Zanzibari followers.

Among the candidates for enlistment was Saleh bin Osman, who, although he had never made a journey with Stanley, had accompanied white travelers in some parts of Eastern Africa and the island of Madagascar.

Saleh "signed on" as a servant, and owing to his superior intelligence was soon appointed to be chief of all the black servants of the force.

The expedition remained at Zanzibar but three days. Six hundred and twenty Zanzibaris in all were engaged, and as they were duly enrolled on the Expedition books they were sent off in barges and placed on board the "Madura," a steamer chartered to convey the party from Zanzibar around the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Congo.

When all arrangements were complete, and the *Kaa Heris* (good-bys) had been said by the enlisted men to their friends who came off in dhows and canoes, the Madura hoisted her anchor and steamed away to the southward.

The Zanzibari force was now divided into companies, and the white officers of the expedition received their respective commands. The boys who had engaged as servants were also told off to their different masters, and Saleh bin Osman became Stanley's body servant.

After a few days' steaming, the Madura arrived at Cape Town. Some of the white offi-

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cers and Tippu Tib went ashore, but the Soudanese and Zanzibaris were not permitted to do so, as such liberty would be taken advantage of by some of the disorderly.

But a day or two was spent at Cape Town, and then the ship steamed away for the west coast of Africa, and arrived a few days later at the mouth of the Congo. Here the expedition was transferred to smaller boats, and the whole force, white and black, was conveyed to Matadi, one hundred miles up the Congo River.

When the Expedition was landed at Matadi, all the men received their rifles and ammunition. Each of the blacks had quite a bulky package of his own private property, a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, no doubt valuable additions to comfort, but superfluous weight on the march. So when each man received a load of sixty-five pounds weight to carry two hundred odd miles, besides the several pounds of rations for the journey, all those private packages had to be abandoned by their mourning owners.

Previous to receiving their heavy loads, the Zanzibaris had been full of good spirits,—probably expecting a continuation of the enjoyable existence so comfortably passed on the good ship Madura,—but the weighty cases of cartridges and the big steep hills ahead which had to be climbed, brought unhappiness and rendered the men dejected. Instead of dancing and singing throughout the evening as before, the camp looked glum and miserable as the smoldering campfires lit up the sadly meditative faces of the silent throngs who saw their time of ease and comfort was at an end, and realized that arduous toil was ahead of them.

The white traveler who has performed the overland march from Matadi to Stanley Pool can heartily sympathize with the black porter who manfully struggles up the steep, rocky incline of Pallaballa, Congo Di Lemba, or staggers almost stifled through the suffocating valley of Lakanga. The white man makes the marches unhampered by unnecessary clothing, and then flatters himself he has performed a wonderful feat of endurance.

Saleh said it was curious to watch Stanley's white officers when they were first introduced to *chiquanga*, a kind of pudding made of boiled manioc root. Neither the taste nor odor of this food is at all inviting at first; but necessity brings all whites as well as blacks to regard it as the bread of life before many months of residence in Central Africa.

Sometimes when deprived of it for many days I have often hailed a piece of toasted *chiquanga* as a real luxury, and I have been rather disgusted with newly arrived whites whose upturned noses condemned my barbaric taste.

When Stanley's white officers had finished their small stock of tinned provisions and rice, they were absolutely compelled to fall back on the manioc dishes; but the sourness of taste of this African pudding is a serious barrier to the enjoyment of it, and some stubborn persistence is required before the white man hails *chiquanga* as a delicacy; but like other white travelers, these officers began to like it, and when they passed beyond the districts where it grew, and were forced to adhere to a roast plantain diet, they regretted bitterly that they had no manioc.

As all the world knows by Stanley's account, the advance column of the expedition had a hungry journey in their march through the great forest. For days and days, both whites and blacks lived upon mushrooms and the acid fruit of the india-rubber vine.

Saleh is eloquent in his tributes to Stanley's wonderful influence during this trying time, saying that it was his personal example in enduring hardship, and his consoling presence that kept up the spirits of the men.

The marches, owing to the weakness of the men, were but a few miles a day, when a halt would be called and everybody would be sent into the jungle to search for food. Saleh cited an incident which illustrates the condition of mind and body to which these poor creatures had been reduced.

One day they had stopped as usual, after a short march, in order to hunt for food. Two of the Zanzibaris, Asumani and Ismail, wandered off together for the purpose of finding *mabungu* (india-rubber fruit). After they had penetrated a little way into the forest, Asumani espied a rich cluster of the fruit, and pointed it out to his friend, but told him that as he had been the first to see it, he considered that it was his,

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and advised his friend Ismail to go and find another such lot himself. The other suggested that such selfishness was not right in hungry times. These two men, made weak by many days of starvation, after a harsh discussion determined to fight. They closed, but had not sufficient strength for fighting. They sat down breathless and glared. When sufficiently recovered to speak, Ismail said he would seek another tree.

Then Asumani started to scale the tree. Ismail's wits had been sharpened by hunger, and under the circumstances he considered a little deceit quite pardonable. So he quietly hid under the tree his friend had climbed. Asumani ate ravenously of the ripened *mabungu* fruit, and then threw some to the ground, intending to pick it up and take it to camp with him. He little dreamed that Ismail, hidden beneath, was disposing of it as fast as it fell.

By and by Asumani became exhausted and decided to descend. But he had not sufficient strength to support his own weight, and he fell from a height of fifteen feet down upon his friend.

Amid groans and hard breathing, they again tried to settle differences by a contest; but it was of no use, they were too weak. They limped back to camp. Having arrived in a village where they got abundance of corn, bananas, goats, and fowls, they told how Ismail had obtained the yellow rubber-fruit, and recounted Asumani's abrupt descent from the tree.

During the very hungriest time spent by Stanley's expedition in going through the dense forest, it happened that the discovery of a little child of the dwarf tribe proved truly providential.

Upon approaching one of the settlements of these people, the natives, fearing that the Arabs were upon them, hastily retreated to the depths of the jungle, leaving in the village one of the young children. He was an ungainly little creature, and from Saleh's description had an enormously big head, protruding lower jaw, lean frame, and ungainly, fat body. The Zanzibaris sat about in dejected groups, complaining of their present hard existence, and the sad contrast of to-day with their joyous life in their island home away in the Indian Ocean.

The little *Teki-Teki* (pigmy), although not more than three years old, was busily searching for something in the dry leaves. The Zanzibaris were attracted by the child's activity. Presently the sparkle of his eyes and the increased earnestness of his hunt showed that he had been successful; and, indeed, he returned to the camp-fire carrying a lot of pods like enormous beans. These he scraped to a fine powder, which he damped, rolled in some big leaves, and then toasted in the ashes. When cooked to his satisfaction he opened the dainty package and the whole camp became filled with the pleasant odor of this new dish. The men of the expedition then closed round and, much to the young Teki-Teki's disgust, helped themselves to a tasting pinch. The Zanzibaris knew the tree quite well; it was the "*makneme*." This new discovery brought a gleam of hope to the hearts of these hungry beings. The capture of the tiny woodsman was a godsend, and Saleh said that had this unhappy little creature but faintly understood their language he would have been overwhelmed with the heartfelt blessings showered on him. A few days afterwards another tribe of these same small people was met, and the child was handed over to them to be returned to his parents.

One evening the expedition arrived at Fort Bodo, after the long, hungry march and many days of anxiety because of the continued fights with cannibals and dwarfs. Now they could have good food in place of the fungi and wild fruits on which they had been living for many months. The groups of laughing men clustering round the big camp-fires seemed to be on good terms with themselves and were well contented.

This particular evening Saleh passed with three friends, who formed a select little party around a big, steaming saucepan. They were saying, "We have passed the hunger-stricken forest and shall soon be strong again. Many have fallen by the way; all we can do or say will not bring them back again. Let us who remain at least be happy and regain as quickly as possible our health and strength." All agreed to make the best of their lot.

"Who can tell us a good story?" said one.

Another native answered, "I will tell you a story of the animals long ago. It is a story of:

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The Cat and the Rat.

The cat and the rat lived on the island Miota, all alone. The rat said, "Let us go to the island of Joanna, for if we get sick no one would care for us." So they started to go seven hundred miles in a canoe made of a sweet potato. The rat rowed till he became tired and cross, and began to eat the potato. The cat said, "Row on," but the rat said, "I am tired; you row awhile." So the cat rowed till she was tired, and she fainted. The first thing they knew the boat was sinking.

The cat said, "Now, I am going to eat you, for you ate my boat."

The rat said, "No; if you eat me in the water you will die. Just wait till we are on land." They swam to the island Miota, and the rat began to dig a hole and said, "Wait till I dig some roots before you eat me, then you will have a nice dinner." When the rat finished the hole, they fought for a long time; then the rat ran into the hole all but his tail. The cat stayed outside and changed his voice to imitate the rat. He said to the rat, "Even if I die you will never be free, for you and all the rats forever will be beef and mutton for my sons and daughters."

Then the cat went away and made a great banquet for all the animals. He told the lion how the rat ate his canoe. The lion said, "Had I been you I would have killed the rat for eating your canoe!" The lion then roared and said, "I give orders for the cats to eat the rats forever!" The rabbit, who was sitting near, and was the judge of the animals, said, "Why so?" The lion answered, "For eating the canoe." The rabbit said, "The rat did right for he was hungry. You think you are king but I know somebody stronger than you." The lion, irritated by the rabbit's talk, angrily asked him, "Who can be stronger than I?" The rabbit, trembling at the glare and roar of the lion, said, "I know you are powerful and terrible and are able to kill other animals, and successfully battle even with men, but I am sure *Mzé Nyaa* [Old Man Hunger] is your master." The lion jeered contemptuously at the little animal and said in scorn, "You are an idiot, my little friend. Mzé Nyaa cannot conquer me. I challenge him to a duel." "All right," said the rabbit; "I know where he lives. I will go after the banquet and tell him what you say, and in a few days' time I will return again and let you know what he says."

The rabbit then hopped away, and selecting a quiet spot in the depths of the forest he built a strong house of heavy posts stoutly fastened together. This little rabbit superintended the construction, the other animals in the woods lending a helping hand, being always willing to render any assistance to thwart their old tyrant the lion. When everything was completed to the rabbit's satisfaction he again sought an interview with the lion, and said:

"I have seen Mzé Nyaa, who scorns your defiance and has appointed a meeting-place for the conflict, to which I will conduct you when you are ready."

"We will go now," said the lion. "I am too angry for any delay."

So the little rabbit piloted the great forest king through the quiet paths to the little stockaded house he had recently constructed.

"If you will just lie down in there," said the rabbit, "Mzé Nyaa will appear."

The lion innocently walked into the trap and the rabbit closed and firmly barred the door. The rabbit then gaily scampered off to receive congratulations from the other animals for the success of the ruse, and the lion was left in silent conflict with Mzé Nyaa.

After a few days the little rabbit approached the trap. The lion was now shrunk to a skeleton; he pleaded hard, but it was of no avail. "Continue the contest," said the rabbit.

Day after day the little animal appeared, until the captive died of hunger.

Ever after that the rabbit was king, but he lived in a hole in the ground. The animals said as he was so small it would be better to keep himself from danger.

"Now," said the story-teller, "during our recent travels we were the lions and Hunger was the master. In his grasp we were weak as women, though we feared not wild beast nor savage man."

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

(As told by Saleh and recorded in shorthand.)

SALEH BIN OSMAN.

I BORN in July 9, 1871. My mother was dead when I three years old. When I was one year older, I go to my mother sister, and stay with her. When I get four year old, my father send me school to read Koran, and then when I seven year old I begin to read the Bible, and finish when I eight year old the Bible. The schoolmaster name is "Shayhah"; over in America you call him schoolmaster. He change my name and call him "Saleh," mean "honey"; and when I ten year old, I finish all school and went to my father, and taker me one year to stay with my father. When I get ten year, he taker me travel to India, Bombay, Calcutta, Bungola, and come back to Zanzibar.

He asker me, "Which kine business you

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like?" I say, "I liker make shop, fruit-shop"; and then he give me 40 dollar, and I go to my fren [friend] and he give 40 dollar, and then to 'nother fren, he give 40 dollar, and then we make bisness. We sell cokenuts, orange, and mango, and sweet lemon. And then my fren he tol' me "This maker dirty bisness, much better to buy boat, a little rowboat," and we pay 200 dollar, and that 's all money we got.

When 'Merican manwah [man-of-war] come, we bring people down; and next time we went to go, the sea very bad, and boat he go down, and one my fren no swim, he wear heavy jacket, and he go down dead. And we swim to manwah, and 'nother boat he come and bring us to shore, and all people say my fault, because I at the head of the bisness, and I mad. And he say I be liker to get a plent' money quick! And my father was cross-to me because all people say that my fault. I run away and went to Malagascar [Madagascar]; and all money I get I got 20 rupee [rupee, 40 cts.] in my pocket.

When we 'rive to Malagascar, we stop at Noosbay. All French people, and master asker me for passage. I broke French. I say, "How much?" He say, "Twenty rupee," and I say, "That 's all money I got." He say, "I don't care, I want twenty rupee, now, quick!" I give it him, and I don't got any money in my pocket. And I went in police station, and soon I see myself, and I set down and cry. When watchman come, asker me, "Why you cry?" He think somebody beat me. I told I cry because I no home this country, no fren. He asker me what language speak. I say, "I speak Arab"; and he laugh me, and say you can't go far, we no speak Arab in this country [Madagascar]. I stayed there till half-past five, and see him, he bring in tin, a small tin liker a cup, and it inside no sugar, no milk. A piece bread he giver me, and said, "That all I have in my supper. Have no better supper." And I say, "Thank you to God, and thank you to yourself." And then he show me place and say, "You go down there." In evening rain come and sundercome [thunder come], and I fright. And I don't got blanket, don't got pillow, just sleep in groun. And when rain come, and I up and I sit down, and I cry.

In morning I went to French town, and I see big big man, and he say to me, "Hello, boy! what you do here?" Because he know me very well, because I dress different; I dress Zanzibar dress. He say, "You Zanzibar boy." I said, "Yes. I don't know anybody here." He say, "Come with me." And I go to him. And he told me, "I want you to go to my wife, and carry bag, and to go with her all places she go, when she go for walk." This man Frenchman. He name Admirally Pierre. He fight in Malagascar. And he taker me in his manwah, and taker me to his wife; and she be glad. She say, "I tried to find Zanzibar boy when I there, to teacher me Zanzibar language."

Half-past four we went down shore, in town, and she buy too much cloths, and guve to me, and she told to me, "I want you to throw 'way dirty cloths you got." And I throw 'way, and dress fine.

We sail from Noosbay to Junka, and we fight there for seven day. That was the native Malagascar, called "Hover"; yellow, liker Chinese. Got two name, the other name we call him "Wambalambo." When we fight we stay there for two mont's. And Madam Pierre she show very kine for me, liker my mother. And then I teach her in Zanzibar tongue for two mont's, and then she speaker me very well. When I say something to her she understan'. And then she asker me everything 'bout myself, an' I told her how I come. She said, "I am very sorry for you, I maker you happy just liker mother." And then she say, "I want you teacher me Zanzibar language, and I want you learn Malagascar, because when Admirally go home he will want you interpreter, and on manwah."

He got two boys, and he say, "Now, Saleh, you taker walk with these boys every day and they teacher you. You go down city, and they tell you name everything." One boy told me something and I put down Arab, and I learn quick in four months. And Madam go home, and she say, "Admirally, taker care Saleh, he good boy." And then my bisness was carry Admirally's rifle and glass when we go in shore. And on manwah I have nothing do, and sit down and eat and dress nice. And then he call me, "Saleh, my boy," in Zanzibar language, because he speak Zanzibar first class. One day he called

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me in morning and give me letter, and I open and fine Madam's picture and little gold ring.

Madam go home, write Admirally, "Please bring Saleh home, we show people, and we send him back to Zanzibar." One day in morning he called me, we go shoot guinea-fowl, and taker clean and bring to Madam when we go to France. And we went there and shoot one, and he send me look for it, and he forget I there, and he shoot and his bullets come through my ear, and I fall down and cry loud, and he come and looker, and then throw 'way his gun, and call somebody taker me 'way to manwah. And he taker care for me, and when I get better he finish his business himself, and we sail for Marseilles, France. And then he ketch fever in sea, and when he go to Marseilles he sick seven day, and he dead. And his wife she was good to me and sen' me back to Zanzibar.

I was glad to go back, but I was sorry to lose Admirally because he was good to me. I was glad to go home, but I was sorry to leave Madam because she nicer lady.

That all my story travel in Malagascar with Admirally.

My uncle, Tippu Tib, told me much about Mis'r Stanley. He know him. He Mis'r Stanley's fren. When Mis'r Stanley 'rive in Zanzibar, that maker me to go with him in Africa because I think I travel all same liker I travel in Malagascar. I find Mis'r Stanley nices' man I ever see. He is strong man, and very clever man. He is a very good shot. He is strong for march. He is clever for caravan. He has six hundred twenty-one Zanzibars, and all liker him, all speaker good for him. He think all time for his people. This Dark Forest, we don't have car'age there, no horse, no donkey, no camel, no railway, you know very well. This travel everybody must carry his rifle, his cloths, tent, and ammunition. And this Dark Forest, all bush and trees very very high,— big! People live in this Dark Forest, cannibals and pigmies. This little people, this pigmies are 'bout two feet and half big. The pigmies not strong 'nough for grow anything. They maker iron, they maker fine powsen [poison], and they go round elephant, because they so small he no see them, and they shoot him in eyes with powsen arrow, and before long he fall down dead. And they go to village and call big natuve, we call Wasamgora and cannibals. Pigmies have no big knife, [and bring other natives] because they got knives to cut elephant. Now this big natuve he come cut all meat and divide, and taker half, and half he leave to pigmies. These cannibals (Wasamgora) eat man the same they eat beef and mutton. And we have cannibal man, he belong to Emin Pasha, and his name we call Binsa. Emin Pasha give him to Docter Junker and taker to Zanzibar, and he went with us in Africa. He is not cannibal now.

TIPPU TIB.

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I think Mis'r Stanley is very fine man. We lose many people in Dark Forest for hunger. I don't forget why I say Mis'r Stanley is very fine man, he think for his people more than for himself. One day he told me, "I think I liker my people very much, because my people is my home. If I lose my people I can't go anywhere." All native in Africa liker Mis'r Stanley. Ev'rything he want and do, he call his people, asker first. And me sure many people say Mis'r Stanley bad man — all je'lus, have nothing in head, all head full flies. I see six hundred people myself liker Mis'r Stanley, speak well for him. I been three year and half with him, he teach me very well. I enjoy my travel with him. He bring me back to Zanzibar, home. I asker him to come to Europe with him. I come for good time with him in Europe. He is here July, and have wife, good heart and fine looking. We all went through Europe, France, Germany, Italy, Switz'land, come back to London and went to Scotlan' and Irelan' and all over Englan'. He taker me over here to 'Merica now, and I liker 'Merica very much. I think there is nice ladies in 'Merica. And I think there is nice boys and girls. I think they have nice schools in 'Merica. I believe this is a rich country. I been in New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Springfield, Boston, Worcester, Providence, Chelsea, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and too many places in all the country that no have time to say, and I forget his name.

I have no time to tell you how good time I have this country. I like this country very much. I write book in Arab, and I go to publish when I go home. I have no time tell you how fine ladies this country. How fine boys. I 'm sure I got something to say when I get home. Goo'-bye. I sail Wednesday to Englan'. Soon as I get to Englan' I go home to Zanzibar.

SALEH BIN OSMAN,

Of the Stanley Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha.

THE FROGS' SINGING-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

DOWN in the rushes, beside the pool,
The frogs were having a singing-school;
Old frogs, young frogs, tadpoles and all,
Doing their best at their leader's call.
He waved a grass-blade high in the air,
And cried, "Ker-chunk!" which means "Prepare!"
But the youngest singer took up the strain,
And sang "Ker-chunk" with might and main.
The others followed as he sang;
"Ker-chunk" their voices loudly rang,
Until their leader so angry grew
He snapped his baton quite in two,
And croaked, "Oh, wrong! oh, wro-ong! oh, wro-ong!"
Which his class mistook for another song.
At that, their leader had hopped away —
"Ker-chunk! oh, wro-ong!" I heard him say.
Then *flop!* he went, right into the pool.
And that was the end of the singing school.

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THE RABBIT AND THE DONKEY.

A RABBIT met a donkey.

"What a queer little horse!" thought the rabbit, "and — my, what big ears!"

"What a strange cat!" thought the donkey, "and — my, what big ears!"

But all they said was, "Good day."

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"NEXT to fine-weather friends," the Deacon says, "come warm-weather friends"—and yet I do not see why, nor can I see what friends have to do with the weather any way, unless it is to make dark days bright and fine days finer. However, be that as it may, all my friends this month are warm-weather friends or none at all, and in my opinion the sooner there 's a coolness among us the better.

Here is an idea for you: Whenever you are too warm think of *ice*, spell *ice*, say *ice* to yourselves over and over till you feel better.

Now, if you are quite comfortable, we 'll take up the matter of

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR WORD-MAKERS.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR JACK: The "*disproportionableness*" of the length of the two "*Long Words*" in your June sermon, to what should be expected from such wee-uns as we be, is a matter of "*incomprehensibleness*."

Here are seven letters from which four good English words can be made, using all the letters for each word:

C D L M A E I.

Will you give your hearers and the Little School-ma'am a chance to work them out? ARUM.

THE CRAB'S LESSON.

HERE is a capital little seaside story, with not sufficient moral to dry it up entirely, sent me on purpose for you by your friend Tudor Jenks:

"DEAR mother," cried a little crab, "I 'd like to see a man!
I 've never yet set eyes on one. Oh, tell me when I can!"
"Why, come with me," his mother said, and took him nearer shore.
"What luck!" said she. "Here comes one now. Pray scan him o'er and o'er."
The crablet waved his high-stalked eyes and clasped his claws with joy.
"Behold," then spoke the mother wise, "the kind of man called 'Boy.'
Those boys are dreadful creatures, love. Be careful where you roam.
Look out! Avoid that net! That 's right. We 'd better sidle home."
Away they slid; and, safe at home, the crablet straight began
To tell his mother what he thought of that strange creature man.
"How awkward it does seem," said he, "and yet I see it 's true,
While we walk straight on eight small legs, he goes sideways on two!
His shell looks soft and seems to be a kind of sickly pink,
Much uglier than our dull green and lovely brown, I think.
With his small claws how could he tear the weakest fish in two?
And if he tried to fight a crab—I don't see what he 'd do!
His eyes are flat. How can he look behind him in the sea?
I can't see how he lives at all. What use can such things be?"
"'T is hard to tell," the mother said. "Your father used to say
That boys and nets were trials, love, and useful in this way:
When youthful crabs are lazy, and won't learn to swim with speed,
These creatures come to punish them, and on their bodies feed!
So walk as fast as you know how, and swim and dive with care,
That when the boys with nets shall scoop, they will not find you there.
Remember your dear father's fate—a crab came back to me
To bring your father's parting words, just as he left the sea.
How carefully I 've treasured up his last, his dying charge,
'Pinch all that 's small or weak,' said he, 'and run from all that 's large.'"

THOUGHTS ABOUT ANIMALS THINKING.

WHETHER animals think or not (and Jack thinks they *do*), certain it is that the question put from this Pulpit in May has set my youngsters thinking. Letters have come in from all parts of the world, and more, too. Last month I showed you as many as I conveniently could, and now out of many good letters at hand, so to speak, I shall give you two that must be thought over by yourselves in shady groves when you are not dallying with school-books.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR JACK: In the May ST. NICHOLAS a girl wanted to know if horses, cows, cats, and dogs, etc., have languages of their own.

My opinion is, that dogs do, but I don't know much about the horses and cows. Here is my proof:

I have a dog. His name is "Nanki Poo" (commonly called Nank); he has a friend, our neighbor's dog, "Don." For two years these dogs have been together, both going to school with me. Every time I go out fishing they go, too, and the boys became quite interested in their friendship.

Another neighbor bought a dog, and he tried to get

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into society with Don and Nank. Nank, however, took a dislike to this dog, and Don liked him.

Don and Nank did not go together any more, since Don paid any attention to the other dog. Nank probably said in dog-language, "Don, if you go with that other ugly dog any more, I 'll drop you."

And so he did. The other dog is either dead or has run away, but Nank has never had anything more to do with Don. Father said it was jealousy, but mama and I don't think so. Yours truly, GEO. B. E——.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

THE other story is this one, which comes from Augusta, Maine.

DEAR JACK: ONE of the officers at the Soldiers' National Home, Togus, Maine, owned two dogs, a thoroughbred greyhound and a pure-blooded silver "Skye." One day the servant went to the gentleman and told him the sugar was disappearing faster than they used it; he said, "You must watch, and find out, if possible, who takes it." A few days later she came to tell him it was his greyhound who was the thief. He loved his pet and could not punish him, so he told the servant that she must.

In what way the beautiful creature was corrected I do not know, but he remembered the lesson, and did not go again himself for the much-loved sweet. For some days the sugar was untouched; then it was seen to disappear too fast again. A second watch showed that the greyhound, remembering his correction, but longing for the dainty, must have communicated with his little companion, and he, the little Skye, not loving sugar himself, stole it for his mate. He was seen to go for it, and carry it to the larger dog.

As their fond master says, "I have no question in my own mind but that they had a language by which they communicated their wishes and desires to each other."

The proof to me seems strong that the hound reasoned to himself that the terrier, not loving sugar, would not be suspected of the theft and watched and punished as he had been. If they had not "talked" it over, how could he know that his faithful little friend did not love sugar, and would help him in his trouble?

Yours sincerely,
LUCY WILLIAMS C——.

A SPIDER'S INGENUITY.

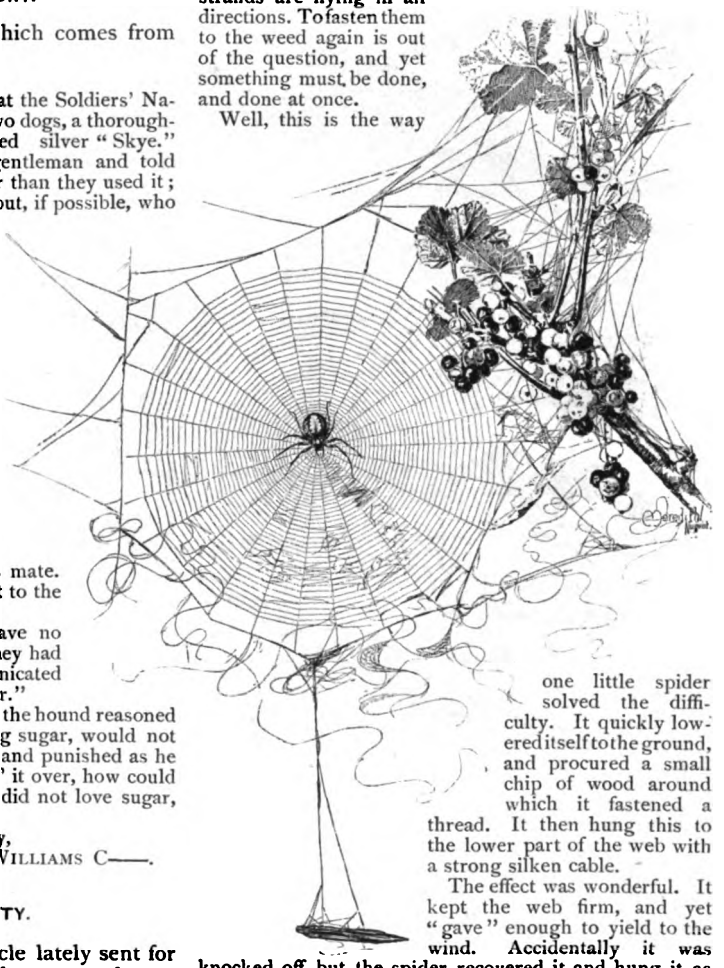
HERE is a very interesting article lately sent for your amusement and instruction by a very observing friend of nature and of ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR JACK: When the wind is blowing fresh, the spiders' beautiful webs are likely to be broken at any moment, and without a web the spider can have nothing to eat. To prevent such an accident requires its constant attention, and like the captain of a ship the brave little animal takes up its position in the center of its silken home and remains there until the "blow" is over.

Here the spider is in full control. The middle of the web is the central station to which all news relating to its glistening domain is sent. Every vibration, even at the most distant point, is instantly telegraphed to headquarters, and if the news be of vital importance, the spider leaves for the scene of danger at once. There it may find that a strand has broken loose which, unless instantly repaired, will completely ruin the web.

But sometimes the accident is of such a nature that to repair the damage calls for considerable ingenuity. For instance, the lower part of the web is often fastened to a weed. When the wind begins to blow, the weed gently bows its head, and the danger to the web becomes very great; another bow more lowly than before, and the strands snap, leaving the web flapping like a sail in a wind. The spider hurries down, but everything is in confusion; the broken strands are flying in all directions. To fasten them to the weed again is out of the question, and yet something must be done, and done at once.

Well, this is the way one little spider solved the difficulty. It quickly lowered itself to the ground, and procured a small chip of wood around which it fastened a thread. It then hung this to the lower part of the web with a strong silken cable.



The effect was wonderful. It kept the web firm, and yet "gave" enough to yield to the wind. Accidentally it was knocked off, but the spider recovered it and hung it as before. The web suffered no further injury although the wind blew very hard.

Some spiders use a very small stone instead of a chip of wood, and even fasten the weight to a web which is five or six feet from the ground.

Yours very truly, M. N——.

HOW ABOUT THE FLY?

MAY I ask a question? In what manner do flies — the house-fly, of course, *musca domestica* — alight on the ceiling? They fly wings uppermost, and must turn round altogether to get their feet highest. They strike with their forefeet I suppose, and pivot on those, but my best attention has failed to prove my theory.

Sincerely yours, H. S. SANFORD, Jr.

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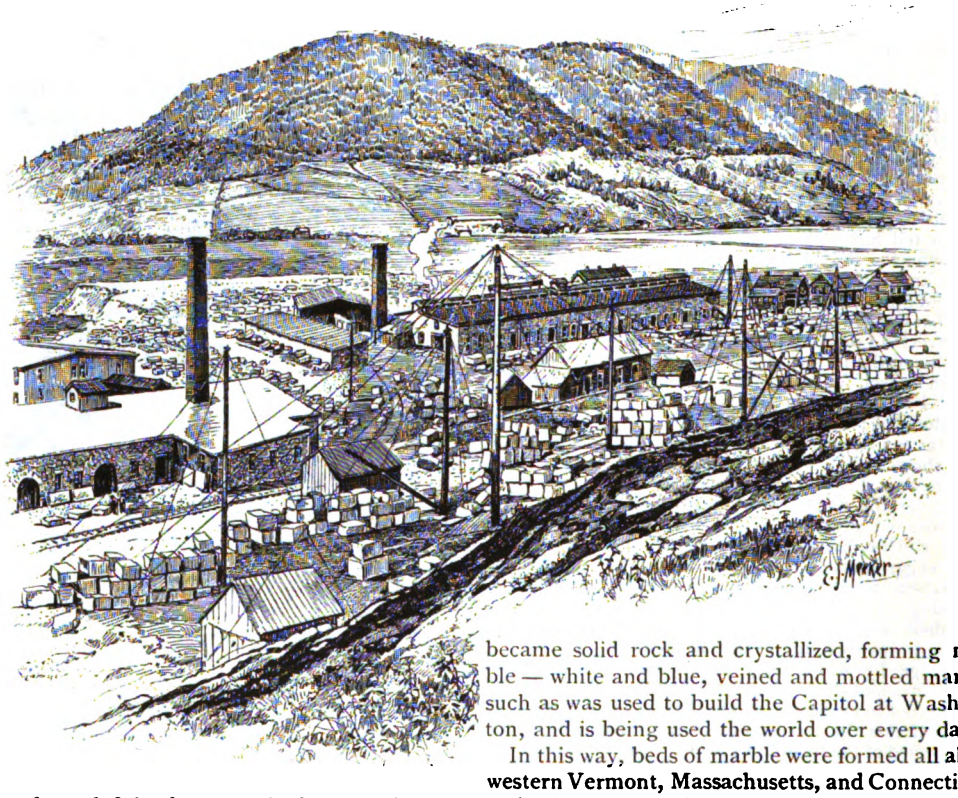
A MARBLE QUARRY.

By George P. Merrill.



THE deep cleft in the ground, shown in the picture on the opposite page, is a marble quarry in the green hills of western Vermont. Unnumbered years ago, before even the Rocky or Alleghany Mountains were formed, this part of the United States, now covered by beautiful fields and wooded hills, lay buried by the waters of a great ocean. And in this ocean there lived and died, year after year, shell-fish and corals and a thousand interesting and curious creatures. Those of us who have stood on the sea-shore when the tide was out, have seen that the muddy bottom was formed of pebbles, broken shells, whole shells, perhaps with the animals still in them, sea-urchins, sea-weeds, and a great variety of creatures. Now, in just the same way, on the bottom of this old sea a similar mud formed for no man can tell how many years, until at last, owing to the great heat and pressure upon the layers far down, it became solid rock and crystallized, forming marble — white and blue, veined and mottled marble, such as was used to build the Capitol at Washington, and is being used the world over every day.

In this way, beds of marble were formed all along western Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut; and when the earth's crust became folded up in great wrinkles and the ocean disappeared, soil spread rapidly over these beds, and trees and shrubs grew upon it. There for whole ages it lay in the ground until the earth was no longer young but was old; until after countless years man was created; until after hundreds and thousands of years of living in caves, tents, or houses built of mud, men in America began to build houses of wood, brick, and stone; and these beds were undiscovered even until more than three hundred years after America was discovered by Columbus; then marble was needed and men began to quarry it as will be described.

At the Vermont quarries, shown in the first picture, the marble lies in the hillside in the form of layers or beds, of from one to several feet in thickness, some of the beds being pure white,

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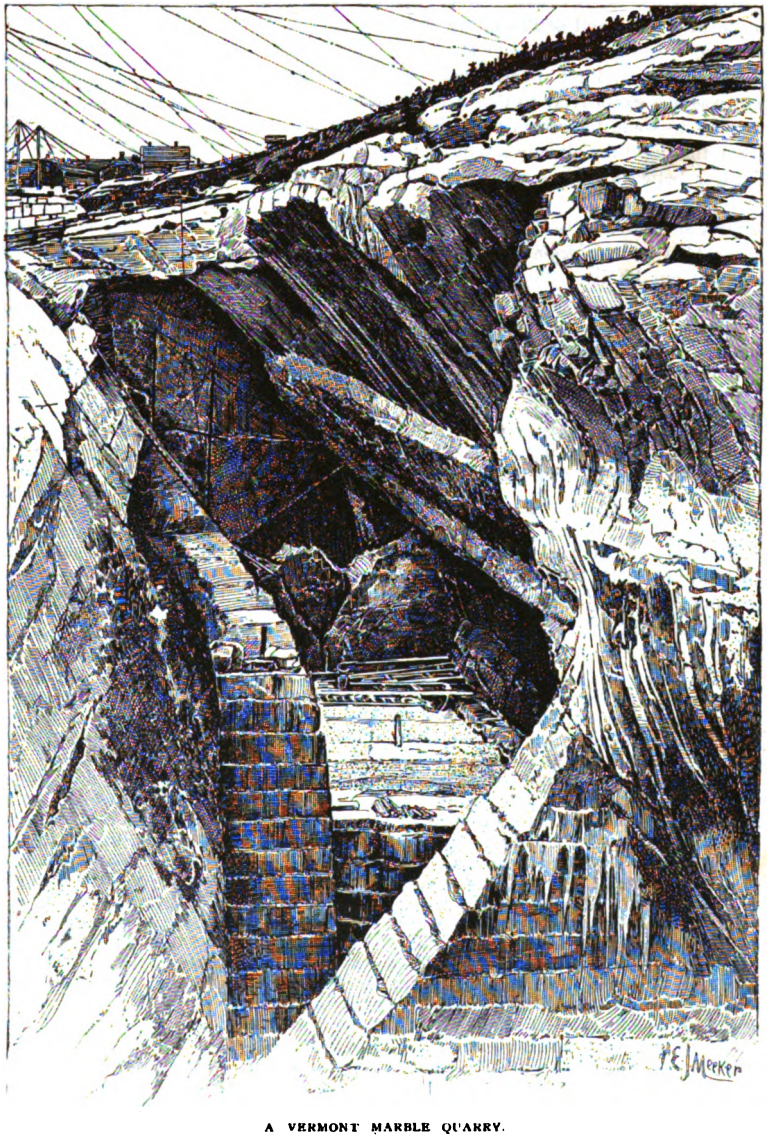
while others are gray, bluish, or greenish in color and often beautifully mottled or veined. These layers are not all equally good marble, nor do they lie horizontally one on top the other. They are steeply inclined like a great pile of planks that have fallen over endwise, the upper ends forming what is now the natural surface of the ground. The workmen select places where several of the best layers are lying together, and begin quarrying out the stone, following the beds deeper and deeper into the ground until at last the quarries come to be great artificial caves, like this one. Some of these quarries are nearly two hundred feet deep, and are partly roofed over to keep out rain and snow. On even the hottest and driest days it is always cool and damp down at the bottom of the quarry. Indeed, the water is so plentiful that steam pumps are kept at work night and day to pump out the water which trickles slowly through crevices in the rocks. Some old, abandoned quarries become great wells quite full of water; and from them no more stone can be taken until they have been pumped dry again.

Down in the quarries the men are at work with steam drills, cutting out the stone in huge blocks. These are drawn to the surface by means of steam derricks and wire cables. They are then put on railroad cars and shipped away immediately, or they may be first taken to the shops near by (shown in the other picture) where they are sawed into thin slabs for floors, mantels, grave-stones, and so on, or turned on lathes into beautiful columns, or cut into square blocks for building houses, or perhaps sent to some sculptor to be carved into the statues he has modeled. But only the finest and whitest marble can be used for statues, and nearly all of it is brought from celebrated quarries in Italy.

Even now we sometimes find fossil shells or corals imbedded in the solid rock, and we know they could have come there only when the stone was soft and mud-like. In the black marble tiles forming the floors of the National Museum at Washington may occasionally be seen white spiral outlines of some of these shell-fish, now dead these millions of years; and perhaps many of you have walked over them without reflecting that the firm rock they stood upon was once soft mud in the depths of an ocean.



A VERMONT MARBLE QUARRY.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

A COURTEOUS correspondent criticizes a statement made in "The Land of Pluck," in the May ST. NICHOLAS, concerning the so-called "Hook and Codfish War." But the author did not intend to convey the idea that the war was due exclusively to the incident described. According to some historians that trivial dispute was the spark that fired the already combustible material, though the war between classes was inevitable with or without that episode.

Still, another and probably better explanation of the terms *Hoek* and *Kabbeljaauw* is given in the interesting letter of our kindly critic, Mr. Adrian Van Helden, "a Hollander by birth and education," who says:

"Modern historians are of opinion that the diagonal squares of blue and silver, resembling fish-scales, which constituted the livery worn by" the adherents of Count William (who led the cities and middle classes in their struggle for greater liberty and influence against the nobility) caused that party to be known as Codfishes; while, "in retaliation, the nobles were called Hooks, because they tried to entrap and catch those clever fishes."

READERS of Saleh Bin Osman's quaint account of his life, and of Mr. E. J. Glave's interesting article concerning him, will be glad to see this letter from a Brooklyn girl, telling how she met Saleh after one of Mr. Stanley's lectures:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not the least remarkable of the party accompanying Mr. Stanley is his faithful young Zanzibari attendant, Saleh Bin Osman. Through the African forests with his leader, a helper and a comrade in the darkest days of the long march to Emin Pasha, faithful and honorable was Saleh to his chief. And now he has joined his fate with that of his master, and is as loyal as in the dreariest hours of the long march.

The world is small after all. Not many months have passed since we heard that Stanley was fighting his way through the dark African swamp; then we learned of his rescue of Emin Pasha, and safe arrival at Zanzibar; and now in our city we have seen Mr. Stanley and heard the great explorer's own description of his journey.

After the lecture, having expressed to our friend Mr. Glave, a wish to talk with Saleh, we went toward the green-room, where Saleh was waiting. Upon hearing his name called, the boy came quickly forward. After a few words with Mr. Glave in an African language, Saleh smiled pleasantly at me and was presented. Saleh was in ordinary dress, except that he wore the Oriental fez. He speaks English fairly well. I handed him a flower from my bouquet, and the gift was courteously acknowledged. He looked at me for an instant, and turning to Mr. Glave spoke again in his native tongue. Afterward I learned that he said he was not accustomed to such consideration from Americans. Saleh says that he receives a great deal more respect in London than in New York.

Bright as a button is the African lad; he converses readily, and his expressions are clear and often humorous. He has since then visited our house several times with Mr. Glave.

Saleh is always neat and most particular as to his dress. The glistening collar and cuffs are never blemished; his straight, rather chunky figure is usually clad neatly in black, while the red fez rests upon his dark head. He has made rapid progress in his English education, both in conversation and in writing. Sometimes in the midst of some exciting narrative he will suddenly stop, gaze with piercing eyes at the ceiling, muttering the while, "Oh, what you call that word?" But somehow or other he is sure to find the missing term, and once more plunges forward. Loyalty, honor, and generosity dwell within his boyish heart, and he advances rapidly under careful teaching.

We greatly respect the faithful young Zanzibari, and wish him happiness and prosperity. NETTIE S——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell your readers something about the United States Fish Commission, here in Washington. The object of the commission is to stock with fish the various rivers of the country, and to make scientific inquiry as to the habits, etc., and ascertain where the best fishing grounds are. Every spring the commission raise small shad at the building here in Washington. As is known by most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, the shad, like other fish, only spawns — *i. e.*, lays its eggs — once a year, in its season, which is between the months of April and July. It is at this time that the commission secures the eggs. There is a station on the Potomac River about ten miles south of Washington, where the shad are caught in large nets and the eggs are extracted from the fish. The eggs are now sent to the main station in Washington in "egg crates," which are made especially for them. Upon arriving at Washington they are put into hatching-jars. Water is kept running through these jars by a pump. The jars are all connected with each other by pipes. The eggs, being comparatively heavy, sink to the bottom of the jars and thus escape running out at the pipe openings. All that is needed to hatch the eggs is the constant flow of water. The time of hatching is from three to four days. When the eggs hatch, the shad is only a half-inch long. They are then put in cans and sent by express to various parts of the country to be put in rivers and thus stock them. Your devoted reader, HENRY R——.

CARTHAGE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and my brother is twelve. We live on a farm and have very nice times together. There have been several strange events here where we live. I 'll relate one. It was but a few days before Thanksgiving, therefore it was turkey-catching time. One evening all the men but papa were out catching them,— he was sitting with mama at the supper-table. A turkey, in wild fear for his life, seeing their light, flew for it, and actually went right through a pane of glass and alighted in a platter in front of papa, who carried him out. He came with such force that he scattered glass for thirty feet. Your interested reader,

M. B. K——.

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CANTERBURY ROAD, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl. I am seven years old. We have been staying in Oxford for several months. Some of the greatest colleges in the world are here. Christ Church is the largest college; the gentleman that wrote "Alice in Wonderland" is there. I have been to Wadham College kitchen; we saw there an old-fashioned spit with a big joint of mutton roasting on it; the draught in the chimney turns a fan, which turns a chain, which turns the spit. At the side of the great chimney there is a little recess where they used in olden times to tie a dog who turned the spit. One day we went to the top of the Radcliffe Library, where we saw the spires, steeples, and towers; it was very beautiful, for my mama tells me that except in old Rome there are not so many beautiful buildings in any city as in Oxford. One of the towers of Christ Church is called "Tom Tower," and in the top hangs "Old Tom." It is a very large bell, that even mama cannot reach around with her arms; it strikes one hundred and one times at nine o'clock in the evening, and then every student must be in his own college. The students have to wear the cap and gown.

We saw some boat races called the Torpids; they are so called because of their slowness compared with the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The coaches are men that run along on the river side and tell the men in the boats how to row. But the coach of the 'Varsity crew rides on a horse to keep up with them, because they go so quickly. I am your admiring little reader,

JANEY W——.

CHICAGO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my trip south with my grandmother. I had been kept in the house all winter with the whooping-cough, and she thought going away to a warm climate, where I could be out of doors, would do me good.

I went first to St. Augustine, where we stayed three weeks and had a very nice time. We went to the Hotel San Marco and had a beautiful view of the ocean from our windows. We went to walk one day over to the old fort, Fort Marion. We saw the moat and the drawbridge, and the dungeon where they used to keep the prisoners. This is an old Spanish fort and is not used now. The Spaniards called it Fort San Marco, but when the Americans took it they changed the name to Fort Marion.

I saw a great many oranges growing on the trees, and the gray moss looked very strange; it looked like tangled silk hanging on the limbs of the trees.

There was a little girl who used to come every evening to the hotel with a basket of orange blossoms, and roses, and violets to sell, and I used to go very often to play in a lovely garden which belonged to a friend of my grandmother's. She let me play in the garden and pick the flowers just as I wanted to, lovely roses and violets.

A very handsome hotel is the Ponce de Leon, named after the man who was always searching for the Fountain of Youth.

On our way north we stayed one night and a day in Savannah, and one day in Augusta, then two or three days in Nashville, and one day in Cincinnati, and then home. From your little reader,

KATHARINE LAY MCC——.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Californian girl; I have always lived here and have never been out of the State. We live a mile and a half from town on a vineyard called "La Ladera." The house is on a hill and the view of the mountains and of the town is beautiful; travelers often come up to see it. From the town running northwest to the ocean are seven tall peaks. The first is the San Luis Mountain, the second Bishop's Peak, and the last is a huge rock standing in the bay and called Morro Rock.

We have three dogs. The largest and handsomest is called Tito; he is black with a white collar and tail. The next is Topsy; she is a very bright one. The smallest is Mr. Boffin. They are very fond of going to walk up the mountain.

I have taken you for six years and think you the best magazine printed.

I am your constant reader, ALICE V. B. H——.

KEY TO THE MUSICAL PUZZLE STORY PRINTED IN THE JULY ST. NICHOLAS.

Ed Brace was such a strange little boy, that until he reached the *age* of one *decade* his friends all feared that he never would *turn* out *a sharp* man. His head was full of *crotchets*, and among them was one very *bad* one, viz.: a determination not to learn his *a*, *b*, *c*. He would run away to catch *dace* in the brook, and pretend to be *deaf* when they called him to learn his lessons. His father said, "*Ed* is either *a natural* or *a flat*; I have little hope of him, as he shows no *signs* of intelligence." One day Farmer Brace called his son, and said, "I want a *measure* of corn from the mill. Here is a *note* to the miller. When he learns the *tenor* of it, he will give you the corn without any *fee*, as I cannot trust you with the money. Put the corn in this *bag*, *tie* it with this *cord*, and *hold* it tight." *Ed* set off, but when he had gone about *an eighth* of the way, he saw old *Abe*, a superannuated *cab* horse, grazing in a field near by. The boy climbed the *bars* with *ease*, and began to *feed* old *Abe* with apples; then mounting on his back he began to beat him with a *staff* which he carried in his hand. The horse started on a quick *run* across the field, and the boy was several times within an *ace* of falling off, when suddenly *Abe* pitched him over his head into a *bee's* nest. A *bee* stung him in the face, which began to *swell* rapidly. His cries rose in a wailing *crescendo* until they reached their loudest *fortissimo*. Farmer *Gaff*, who was plowing in a neighboring field, calling "*gee*" to his oxen, and trying to make them take an *accelerando* gait in place of their usual *rallentando* movement, now came to the *bars* and said to the boy, "I thought you were *dead* until I heard you scream. What are you doing in this *quarter?*"

"Father *bade* me go to the mill," he replied, "but I wanted to *run* away, cross the *high seas*, *scale* lofty mountains, and *treble* my fortune!"

"You must be off your *base*," replied the farmer. "Go home and let your mother put you to *bed*."

The boy's cries, having passed through all stages of *diminuendo* and *piano*, now reached their *finale*. "Yes, I will," replied Ed. "I am *fagged* out, but I *shake* and *quaver* somewhat at the prospect of my punishment. Perhaps father will *tie* me up, and *gag* me, but the result of this adventure will last the *rest* of my life; it will never *fade* from my memory, and I am sure I shall not wish to *repeat* it."

"That 's right, sonny," answered the farmer. "*Be sharp*, *be natural*, but don't *be flat!*"

BERLIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Jack and I thought perhaps your readers might like to hear about Von Moltke's funeral from some one who had seen it, as we did yesterday.

General von Moltke died very suddenly, after a busy day, for, although he was ninety-one years old, he had been to two public meetings and entertained friends at dinner in the evening of the day he died.

The American flag was the first one to be put at half-

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mast; all the German flags, as well as those of all other nations, were half-masted in his honor the next day throughout Berlin.

The Emperor was away from the city on a visit, but was telegraphed for, and returned immediately.

Although Von Moltke was a great general and a very celebrated man, he lived very quietly; but it was decided after his death to bury him with all the honors of a king.

The night he died a number of the commanding generals watched over his body, and the three days before he was buried there was a military guard stationed in the room where the body lay.

The room and the house itself were filled with flowers brought by friends and fellow-officers.

All who wished to do so were allowed to see his body.

We stood waiting in the crowd and scorching sun two whole hours before the funeral, but the military display and the whole pageant were well worth the trouble.

First came the "*Garde du Corps*," all in white, on horseback (the Emperor's bodyguard), then more cavalry, the Red, White, and Black Hussars, the Potsdam Regiment (soldiers of the old Emperor), then the hearse, which was the one used for the old Emperor and for his son.

The hearse was drawn by six horses draped in black; it was open, and on a high mass of flowers was the coffin, over which hung two long garlands of flowers.

On each side of the hearse walked three officers (pallbearers) carrying large wreaths, and beside these the members of his household; behind came six or eight priests, and then the Emperor on foot, with the King of Saxony, both in full uniform.

Then followed crowds of officers, all walking, and the procession came to an end with students in their university garb and state officials in civilians' clothes.

Von Moltke was buried by the side of his wife (who died twenty-three years ago), on his own estate at Kreisau, about four hours' ride from Berlin.

The Emperor and King followed him to the grave.

I saw Von Moltke about a month ago out driving. He had a kind face, but looked his age.

I forgot to mention that Bismarck sent a beautiful wreath, but was not at the funeral, although a warm personal friend.

Your constant readers, E. and J. B——.

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear about a fresh-water crab or crawfish.

At this time of the year the crabs dig holes and back into them, so it was hard for me to get one. But at last I got one and put it in a dish of water.

It was rather stupid, and so I did n't cover it.

In the middle of the night mama heard it fall out of the dish and go crawling around on the floor.

In the morning before I got dressed we tried to find the crab, but we could n't find it anywhere. So I started to put on my shoe and I could n't get my foot in the toe. I thought the lining was rumpled, and so I put my hand in, and there was the crab as surprised as I was.

I suppose he thought he had found a hole ready made.

Yours truly, ADAH W——.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear a little of my journey to Alaska last summer? We took a large steamer at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, called the "Queen." We had a fine large stateroom with three berths and a sofa in it, and we sailed about three thousand miles in the most comfortable manner. We touched at several curious Indian villages, where we saw the Indian women making silver bracelets and rings. They were sitting on the ground and wore bright-colored blankets over their heads. They also weave very curious baskets made from the bark of a tree.

We saw a boarding-school at Sitka, where the large boys played for us on the brass band. Then we saw a large frozen river named the Muir Glacier. The color of it is a beautiful bright blue, and every few minutes great pieces of ice fall off with a sound like thunder.

We took all the ice for the use of the steamer from the glacier. While our steamer was waiting at the glacier, Indians came up to us in little canoes or dugouts, with baskets and skins to sell. There was one little boy dressed in an entire suit of white underclothes. He looked very cold, and we saw that his teeth chattered, and we wished very much that some one would put a blanket over him, which his mother finally did.

We sailed past beautiful snow-covered mountains, and after touching at Juneau, Sitka, and Fort Wrangel, we sailed back to Victoria. We had a very interesting trip. I hope that many others will be fortunate enough to take the same journey. I am your little friend,

LILY M——.

MORGANFIELD, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are five little boys and ten little girls who have just begun reading you. Our teacher introduced you to us, for she loved and read you when she was little. We have read "Elfie's Visit to Cloudland," "David and Goliath," and we have read all the letters in the Letter-box, but have seen none from Kentucky. We Kentuckians are very proud of our beautiful ladies, fine horses, and the greatest natural wonder in the world, the Mammoth Cave, but not so proud of the state's great distilleries!

We are known as Miss Mame's Room, and our names are:

ANNA MAY C.	STELLA R.
EDNA L.	MAMIE TATE C.
BERRY C.	J. Y. C.
ADDIE BECK W.	BETTIE C.
MARY C.	CAMILLE B.
WILLIS B.	SALLIE F.
ROBERT R.	CASWELL McE.

BLANTON A.

AFTER the July number of ST. NICHOLAS was on the press, correct answers to the "What Is It?" question printed in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit department of the ST. NICHOLAS for April, were received from Caroline B. S., Margie F., Hortense H.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Aubrey G., Blanche and Posy, Elsa and Gretchen Van H., Georgie H. and Marie T., N. J. S., Willie K., M. K., Waddell K., F. K. Travers W., Charlotte and Jeanette, Florence H. H., Harry A., Aubrey H. W., Bertha C., F. A. D., Ethel Leslie, Mamie L. S., Edith, Maud and May, "Perseus," William J. H., Edward A., David R., Jr., Jeannie F., Elsie P., Joseph J., John McV. H., Florence W., Ethel R., May V., Edith B., Kittie B., Edythe P. R., Frances M., A. D. D., Nellie H. McC., Clare H., H. W. T., Walter S.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Ale. 3. Adore. 4. Blomary. 5. Erase. 6. Ere. 7. Y.

STAR PUZZLE. From 11 to 10, Danton; 2 to 11, Arnold; 2 to 12, Adrian; 4 to 12, Hudson; 4 to 13, Handel; 13 to 6, Lytton; 6 to 14, Napier; 8 to 14, Taylor (Bayard); 8 to 15, Titian; 15 to 10, Newton. From 1 to 10, Washington.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Bunker Hill. Cross-words: 1. roBin. 2. yoUng. 3. baNks. 4. liKen. 5. drEss. 6. caRol. 7. asHes. 8. quIet. 9. hoLly. 10. hiLly.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ghast. 2. Haste. 3. Aster. 4. Stern. 5. Terns.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Independence Day.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Tables. 2. Siesta. 3. Natant. 4. Forger. 5. Pellet. 6. Seldom.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. I. 2. Io. 3. Ino. 4. Iron. 5. Groin. 6. Trigon. 7. Rioting. 8. Ratioing. 9. Migration. 10. Emigration. 11. Germination.

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS. 1. Turkey. 2. Cork. 3. Jersey. 4. Oil. 5. Orange. 6. Cologne. 7. Leghorn. 8. Cod. 9. Bristol. 10. Snake. 11. Sable. 12. Ulster. 13. Bismarck. 14. Shanghai. 15. Hamburg and Astrakan. 16. Atlas. 17. Darling. 18. Mosquito.

The sun hangs calm at summer's poise;
The earth lies bathed in shimmering noon,
At rest from all her cheerful noise,
With heartstrings silently in tune.
The time, how beautiful and dear,
When early fruits begin to blush,
And the full leafage of the year
Sways o'er them with a sheltering hush.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Banda. Cross-words: 1. Bonito. 2. Anthem. 3. Nickel. 4. Defile. 5. Anubis.

HIDDEN DIAMONDS. I. From 1 to 12, George Cuvier. Cross-words: 1. Gorgons. 2. Parsees. 3. Belabor. 4. Inciter. 5. Average. 6. Stupefy. 7. Bacchus. II. From 1 to 12, Thomas Edison. Cross-words: 1. Neptune. 2. Panther. 3. Horizon. 4. Stadium. 5. Bifilar. 6. Madison. 7. Euterpe.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese — Mama and Jamie — "Infantry" — "The McG.'s" — Blanche and Fred — Rebecca M. Huntington — E. M. G. — "Hawkeye" — Josephine Sherwood — "The Wise Five" — Sara L. R. — Nellie L. Hawes — Uncle Mung — Ida Carleton Thallon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from G. I. Shirley, 1 — "Sister," 2 — Elaine S., 3 — Clara B. Orwig, 7 — Pearl F. Stevens, 6 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — "Fox," 3 — Mama and Marion, 4 — Mary, Agnes, Julia, and Ella, 1 — "May and '79," 7 — Estelle, Clarendon, and C. Ions, 1 — Grace C. Sargent, 1 — "Charles Beaufort," 10 — No name, New York, 1 — Freddie Sutro, 4 — "King Anso IV.," 7 — Carrie K. Thacher, 3 — W. W. L., 1 — "Rychie de Rooster," 7 — Alice M. Blanke and sister, 9 — Jo and I, 10 — Mama, Olive, and Kate, 4 — "The Nutshell," 9 — Elizabeth Moore, 2.

THE RIDDLE BOX

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A TRACT of soft, wet ground. 2. The East. 3. One who rids. 4. A Roman magistrate. 5. Parts of fishing-lines. 6. Urgency.

II. 1. A large flat fish. 2. A person who lends money at an exorbitant rate of interest. 3. A famous Italian tenor. 4. An inhabitant of a certain country. 5. A daughter of the river-god Cebren, and wife of Paris. 6. Trigons.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

DROPPED LETTERS.

INSERT letters in place of the stars, in each of the nine following sentences. When all the words are rightly completed, select from each of the sentences a word of five letters. When these nine words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a name given to the first day of August.

1. S*o*t f*l*y a* i* f*i*s.
2. S*a*e t*e r*d a*d s*o*l t*e c*i*d.
3. D*a*h c*m*s w*t*o*t c*l*i*g.
4. H*m*n b*o*d i* o* o*e c*l*r.
5. I* i* v*r* h*r* t* s*a*e a* e*g.
6. H*s*e m*k*s w*s*e.
7. L*i*g r*d*s o* d*b*s b*c*.
8. D*p*n*e*c* i* a p*o* t*a*e.
9. O*t o* p*c*e* i* o*t o* s*y*e.

"MR. FEZZIWIG."

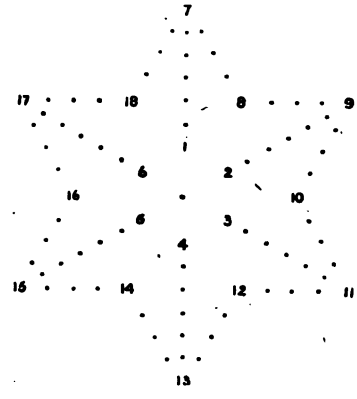
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a humorist, and my finals the hero of one of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ascend. 2. A prefix to many words, implying imperfection. 3. A domain. 4. Deprives of life. 5. A bone of the leg. 6. A woman whose husband is dead. 7. To make use of. 8. A feminine name. 9. The point opposite the zenith.

"MAY BELLE."

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 7 to 8, a recess; from 8 to 9, a treatise; from 9 to 10, a pleasure-boat; from 10 to 11, insnares; from 11 to 12, to declare upon oath; from 12 to 13, to send back; from 13 to 14, to mark; from 14 to 15, a support for a picture; from 15 to 16, a person afflicted with a certain disease; from 16 to 17, furious; from 17 to 18, to delay; from 18 to 7, a fortification; from 7 to 1, the goddess of retribution; from 2 to 9, an ancient science which aimed to transmute metals into gold; from 3 to 11, gardening implements; from 4 to 13, erect; from 15 to 5, a yellowish varnish; from 17 to 6, to perceive; from 1 to 6, the father of Jupiter.

"TIDDLEDY-WINKS."

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DIAMOND.

1. IN ants. 2. Skill. 3. Odd. 4. The twin sister of Apollo. 5. Fearful. 6. A famous epic poem. 7. In ants.

A. P. C. ASHHURST.

PI.

HET stercal pipopes sculter yb eht doar,
Het segewnip shystec safhl ni eht langlif sargs,
Dan binglemur gasnow, hitw thire hevay doal,
Lango het study wahshigy, nigengril, saps
Ni sarveth mite.

Ho, ontubeous soneas, chir thruhog veery rouh
Ni stigf hatt keam rou slous hwit yoj a-nute;
Hte flutifur thare si shavil fo reh derow,
Romf gromsinn shulf lilt wogls het welloy mono,
Ni vasreth emit.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. AN aquatic, wading bird. 2. A combination. 3. Uproar. 4. Hazard. 5. A printer's measure. 6. In wading.

POLLY W.

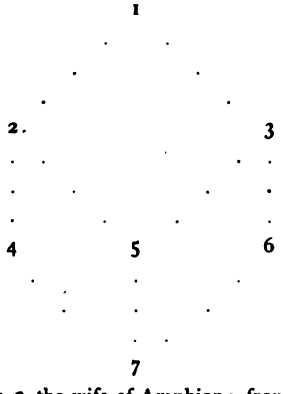
GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE words described are of unequal length, but when rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the third row of letters will spell a name for Philomel.

1. The capital of Siam. 2. A city in Connecticut. 3. A famous island. 4. A seaport of Brazil. 5. A city on the Arkansas river. 6. A populous country of Asia. 7. A mountain-chain in China. 8. A country of Asia. 9. An inland sea. 10. A desert of South Africa. 11. A large bay of South Australia.

LAURA J. AND SADIE B.

MYTHOLOGICAL CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, the wife of Amphion; from 2 to 4, one of the Muses; from 4 to 7, a handsome giant and hunter, son of Hyrieus; from 1 to 3, a nymph of streams and springs; from 3 to 6, the goddess of hunting; from 6 to 7, a certain Greek bard who is often represented as riding on the back of a dolphin; from 2 to 5, a son of Panopeus; from 3 to 5, a famous island in the Ægean Sea; from 5 to 7, a sea-nymph.

CYRIL DEANE.

BEHEADINGS.

I. 1. BEHEAD a trace, and leave a place of refuge. 2. Behead unreal, and leave to divide. 3. Behead a cord, and leave a tree. 4. Behead a knot, and leave a geometrical figure. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave to rove at large. 6. Behead nothing, and leave something.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a poet.

II. 1. Behead a charioteer, and leave a pleasant feature in a landscape. 2. Behead to raise, and leave part of the head. 3. Behead to desire, and leave to acquire by labor. 4. Behead a famous explorer, and leave a farming implement. 5. Behead an incident, and leave to utter. 6. Behead nothing, and leave should.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a poet.

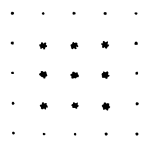
L. AND E.

A CHARADE.

My *first*, a word most near to every heart;
My *next*, a very large and heavy cart;
My *last*, an implement that makes a bed;
My *whole*, a story widely loved and read.

MIRIAM W. G. (TEN YEARS OLD.)

DOUBLE SQUARES.



I. ACROSS: 1. A South American quadruped. 2. Informed. 3. An idolater. 4. Incensed. 5. To rejuvenate.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Strife. 2. A Turkish commander. 3. A quadruped.

II. ACROSS: 1. Treatment. 2. Rest. 3. One of the Harpies. 4. Very cold. 5. Part of an ode.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Sediment. 2. A measure of length. 3. A masculine name.

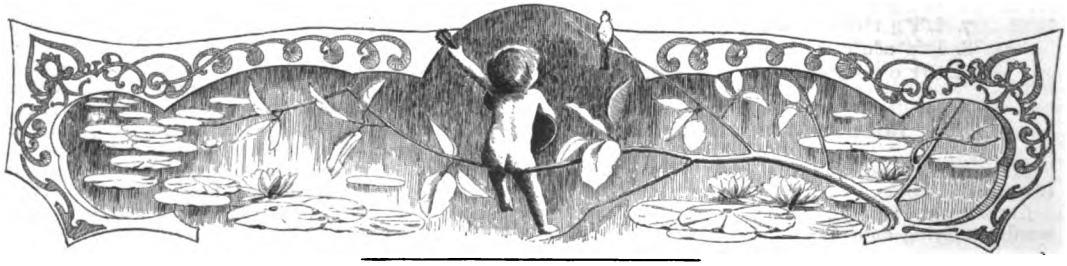
"XELIS."

A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-two letters, and am a quotation from one of Shakspere's plays.

My 51-42-21-11-28 is a famous poem. My 62-3-22-57 is a famous German philosopher. My 37-60-44-15-40-9 is the title of a novel by a famous Scotch author. My 23-33-49-38-7-16 is an illustrious German poet. My 2-19-53-47-32 is his most widely read work. My 54-30-22 is a goddess in the Norse mythology. My 46-41-34-48-14-22 is the surname of the author of "Persuasion." My 17-52-35-8 is the name of an English poet and critic. My 26-25-59-45-18-5 is a living American poet. My 13-36-61-50-56-39-58-12-6-24 is an English poet, who, in 1802, married Mary Hutchinson. My 10-4-27-55 is the name signed to many delightful essays. My 43-29-1-31-20 is the subject of a poem by Burns.

A. AND M.



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GOLDENROD.

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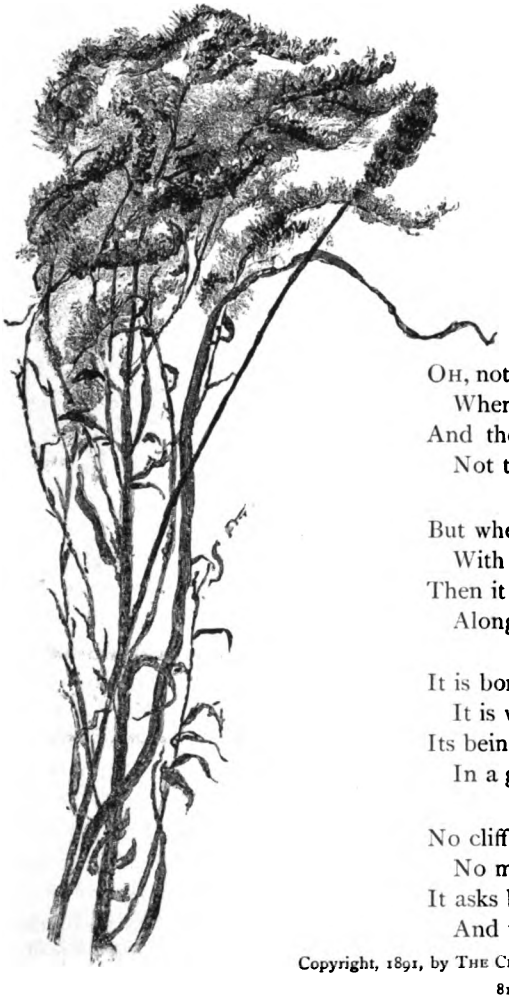
ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1891. NO. 11.



BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

OH, not in the morning of April or May,
When the young light lies faint on the sod
And the wind-flower blooms for the half of a day,—
Not then comes the Goldenrod.

But when the bright year has grown vivid and bold
With its utmost of beauty and strength,
Then it leaps into life, and its banners unfold
Along all the land's green length.

It is born in the glow of a great high noon,
It is wrought of a bit of the sun;
Its being is set to a golden tune
In a golden summer begun.

No cliff is too high for its resolute foot,
No meadow too bare or too low;
It asks but the space for its fearless root,
And the right to be glad and to grow.

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It delights in the loneliest waste of the moor,
  And mocks at the rain and the gust.
It belongs to the people. It blooms for the poor.
  It thrives in the roadside dust.

It endures though September wax chill and unkind;
  It laughs on the brink of the crag,
Nor blanches when forests turn white in the wind;
  Though dying, it holds up its flag!

Its bloom knows no stint, its gold no alloy,
  And we claim it forever as ours—
God's symbol of Freedom and world-wide Joy—
  America's flower of flowers!

By Kate M. Cleary.

OTHERS would probably have thought Petunia just an ordinarily nice little girl. But her father, and her mother, and her two big brothers, and the girl, and the hired man, and her grandfather, and her grandmother, and Aunt Lila, and Uncle Carl, and their hired man were quite convinced that no other child ever existed one half as sweet, and smart, and bright, and beautiful, and altogether lovable as she.

Her father's house was in Northern Kansas, and her grandfather's homestead in Southern Nebraska. The little town on the State line was all that divided them.

"Hurry, Pet!" called her mother one morning in September. "We are going to Grandpa's."

Laughing and shouting with delight Petunia ran for her sun-bonnet and tied it on her yellow head. It was such fun to go to Grandpa's. The gentle red and white Jersey calf was a source of endless delight to her. And the hens at Grandpa's did not lay their eggs in an old barn as they did at home, but in dozens of queer little boxes, nailed up under the eaves of the thatched shed. And it was such a bit of frolic

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to climb up and peek in, and nearly break one's neck in doing so. Then Uncle Carl would, if he happened to be at the farm, carry her down to the mill on his shoulder. Petunia loved to see the foamy white cataract, sparkling and dashing down into the cool, green sheet below. Petunia always called the spray "snow," which was what it most resembled.

Her father brought around the team and farm-wagon. He lifted her in behind, where a "comfort" was spread. Then he helped her mother to the high seat in front, climbed up beside her, shook the reins, and away they went.

It was very early in the morning. Indeed, the sun himself had not been up long. A sky of pale, bright blue globed down on the bluffs and valleys. Pet, looking up, thought she was looking into a great, big, blue bowl turned upside down. It was speckled here and there—just like a robin's egg. Here, on the high Kansas land, one could see so far away. Off to the northwest a grayish haze lay upon the hills. On both sides were great forests of corn. The stalks were all in regular rows, like battalions of soldiers. Pet did n't think that. She would n't have known what a battalion of soldiers meant unless you told her—and perhaps not even then. For she was such a little thing, only two years and a half old in June.

"T'ank you," she said to the fat meadow-lark with the pretty yellow vest, who, perched on a post, trilled out a gay, sweet song as she passed.

"It won't be long 'fore we 's at Dranpa's!" she told herself gleefully.

All they had to do was to drive down the steep hill that dipped and curved so queerly, cross the Kansas bridge, and then the railroad track, pass through the little town of Bubble, keep on straight north, rumble between the walnut-trees over the bridge above Rose Creek, drive east about a mile, turn to the left, and keep on, up and down the rolling road, till, within hearing and almost within sight of the old mill, one came on it—the little house where Grandpa lived. It was all very easy indeed to do—when one knew how.

Very tall were the sunflowers by the roadside. "Big as giants, I dess," Pet said. Above their great, coarse, dull green leaves their golden disks with hearts of brownest velvet nodded quite condescendingly down on the trio in the wagon.

"Dood-mornin'!" Pet said frequently in reply to their bowing, for she was a very polite little girl.

It would be very warm by and by, but now the morning air was delicious,—pure and cool and sweet.

At her grandpa's they were all so glad to see Petunia. She was the only child in the family, and the darling of them all. Do you wonder how so many people lived in such a tiny house? A great many western farmers live in very small houses. Not, of course, because land is scarce or dear, but because when they begin farming they need so many horses and machines, that they think they will manage with any kind of a house for a while. And they always intend, when the sheds and stables are all built, and the crops are good, to erect a fine, comfortable dwelling. This the majority of them do. That is why, in driving through Kansas and Nebraska, you so often see large, new frame-houses, almost invariably painted white with green shutters, and in the rear of each a long, low, log or sod structure, now used for a shed or hen-house, but formerly the abode of the family. Sometimes, as in the case of Petunia's grandfather, those who have homesteaded the land live till old in the first little house. Pet's Uncle Carl worked in Bubble, and spent only Sunday at the farm. Her Aunt Lila taught school on the next section. The hired man slept in the barn. There was no one in the house over night except Pet's grandfather and his wife, and Aunt Lila. When Pet came on a visit she slept with her aunt.

That day—Sunday—Uncle Carl was at home. So after he had taken Pet down to the mill, after she had seen the Jersey calf, and had brought in a pail of warm, pinkish eggs she had found in the queer boxes under the eaves of the shed, and had eaten four of Grandma's cookies, she announced her intention of going out to see the corn grow, or, as she herself said it: "doin' out to see the torn drow."

They all laughed heartily at this quaint announcement of the little girl, but not till the small figure in the blue gingham (that Aunt Lila herself had made) and the pink plaid sun-bonnet had disappeared. It was a regular

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custom with Petunia, this "doin' out to see the torn drow!" Her grandfather had a half-section, three hundred and twenty acres, all planted in corn.

When Pet was there in April she watched the men plowing. She liked to see the stream of wee, hard, yellow grains drop three and three in the furrows.

Early in May all over the land were seen pencilings of bright green. These looked like little knots of wavy ribbon, running up and down, but always in precise and even lines, at the sides of the dusky furrows of upturned earth. Through it were scattered thousands of pale-tinted, straggly blossoms.

In June the young corn was as high as Pet's waist. Wild roses rioted underneath its emerald tufts, the full-blown ones soft pink, and the buds deep crimson.

In July it was far taller than Uncle Carl, but just as green as ever. There had been plenty of rain, followed by very hot sunshine. That was why it had grown so splendidly.

Pet took much interest in her grandfather's crop. She used on every visit to go out, just as she did on this particular morning, and with her head on one side critically note its progress. Then she would return to the house, and very gravely express her opinion on the subject.

To-day she was not a little puzzled. The long, lovely green streamers were green no more. They were not thick either. They had become yellow and thin. When they rustled they crackled like paper. The corn itself was swathed in ever so many wrappings that looked like stiff crinkly silk. And the fine, soft tassels that waved in the fresh morning breeze were golden, too.

To be sure their corn had changed also, as had all they had passed in coming over from Kansas. But she had been fancying her grandfather's would look quite the same as usual. The sun was high up now. She could feel the warmth on the top of her head. How lovely and cool it looked in under the corn! So very tall the corn was! Even when Pet pushed back her sun-bonnet, and stared straight up, she could hardly see the top of it. She thought it would be nice to walk in there, to keep on and on, till she came to the end of the long, narrow path, then turn around and come right back. Petunia did n't know anything about the "ten thousand men who marched up a hill and then marched down again," but she meant to do practically the same thing. So she entered one of the aisles,— not as wide as those you see in a church,— and she walked on and on between the stiff, high, golden stalks.

Such a lovely place as that corn-forest was! The sun could n't shine in there to burn the top of one's head! And the long shimmering ribbons, and the fuzzy silken tassels, all seemed murmuring together in a queer, soft, brisk, breezy sort of way. On and on between the rows of corn the feet in the stubby little shoes went plodding; on and on!

"My!" panted Petunia, "me mus' be pitty near de end now! Dacious! dere are a butterfly!"

A butterfly, indeed, a big, creamy butterfly, with spots of brown and rose all over his wide-spread wings. And he was the laziest butterfly Petunia ever saw. He sailed along so slowly she was quite sure she could catch him. He wheeled away to the left. After him the sturdy little legs went racing. As she almost touched him, he floated upward, and lit over her head. For some time she stood looking up at him, and waiting for him to come down. Finally, she shook the cornstalk. He did not seem to like the disturbance, for away down the narrow road he flew, with Petunia in full chase.

All at once he disappeared. Where did he go? To save her life Petunia could n't tell. Very still and sorrowful she stood, and looked— everywhere. As she was peering between the great thick stalks at each side she suddenly caught her breath with a sharp little gasp of pleasure.

"Oh, doodness!" she exclaimed, clasping her wee hands, "what a nice wabbit!"

Not ten feet away, with his long, pointed ears and funny little bit of a bushy, white tail erect, sat a large, gray jack-rabbit. Petunia imagined he looked like her own dog, "Dixie." She would like to make friends with him. She wished she could pat him on the head. Perhaps she could coax him home with her! Gently but directly she went toward him. As she came near, he straightened up, and looked

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in astonishment at the little girl smiling at him. Then, with one terrific bound (Petunia fancied that he had jumped over her head), he was off and away!

Two big tears trembled out, and hung shining on her brown lashes.

"Butterfly gone, an' wabbit gone!" she sobbed. She was very tired. She really did not know how tired she was. She had walked a long way. She had run so hard. And it had become hot in the corn by this time. Not the blistering warmth of the midday sun that was torturing without, but a close, heavy, dank heat, caused by the thickness of the corn and the moisture of the earth.

"Dess me go home now an' get some moah tookies!" she decided. She turned, as she supposed, in the direction of her grandfather's house. In reality she was going farther and farther away. She walked on. Still more tired and hungry she grew. It was so far back. She wished she had not come such a long way. Suddenly she stopped. She heard a rush through the air, the whir of wings. Down, almost at her feet, whirled a covey of quail. She did not try to catch them. She was afraid they would vanish, as did the butterfly and the jack-rabbit. But she stood very still and watched them as they stalked about in state.

More intense the heat grew. It was not near night-time, but for a moment Petunia had fancied it must be, because of the sudden darkness. Suddenly came a sweeping coolness—like a chilly wind. The corn rustled. Pet thought it must be angry about something. Every streamer seemed to be chattering loudly and harshly, and doing battle with its brother. The quail swung up, and circled away. Petunia heard overhead a quick, sharp pattering. A few drops plashed on her sun-bonnet. Suddenly there was a blaze of flame. She was dazed. She could not see at all. Then out bellowed an awful roar that seemed to the little girl to shake the ground.

Pet was fearfully afraid of thunder, and she began to cry and to run. But the rain poured more heavily, the corn swayed and crashed, the lightning blazed on, and the thunder apparently did not cease for one whole minute at a time. Poor little Petunia! She could find no way out of the forest of corn. Crazed with fright she hurried this way and that. Once she slipped and fell. Looking up she saw a huge hawk whirling overheard. So she staggered to her feet again, and ran on—anywhere. She remembered that hawks ate young chickens. How did she know they would not hurt little children?

No way was there out of that forest of gold. At least there was none that Pet could find. North she ran; and south; and east; and west. Corn, corn!—there was nothing but corn. To the right, to the left, before and behind. If she could even see through it—or over it! In a vague kind of way she remembered when it was so small and weak she could have pulled many a root of it up with her own tiny hands. Now every stalk of corn seemed like a tree in her path.

How the storm kept beating down, down! Her legs ached so she could hardly move them.

"Oh, Mama!" she shrieked. "Oh, Papa! Pet f'i'tened—so, so f'i'tened!" Only the storm roared back an answer. Then she saw such terrifying things. A lithe brown animal, like a very long mouse, ran before her. She screamed louder than ever, for she was more afraid of gophers than of anything else. She stepped on an ant-hill. A hundred infinitesimal black specks went scurrying across her feet. A mottled frog opened his mouth so wide she thought he meant to swallow her. So she kept on running, stumbling, picking herself up, and falling again. The storm died away. The sun shone out for a little while. Then the terrible twilight came. The night closed down—down.

Poor Petunia could run no more. When she fell now, she was too tired to get up. So she lay there like a little hurt bird that would never fly again.

Such a time as there was at the farmhouse when Petunia was missed! It was almost the hour for dinner. Every room was searched. The barn was searched. Uncle Carl ran to the neighbors' houses. No one had seen her. No one could imagine what had become of her. They were all afraid she might have wandered down to the mill-stream, and fallen in. Her mother cried with terror as the day wore on and

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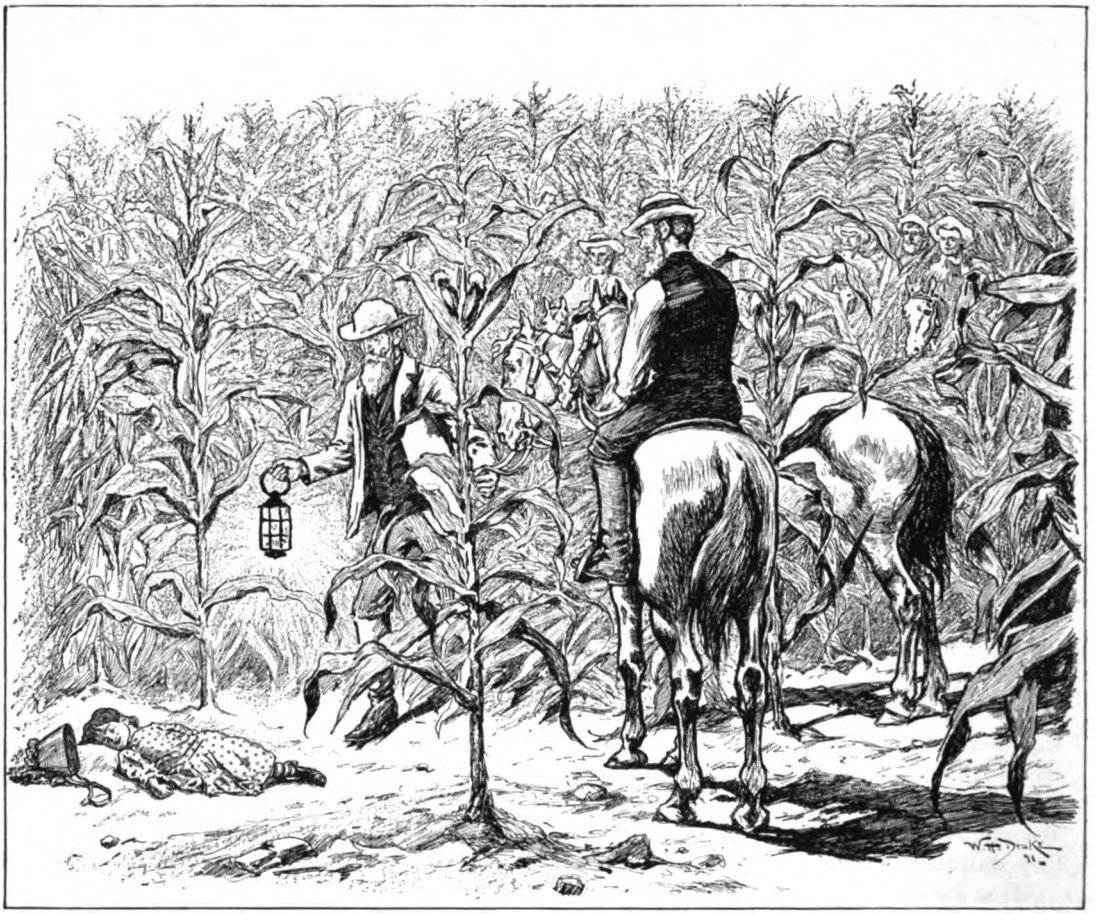

"'FOUND! FOUND!'"

no trace was found of her. Then Grandpa remembered how she had gone out to see the corn grow. Perhaps she had wandered in, and was lost in that vast, waving field! "God help us!" murmured her father. "There 's a whole half-section in corn. She may be dead before we find her!"

The news that Petunia was lost was sent to all the farmhouses around. By the time the storm burst, seven men on horseback were, at different points, picking their way through the corn. The drenching rain, the crashing thunder, the blinding lightning, the approaching night they dreaded not at all. Each thought only of the poor little baby lost somewhere in that wilderness of stalks, terrified at their strange whisperings, and wondering perhaps why no one came to take her home.

Very carefully had every one to make his way, lest his horse should tread on her. There was no use calling while the storm lasted. Their voices could not be heard above its roar. When it was over they shouted, and listened — and shouted again.

Twilight came — then darkness. They lit the lanterns tied to their saddles, and holding them low plodded on and on.

It was nine o'clock!

It was ten o'clock! And overhead a great white moon went sailing up the sky. Its radiance glistened across the wet corn till it was all one vast and tremulous sea of gold. Suddenly, breaking the stillness of the night, Grandpa's strong old voice rang out triumphantly: "Found! Found, boys! Found!"

Petunia's father gave a cheer that rang up to the blue Nebraska sky, a veritable pæan of praise. The other men heard the joyful cry,

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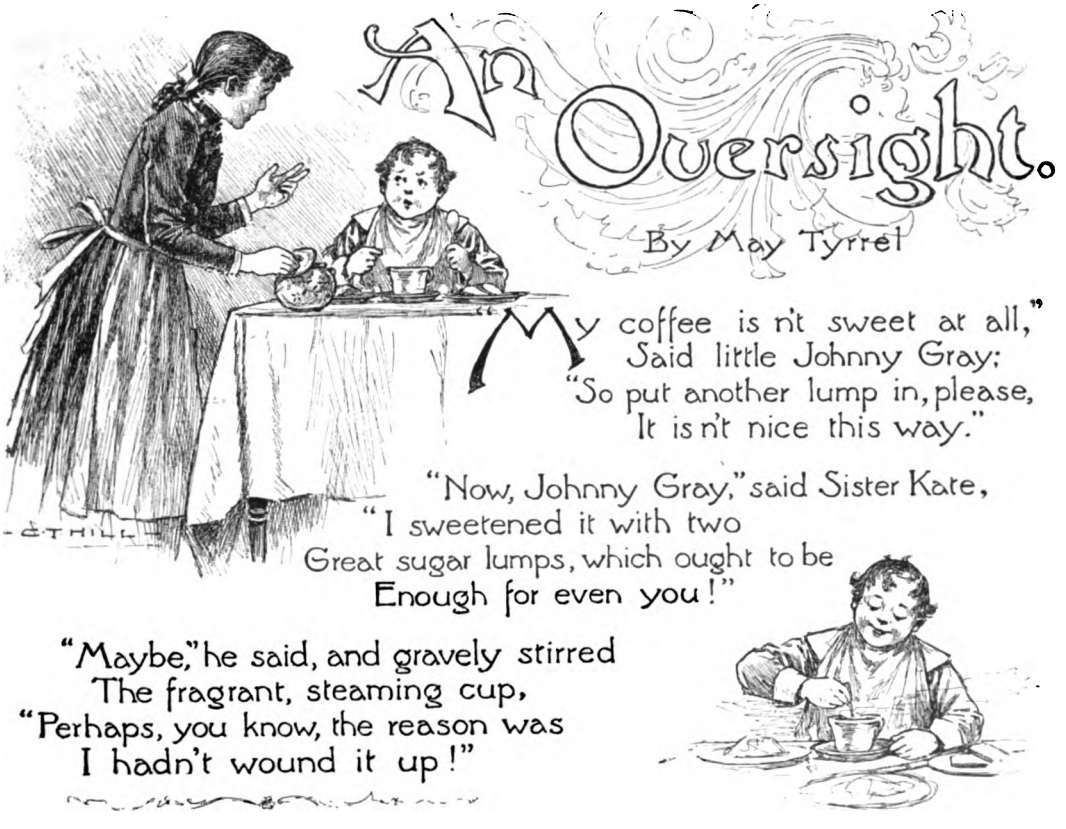
and sent back echoing shouts, answering the glad tidings.

At first, when Pet awoke she could not remember where she was. The corn — and the moon — and the men — and the horses! And the lanterns dancing like fireflies! What did they mean? Why was she there in that strange place at night?

But when her grandfather dismounted, and lifted her up before him on the saddle, she remembered what had happened, and a delightful sense of security came stealing over her. She was stiff and sore. But she managed to turn and clasp both her tired little arms around his neck. Her tear-stained cheek, blackened with prairie-mold, she cuddled close down upon his breast.

"Oh, Dranpa," she sobbed, "I don't want to see the — torn — drow — any — more!"

Then she went to sleep again.



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THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XLIII.

"WHAT YOUR ENEMIES HAVE DONE."

Toby had not wasted a great amount of breath in giving the alarm. But his cries had hardly ceased when they were echoed first by one voice, then by another, farther and farther away, and more and more prolonged. The cries were followed soon by the sound of footsteps running hurriedly through the village streets. And it was not long before the fire-bells began their terrible clamor.

Toby had extinguished the wharf with his own hands, and saved the "Milly," before any help arrived. Then men and boys rushed to the spot, and a fire-engine came rattling down the street.

The glare that guided them had not quite faded out of the sky. The burning boat was like a pretty piece of fireworks, a floating fountain of flame that lighted up the lake and cast wild gleams along the shore.

Toby, utterly exhausted, hatless, coatless, drenched to the waist, his pale face streaked with sweat and soot, had sunk down at the end of his half-burnt oar-box, with the empty bucket by his side.

"Nothing but a little bit of an old wharf!" some one said. "A great thing to raise an alarm about!"

Toby did not even turn and look at the speaker. Somebody answered for him.

"It was a new wharf to-day, and you can see by what is left of it whether it was little. How did it happen, Toby?"

Still he did not answer; his heart was too full. The spectators pressed around him, questioning, conjecturing, examining the charred ruins, and watching the burning boat.

"Is n't that one of your boats, Toby?"

"It 's one of my boats," he answered, in a cold, unnatural tone of voice.

"It 's burning up!"

"Let it burn!" he said. "Don't you suppose I know it?"

"Could n't you hinder it?"

"Do you suppose I would n't have hindered it if I could?"

"You are a master-hand for burning up boats, Toby, I must say!"

The last speaker was Mr. Brunswick, the iceman, who had just joined the crowd.

"I have n't burnt any boats myself," replied Toby, desperately. "If the truth were known, I guess you 'd find this fire was set with some of the same kind of matches that burnt your scow. Where 's Bob to-night?"

"Home and abed, I s'pose," said the iceman; "I have n't seen him."

It was n't like the younger Bob to be at home and abed during the excitement caused by a midnight alarm of fire.

Toby looked around at the familiar faces dimly illumined by the gleam from the water. Those of Yellow Jacket and Butter Ball, fellows who never missed an opportunity of running with an engine unless they could reach a fire before it, were conspicuous by their absence. Neither was Tom Tazwell on the spot.

Of the gang Toby suspected, only Lick Stevens was seen, sauntering about, cool and indifferent, making sarcastic remarks. Yellow Jacket, Butter Ball, and the younger Bob appeared later, coming singly and from different directions; but no Tom Tazwell.

A hand was laid on Toby's shoulder, and a voice different from the rest said:

"This won't do, Tobias! You are wet and heated, and you will get cold. Where 's your coat?"

"I did n't stop for any coat," said Toby. "I 'm not cold."

But the schoolmaster, who carried a light overcoat on his arm, insisted on laying it over the boy's shoulders.

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"What your enemies have done is despicable, but you are not going to be cast down by it. Not much more than the flooring of the wharf is gone, and one boat."

"Your sail was in that," said Toby.

"I don't care anything about the sail," Mr. Allerton replied. "How did the boat get loose?"

"The fastenings burned off, and the wind took it out. I had to stay and put out the main fire, and save the 'Milly.' Yes, Dr. Patty," Toby said, turning to a new-comer, "it was Ned's boat, and I 'm glad enough I paid you for it last week, so there need n't be any question about it now."

"I don't know as to that," said the doctor, grasping the boy's hand. "You left some money at my house. But I never meant to take pay for the boat; and I should be as mean as the scoundrels who fired your property if I should take pay for it now. That 's the way I feel, and that 's the way every honest man in the community will feel about this abominable outrage."

"Thank you, Dr. Patty!" faltered Toby.

He had borne up bravely until Mr. Allerton laid his coat on his shoulders. The kind words and kinder touch that accompanied the act had caused his first tears to start. And now Dr. Patty's sympathy and indignation caused a choking spasm in his throat.

Others echoed the doctor's sentiments, and asked Toby what he intended to do.

"Do?" said he. "I 'm going to fight this fight out if it costs me my last cent and my last breath! Burke, where 's your father?"

"He 's here; just come," replied the boy.

"They have served you a shabby trick, have n't they, Toby?" said the carpenter, approaching. "But it ain't so bad as it might be. I guess the posts and the 'jise,' for the most part, are all right."

"To-morrow is Sunday," remarked Toby. "Can you give me Monday?"

"Maybe I can," said the carpenter. "For what?"

"To rebuild this wharf," replied Toby.

"Is it decided so suddenly?"

"It was decided the minute I caught sight of the fire. 'If it burns, I 'll rebuild it,' I said. That 's what I 'll do every time. The scamps who meant to spite me and do the railroad company a service may as well know it," Toby added, raising his voice, to make himself heard distinctly by Lick Stevens or any others of the suspected gang who might be near.

"Here is your sister, coming to bring your coat," said Mr. Allerton. "You must go home with her at once and change these wet clothes."

The fire-engine boys, with their hose-carriage and their machine, red lanterns and tinkling bells, moved slowly up the street. The light shell of the drifting boat burned to the water's edge, the last feeble gleams died out, and darkness settled upon the lake, the shore, the blackened wreck of the wharf, and the departing throng.

Chapter XLIV.

YELLOW JACKET'S SECRET.

If anybody derived satisfaction from the destruction of Toby's property and other injury done to his business, it certainly was not Yellow Jacket. He withdrew himself from his companions. He frowned upon Butter Ball, he glowered at Lick Stevens. A settled dissatisfaction took possession of him; his countenance was downcast; his look was glum. He wandered much alone, but he shunned the lake, and his boat lay idle under the willow. If he observed one of his favorite insects on a wayside road he gazed at it listlessly and passed on. Assuredly something ailed the wasp-catcher.

He saw Toby's wharf triumphantly rebuilt, another and finer boat replace the one that was destroyed, and things go on again very much as they had gone before. But life was no longer the same to Yellow Jacket.

"What 's the matter with the fellow?" people asked. "He does n't sit on the fence and whittle, nor even brag any more!"

He had had fits of moroseness, it is true, ever since his falling out with Toby. They were transitory; he did not quite forget to smile. But now it seemed as if nothing short of a chance to save another life or two would rouse him from his melancholy, and give his vapid existence a flavor.

Mr. Allerton, who had never lost his interest in him,—who always bowed when they met, and respectfully called him "Patterson,"—watched

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his conduct with profound curiosity. More than once the solitary one acted as if he desired to speak with him. But if the schoolmaster paused or turned aside, to afford him an opportunity, Yellow Jacket would suddenly give his head a sidelong toss, and stalk away.

But one evening Mr. Allerton saw him stop on the opposite side of a street, and look over at him. When the schoolmaster stopped, too, Yellow Jacket dropped his head and walked on.

"Patterson!" Mr. Allerton called. Yellow Jacket stopped again, but with his head down, and without looking around.

"I 've thought for some time, Patterson," said Mr. Allerton, going over to him, "that I should like to have a little talk with you; and that perhaps you have something to say to me."

"I don't know as I 've got anything to say to anybody," Yellow Jacket replied, with his eyes on the dust, which he began to kick with his toes.

"You ought to have. You seem to be very much alone lately. That is n't natural. I thought, at one time, you and I were going to become better acquainted," Mr. Allerton went on. "Come, let 's take a little stroll together. I 'll go your way, or will you go mine?"

"It does n't make any sort of difference to me which way I go," said Yellow Jacket.

Not a word more was spoken for a minute or two, as they walked side by side in the lonely but lovely country, under the twilight sky. Yellow Jacket, however, was inclined to walk fast and leave Mr. Allerton behind.

"What a pair of shoulders you have, Patterson!" said the schoolmaster. "You should have some occupation, to bring such muscles into play. How many days' work have you done this summer, Patterson?"

"Not many," muttered Yellow Jacket.

"You see," said Mr. Allerton, "my idea of somebody's keeping boats, and making a business of it, was n't a bad one. I never could understand why you did n't take it up. Do you think you could have got along in it any better than Toby has? I mean, without making so many enemies."

"I don't know. I could n't have built up such a business. I have n't got that sort of go in me," Yellow Jacket admitted.

"That 's what I concluded; and that 's why I suggested, after you had let the first chance pass by, that he should manage it and you should assist him. We both meant well by you, Patterson, though you have n't seemed to think so."

"Toby has said things to me that I can't get over," muttered Yellow Jacket.

But when Mr. Allerton urged him to name them he was ashamed to acknowledge what trifles had given him offense.

"Some boyish words, no doubt, which he was sorry for as soon as he had spoken them," said Mr. Allerton.

"I don't mind about 'em now," Yellow Jacket replied. "I like to see fair play."

"Do you think Toby has had fair play?"

"No, I don't! And that 's what makes me mad!"

Yellow Jacket spoke impetuously, but suddenly paused, with a fierce downward fling of his head, as he quickened his pace.

"I 'm glad to hear you say that," replied the schoolmaster. "It shows that I have n't misjudged you."

"I like fair play," Yellow Jacket repeated, sententiously, charging the words with a mysterious meaning.

"I believe you do, Patterson, and I believe that you, if anybody, can help Toby to get it."

Yellow Jacket gave a ferocious sort of laugh. "I guess I could if I should tell what I know!" he said quickly.

Ever since the fire, Toby and his friends had tried in vain to fix the responsibility upon the guilty parties. Suspicion was strong, but proof was lacking. That Yellow Jacket possessed the secret which would bring them to punishment and compensate Toby for his trouble and loss, Mr. Allerton had not the slightest doubt.

"And you are going to tell me, Patterson!"

"I don't know about that. I like fair play. But I don't want to have it said that I went back on my friends."

"Your friends! Do you fancy they really are your friends, Patterson?"

"I 've been with 'em, all the same. I don't want to be called a traitor, though I like fair play."

"But you are going to tell me, Patterson.

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You have been wishing to tell me for some time."

"I 've thought he ought to know, and I could tell you better than I could anybody else. But mind you, Mr. Allerton, I ain't going to have folks p'int at me as a turncoat."

Yellow Jacket stopped and stood facing Mr. Allerton, speaking in a low, determined voice.

"Well, Patterson, I don't want you to do anything dishonorable. But don't let a false sense of obligation keep you from doing a simple act of justice. You owe that to Toby. What more do you owe to those who have injured him?"

"I don't owe 'em nothing!" said Yellow Jacket, emphatic with his double negatives. "All I ask is, that you won't give me away. Promise that, and I 'll put Toby on the track of something that 'll pay him a hundred times over for all the damage *I* 've ever done him."

"If he can have that without your name being mentioned, of course I never will mention it. But I don't quite see how it can be."

"It can be, easy enough, Mr. Allerton. You won't need to lug me in. What I tell you will be its own proof. You know Tazwell is trying to buy Mrs. Trafford's lake-side lot?"

"Yes; he has been after it again very recently, and I believe she has about concluded to let him have it. She is to give him his answer to-morrow. But what has that to do with—"

"Why, that 's it!" exclaimed Yellow Jacket. "I 'm just in time!"

"Patterson! What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Allerton, who had not given that other secret a single thought.

"There 's a mineral spring on that lot worth thousands of dollars. That 's why Tazwell wants it."

Mr. Allerton was silent with astonishment.

"We fellows discovered it the day we had that row about the swallows. Somebody had dug out a hole in a wet place; I s'pose to get water to put out the fire. When we came along, that hole was a bubbling spring. 'It 's a gold mine!' says Lick Stevens. 'It 's reg'lar Vichy water!' says Tom Tazwell. He made Lick and me agree not to tell; and after his father had the water examined, he offered us twenty-five dollars apiece if we 'd keep the secret till he had bought the property—swindled the Widow Trafford, for that 's what it amounts to," said Yellow Jacket.

"This is surely very important information, Patterson!"

"I know it. And I could n't stand by and see the game go on, without putting in a word; particularly after Toby was used so badly in the wharf business. What do I care for the twenty-five dollars? We just covered the hole up again, with sticks and brush; but the spring can't be stopped, as it was before. The water is running all down the ravine, and only a little digging is needed to make a splendid well. Now you 've got my secret."

"But, Patterson!—the Traffords, as well as myself, will be very greatly obliged, but—I thought there was something else."

"Have n't I said enough?" replied Yellow Jacket, with a triumphant and cheerful manner, quite unlike his late remorseful behavior.

He was not without conscience, but he felt that he had now made up for all the evil he had done Toby.

"But there is one thing more you can and ought to tell. Who fired the wharf?"

Gloom fell again upon the wasp-catcher's countenance.

"I 've given you somethin' to offset that, a hundred times over!"

So saying, Yellow Jacket dropped his head, and walked sullenly on. Mr. Allerton followed, but soon saw how vain it was to attempt to draw from him another word on the unpleasant subject.

Chapter XLV.

A young girl's conscience.

The next day Toby and his friend visited the lake-side lot, reopened the spring, and brought away some bottles of the water.

Mrs. Trafford, convinced at last that she had been well advised when she declined Mr. Tazwell's proposals, now gave him her final answer. Although he had raised his bid to eight hundred dollars above what the property had cost her, he had not yet offered more than a third or a quarter of its probable value.

"There 's no need of being in a hurry to sell it," said Toby.

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However, he began to advertise it in a practical and inexpensive way. Whenever he had time in taking passengers across the lake, he would invite them to land at his lot, and visit the swallow-tree and the mineral spring.

Everybody praised the water; and everybody said, looking off upon the landscape and the lake, "What a magnificent site for a hotel!"

Toby's ambition was to see the hotel there, which would repay his mother for her losses in other transactions with Tazwell, and also increase the patronage of his boats.

"The hotel can be placed here, or anywhere below, on the slope," remarked Mr. Allerton. "The water can be carried down to an artificial fountain, in underground pipes."

The swallows took their flight to warmer skies, and summer tourists became scarce. But before hauling his boats up at the close of the season, Toby found that, notwithstanding his losses, he had made a clear profit of nearly two hundred dollars.

The outlook was bright for another year. There had been no second attack upon his wharf, and public opinion appeared to have come over permanently to his side.

One morning Milly took from the post-office the following note, written in a school-girl hand:

DEAREST MILLY, I love you as much as ever, but I cannot come and see you, and I know why you do not visit us any more. I have something very particular to say to you for Toby, and if you or he will walk as far as the foot of our lane this evening, a little after sundown, I will meet you there, if I am not watched. BERTHA.

"If she is not watched!" said Milly. "What can that mean? And she cannot come and see us! In fact, she has n't been here, Toby, since your wharf was burned; I 've noticed that."

TOBY TAKES HIS PASSENGERS TO VISIT THE SPRING.

Yet there had been a time during his attempted negotiations for the lake-side lot when Mr. Tazwell had seemed to be glad of the friendship between his wife and daughter and the Traffords.

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Milly and her brother went to keep the appointment with the young girl, for no misconduct on the part of her father or brother could prevent them from loving her.

They wandered along by the lake-shore, and soon saw her little hooded figure hurrying down the lane.

Bertha seemed pale and excited, and sadly changed from the merry, whistling child Toby had met that afternoon when she went with him and Tom for the boat-load of hay. How many things had happened since then!

"Oh, Milly! Oh, Toby!" she said, "I am wild to do this! And I am afraid it is dreadfully wrong. But I can't help it."

Her voice was broken by sobs that showed how much she had suffered from some inward struggle.

"Dear Bertha!" said Milly, putting both arms around her, "I think it is almost impossible for you knowingly to do wrong. You have such a good little heart!"

"He is my own brother!" Bertha went on, wiping her eyes and throwing back her hair under her hood. "He was dreadfully angry because I told you about his killing the swallows. But there are some things that ought to be known; and I told Tom I would tell you. How could I bear to have you or Mr. Allerton think I let the cat get the birds? But what I have to tell now is so much worse than that was! Shall I?"

"If you think we ought to know, tell us, certainly, Bertha; and we will take care that no wrong comes to you or to anybody for it," said Milly; while Toby stood by, with intense sympathy and interest, waiting for the narrative.

"You have never found out who burned your wharf and your boat," said Bertha, looking up at Toby.

"No," he said; "and that is the very thing I am most eager to know."

"I have known it ever since that first Sunday afterward, and I have felt, ever since, that I ought to tell you," said the poor child, clasping her hands nervously.

Milly strove to soothe and encourage her.

"That Sunday," she went on, after casting one timid look up the lane, "Aleck Stevens came to our house and had a long talk with Tom in Tom's room. I can't tell you how it happened that I — I did n't mean to listen, but I was in the next room and I could not help hearing every word they said. It was n't Tom, and it was n't Aleck, that set the fire. It was John Ball, the boy they call Butter Ball. But they put him up to it. They laughed about him, and declared that they could put him up to anything."

"It is about as I expected," said Toby. "But there were more of the boys mixed up in the affair."

"Yes, two more," said Bertha; "and Tom and Aleck were saying they wished those two had stayed at home — Yellow Jacket and Bob Brunswick. They helped scatter the shavings over the wharf, but they would n't have anything to do with setting the fire. Tom was afraid they would tell, but Aleck said he knew how to shut their mouths. He seemed to consider it all a good joke; but Tom was troubled. I let them know I overheard them, and told them I would tell papa and you. Aleck laughed; but Tom said if I did he would do something to get even with me. But I went straight and told papa."

"And what did he say?"

"That the boys had done a very inconsiderate thing."

"Inconsiderate!" said Toby, with a scornful laugh.

"Oh, he was very angry with Tom," added Bertha. "But I felt as if I should never have another happy day in my life until I had told you."

"Thank you so much, dear," said Mildred, once more embracing poor Bertha. "But you know that you can depend upon us. Can't she, Toby?"

"Of course," said Toby. "I'm glad to know the truth. But I 'd sooner see my worst enemies go unpunished than that any harm should come to you, Bertha!"

"Oh, thank you! I shall feel so much better! And now I must run home before they miss me."

The child gave Mildred a loving kiss, hurriedly held out her hand to Toby, and, with something between a laugh and a sob, hastened back up the lane.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

BOB BRUNSWICK COMES TO GRIEF.

ON their way home Mildred and her brother met Mr. Allerton who was taking his evening walk. To him, as their best counselor and friend, they told what they had just learned from Bertha.

"No," said the teacher, thoughtfully, "it won't do to use her name in the matter, and for her sake I should hope there might be no great noise made about it. Yet those rogues deserve some retribution. Toby, leave this affair to me."

Parting with his friends at Toby's wharf, he continued his walk along by the lake, and soon knocked at Mr. Brunswick's door.

Saying that he wished to speak a word to the iceman, on business, he was ushered into a large kitchen, where he found the elder Bob smoking his pipe by the stove, while the younger Bob, on the other side of it, sat mending a braided whip.

Mr. Brunswick nodded without rising, and, giving a jerk with his thumb toward a vacant chair, invited the visitor to "si' down."

"'Bout ice?" he said, poising his pipe, and giving Mr. Allerton an amiable grin.

"No, I've called to see you about something of an opposite nature," replied Mr. Allerton. "About fire. I want a little help from you in securing evidence against the boys who burned young Trafford's wharf."

"I should be glad to help you, Mr. Schoolmaster; for I consider that a most despisable thing and a disgrace to this town. But I don't see how I 'm to furnish proofs."

Bob, who had looked up with interest from the whip he was rebraiding, to hear what the visitor had to say, dropped his eyes again, and plied his fingers with nervous haste.

"If you will ask your son here, perhaps he can help," said Mr. Allerton.

Bob looked scared, while Mr. Brunswick gave his chair a hitch so as to bring himself facing his visitor.

"This is a matter I don't want to hear any nonsense about!" said he. "'T ain't the first time I've heard Bob's name mentioned in the business; and if I find he had a hand in it, I tell you—and I tell him—I 'll make him sorry for it, with a vengeance!"

"I never touched a hand to it!" Bob exclaimed, with all the earnestness of fear.

"I know whose hand set it," said Mr. Allerton; "and I 'm glad to say it was n't your son's. But *he* knows, too; and the safe course for him is to confess, and clear his own name, before it is too late. The boy who lighted the shavings was John Ball; is n't that so, Robert?"

Bob breathed hard, with wild eyes and parted lips, but did not reply.

"That 's right; don't answer till you are convinced of what I know," Mr. Allerton continued. "The ringleaders who put the foolish fellow up to it were young Tazwell and the Stevens boy. But two others were present, and in one sense countenanced the affair, since they helped scatter the litter on the wharf, before it was set on fire."

"Was my boy one of them?"

"Ask him," said the schoolmaster.

There was a set expression in the jaws of the elder Brunswick, and an angry look came into his eyes as he arose and moved back his chair.

"Bob!" said he, "what do you say to that?"

Bob was dumb. His hand dropped by his side. The whip he was mending lay across his knee with the butt resting on the floor.

Rising suddenly, Mr. Brunswick took the whip, and grasped his son by the shoulder. He had lost all control of his temper.

Bob was pushed from his chair by the sudden grasp, and was thoroughly frightened.

"Father," he cried, "don't touch me! I 'll tell all I know."

"That 's just what we want!" said his father, raising the boy to his feet, and flinging the whip into the corner, lest he should, in his wrath, be tempted to use it.

"We all scattered it," said the culprit; "though I don't know as Tom did, he kept watch—just to play a trick on Toby. But when Lick says to Butter Ball, 'Touch a match to it and see the fun!' and Tom gave him some matches, then Yellow Jacket and me, we backed out."

"Bob," said his father, slowly, "I 'm ashamed of you. I did n't think you 'd be a sneak! Why did n't you tell me of this?"

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"Because I was afraid of what Lick Stevens or Tom would do," Bob confessed.

Then Mr. Allerton interrupted. "I would like to ask your son a question. I wish to know if he will stand by the statements he has made, when called upon."

"If he lives and I live," said Mr. Brunswick, "he 'll do jest that, every time! He owes nothin' to those fellows! The idee of his goin' with that Tazwell cur, anyway, and barkin' for him,— I never believed a boy of mine would be such a dolt! Let the truth come out, I say, pinch where it will!"

MR. BRUNSWICK LOSES HIS TEMPER.

"Mr. Brunswick," said Mr. Allerton, "you 're an honest man!"

So saying, he put on his hat and departed.

Chapter XLVII.

"TO SEE JUSTICE DONE."

Mr. Allerton next called upon the Ball family, and, armed with Bob's confession, extorted from John (better known to us as Butter Ball) an acknowledgment of his own share in the outrage.

It was impossible not to pity the afflicted parents, and even the poor tool himself.

"How could you, how could you, John?" moaned his mother.

"They made me do it," he pleaded. "They kept telling me the wharf had no right to be there, and anybody could tear it away or burn it up. But I did n't know that the boats were under it!"

"I trust you will be as easy with him as you can," said the mother, in a voice broken by grief and shame; "for in some things, we 're obliged to admit, our John is n't over-and-above bright."

"It 's our fault more than his, maybe," said the father. "We ought to have prevented him from going out nights, and have kept him out of idle company."

"Let us hope this exposure may prove a good thing for him, after all," replied the teacher, closing his note-book; "and that it may be the means of breaking up a gang of idlers who are the pest of the village. For the sake of innocent relatives, I shall try to avoid making a public scandal of the matter. But it seems no more than just that Tobias should receive some compensation for his losses."

"You 're right," said Mr. Ball. "I 'm not a rich man, but I am willing to stand any reasonable amount as our share of damages. And I 'll do what I ought to get our boy out of the trouble that we should never have let him get into."

Mr. Allerton's interview with Aleck Stevens's father was hardly less distressing. He found the clergyman alone in his study, and there laid the unpleasant business before him.

The good minister heard the story with sorrow and mortification; but he was not greatly surprised.

"I have suspected it all along," he said. "If any such mischief is afoot, Aleck is sure to be

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in it. He has no excuse; or only one—he has no mother. I have done my best to discipline him, but in vain. Nobody knows," he groaned, "nobody without the experience can possibly ever know, what it is to have an undutiful son!"

Mr. Allerton wished the boy himself might have heard the tone in which these words were spoken.

"Tobias must be recompensed," the minister went on. "To pay my share, I will cut off my son's allowance, and make the retribution fall in part where it belongs."

The next day, after consulting with Toby and his mother, Mr. Allerton called on Mr. Tazwell in his office.

The merchant received him with extreme politeness, and asked to what he was indebted for the honor of the visit.

Mr. Allerton put down his hat, arranged his lock of hair, and laid on the merchant's desk the following bill of items:

Thomas Tazwell, Jr., to Tobias Trafford,	Dr.
For 1 Wharf destroyed by fire	$25 00
" 1 Boat " "	25 00
" 1 Mast and Sail, etc. "	10 00
" Incidental damages	40 00
Total	$100 00

The old shrug came into the Tazwell shoulders, and the polite smile congealed.

"I don't understand this, Mr. Allerton."

"Perhaps something I have in my note-book here will serve to enlighten you."

And Mr. Allerton read the statements of Robert Brunswick and John Ball.

"The bill is made out to your son," he added; "but I thought it proper to present it to you."

"And what interest have you in the affair?"

The merchant had ceased to smile. He fixed a keen eye on his visitor.

"The mast and sail were borrowed of me. More than that, I am a friend to Tobias, and have undertaken to see justice done him."

"I never will pay that bill in this world!" Tazwell declared.

Mr. Allerton folded the bill, patted his topknot, and took up his hat.

"Good day, Mr. Tazwell."

"One moment! Understand me," said the merchant.

"I understand you to say you will not pay the bill," replied the schoolmaster, standing erect and resolute, in his buttoned blue frock-coat; "it is something I shall not ask you twice to do. It is an honest claim and one that can be legally enforced."

"It is an atrocious claim!" said the merchant.

Mr. Allerton replied: "The fire was an outrage, and your son was the chief instigator of the mischief."

"The wharf was a public nuisance; and though it may have been mistaken zeal on the part of those who burnt it, nobody can blame them much," argued Tom's father.

"The parents of the other boys take a different view of the matter," said Mr. Allerton. "This malicious burning of property is a criminal offense, Mr. Tazwell."

He was going again.

"Allow me to look at the bill once more," said the merchant. "I may be willing to pay something, but this is exorbitant."

"Not at all. The property destroyed is placed at its actual value. And you must admit that one hundred dollars is a small sum for the actual damage, the trouble, inconvenience, and loss of time caused by such an attack upon the boy and his business."

"But he sends me the bill for the entire amount."

"Because your son is held chiefly responsible. However, if you decide to pay one half, I have no doubt Mr. Stevens and Mr. Ball will make up the other half. As for Josiah Patterson and Robert Brunswick, although they were present and knew of the mischief, they were opposed to setting the fire."

"I can do nothing without first consulting the other parties," said the merchant finally.

"It will be proper for you to do so," replied Mr. Allerton, who thereupon took his leave, having accomplished in the interview quite as much as he expected.

How the matter was arranged between Tom's father and the fathers of Aleck and Butter Ball, Toby never precisely knew. But one thing was certain: within three days he received a check from Mr. Tazwell for the full amount of the bill.

(To be concluded.)

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THE OLD CLOCK'S STORY:

By Annie L. Hyde.

LITTLE JOHNNY never liked to go to bed. The fact is, there never was a little boy who was sorrier than he was when the clock struck eight, and he was told it was bedtime.

"It 's always eight o'clock just as we 're having the most fun!" he would say, and beg for just a few moments more of play with Bob or sister Emily, who were much older than he and were allowed to sit up longer. But all the begging and coaxing were of no avail; the big old clock on the stairs had certainly struck eight loud enough for all to hear, and to bed he must certainly go.

"I tell you what, old fellow," said he to the clock, one evening as he was on his way upstairs, "you 're the greatest bother in the house! You make more noise when it 's eight o'clock than we children do at blindman's-buff down-stairs, and I think if you can't be quieter, you 'd better just leave and go somewhere else! Do you hear?" But the old clock ticked on as loudly as ever, and Johnny thought he saw a sort of smile on its big round face. He sat down on the stairs opposite to have a good look. Yes, there certainly was a smile, and, what was stranger still, the loud ticking as he listened sounded like words, and gradually he could hear whole sentences in rhyme, something like this: "Strange you never—hear me striking, telling you—it 's growing late! Don't you know you 're very sleepy, and I 've told you it is eight?"

"Dear me, how very strange!" said little Johnny. "You 're the funniest old clock I ever did see. I didn't know you could talk."

Then the clock replied: "Ah! you never stop to listen though I call you every day, in the morning for your lessons, in the evening from your play. All day long I stand here calling, if you children would but heed. Sometimes when they do not listen it is very bad indeed!"

"Why?" asked little Johnny. The clock went on: "Once I heard a dreadful story of a boy so fond of play, he would never hear us calling, never wanted to obey."

"Tell me all about him," said little Johnny, deeply interested.

"Far away from here it happened, in the land where I was born. All the week he played and shouted, gathered poppies in the corn, climbed the trees for nuts and apples, helped the farmer toss the hay, chased the butterflies and rabbits all the golden summer day. But when rang the village school-bells, calling, calling far and wide, and the bright-faced village children laid their toys and games aside, he was crying, pouting, scolding, 'No, he would n't, should n't go,' till at last his gentle mother, grieved and weary, left him so."

"What a very naughty boy!" said little Johnny.

"Loud the kitchen clock was calling, 'Hurry, hurry, do not stay! Still there 's time for you to catch them; run and join them while you may!' My, how loud that clock was ticking! But he

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did n't stop to hear, singing, dancing through the meadows without thought of care or fear. Now the bells had all done tolling, they had closed the school-house door, still he seemed to hear that ticking even louder than before. Then he looked behind—oh, horror!—and his very heart stood still, for the kitchen clock was following, jumping, bumping down the hill!"

"Oh, how dreadful!" said little Johnny.

"Fast he flew across the meadow, climbed the fence and leaped the brook; but he knew the clock was following, though he dared not stop to look. Louder, louder came the ticking; faster flew the frightened child—stumbling, falling through the hedges, over thorns and brambles wild!"

"I 'd like to have seen 'em!" said Johnny.

"When at last, all worn and tired, the poor child could run no more, then he saw that he was standing just beside the school-house door. Ah, how glad he was to enter and to study with the rest, for the ticking would not follow if he only did his best!"

"I 'm glad he got rid of the horrid old thing!" said little Johnny.

"Ah, but he had learned a lesson! When the bells rang loud and clear, who of all the village children was so quick as he to hear? And, whatever he was doing, at his work or at his play, when the clock struck he would listen, glad and ready to obey. Now, my boy, if you don't listen when I tell you it is eight, *I 'll* come ticking, whirring, jumping"—

"Why, my dear little boy, here you are asleep on the stairs and the clock striking nine!" Little Johnny sat up and rubbed his eyes, and looked very hard at his mama and then at the clock; but the steady old timepiece was looking as it always did and ticking as soberly as ever.

TEE-WAHN FOLK-LORE.

By Charles F. Lummis.

INTRODUCTORY.

FANCY that if almost any of us were asked, "When did people begin to make fairy stories?" our first thought would be, "Why, of course, after mankind had become civilized, and had invented writing." But in truth the making of myths, which is no more than a dignified name for "fairy stories," dates back to the childhood of the human race.

Long before Cadmus invented letters (and I fear Cadmus himself was as much of a myth as was his dragon's-teeth harvest), long before there were true historians or poets, there were fairy stories and story-tellers. And to-day, if we would seek the place where fairy stories flourish, we must go, not to the nations of the Grimms and the Andersens and the countless educated minds that are now devoted to story-telling for the young, but to races which have no books, no magazines, no alphabets—even no pictures.

Of all the native peoples that remain in North America, none is richer in folk-lore than the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who are, I believe, next to the largest of the native races left in the United States. They number nine thousand souls. They have nineteen cities (called pueblos, also) in this Territory, and seven in Arizona; and each has its little outlying colonies. They are not cities in size, it is true, for the largest (Zuñi) has only fifteen hundred people, and the smallest only about one hundred; but cities they are, nevertheless. And each city, with its fields, is a wee republic—twenty-six of the smallest, and

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perhaps the oldest, republics in the world, for they were already such when the first European eyes saw America. Each has its governor, its council, its sheriffs, war-captains, and other officials who are elected annually; its laws, unwritten but unalterable, which are more respected and better enforced than the laws of any American community; its permanent and very comfortable houses, and its broad fields, confirmed first by Spain and later by patents of the United States.

The architecture of the pueblo houses is quaint and characteristic. In the remote pueblos they are as many as six stories in height — built somewhat in the shape of an enormous terraced pyramid. The Pueblos along the Rio Grande, however, have felt the influence of Mexican customs, and their houses have but one and two stories. All their buildings, including the huge, quaint church which each pueblo has, are made of stone plastered with adobe mud, or of great, sun-dried bricks of adobe. They are the most comfortable dwellings in the southwest — cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Pueblos are divided into six tribes, each speaking a quite distinct language of its own. Isleta, the quaint village where I live, in an Indian house, with Indian neighbors, and under Indian laws, is the southernmost of the pueblos, the next largest of them all, and the chief city of the Tee-wahn race.* All the languages of the Pueblo tribes are exceedingly difficult to learn.

Besides the cities now inhabited, the ruins of about fifteen hundred other pueblos — and some of them the noblest ruins in the country — dot the brown valleys and rocky mesa-tops of New Mexico. All these ruins are of stone, and are extremely interesting. The implacable savages by whom they were surrounded made necessary the abandonment of hundreds of pueblos.

The Pueblo Indians have for nearly two centuries given almost no trouble to the European sharers of their domain; but their wars of defense against the savage tribes who surrounded them completely, with the Apaches, Navajos, Comanches, and Utes, lasted until a very few years ago. They are valiant fighters for their homes, but prefer any honorable peace. They are not indolent, but industrious — tilling their farms, tending their stock, and keeping all their affairs in order. The women own the houses and their contents, and do not work outside; and the men control the fields and crops. An unhappy home is almost an unknown thing among them; and the universal affection of parents for children and respect of children for parents are extraordinary. I have never seen a child unkindly treated, a parent saucily addressed, or a playmate abused, in all my long and intimate acquaintance with the Pueblos.

Isleta lies on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, upon the western bank of the Rio Grande, on a lava promontory which was once an island — whence the town takes its Spanish name. Its Tee-wahn title is Shee-ah-whíb-bak. Its population, according to the census taken last year, is a little less than twelve hundred. It is nearly surrounded by fertile vineyards, orchards of peaches, apricots, apples, cherries, plums, pears, and quinces, and fields of corn, wheat, beans, and peppers, all owned by my dusky neighbors. The pueblo owns over one hundred and ten thousand acres of land, a part of which is reserved for pasturing horses and cattle.

The people of Isleta are, as a rule, rather short in stature, but strongly built. All have a magnificent depth and breadth of chest, and a beautifully confident poise of the head. Most of the men are wonderfully expert hunters, tireless runners, and fine horsemen. Besides ordinary hunting they have general hunts — for rabbits in the spring, for antelope and deer in the fall — thoroughly organized, in which vast quantities of game are killed.

Their amusements are many and varied. Aside from the numerous sacred dances of the year, their most important occasions, they have various races which call for great skill and endurance, quaint social enjoyments, and games of many kinds, some of which are quite as difficult as chess. They are very fair weavers and pottery-makers. The women are good housewives, and most of them excellent seamstresses.

Yet, with all this progress in civilization, despite their mental and physical acuteness and their excellent moral qualities, the Tee-wahn are in some things but overgrown children. Their religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities, all the force of nature, all animals, as well as many things

* Spelled Tiguan by Spanish authors.

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that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way. Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason which to them is all-sufficient; and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to be content with the bare command, "Do thus"; for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how people first came to know that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befell those who did otherwise.

It is from this wonderful folk-lore of the Tee-wahn that I have learned—after long study of the people, their language, customs, and myths—and taken, unchanged and unembellished, this series of Indian fairy-tales.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve; not only for to-day, but for ever. What an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling-down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred importance with natives. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, and the laws of their race. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and of memory, would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word.

Here in Isleta, the quaint pueblo of the Tee-wahn where I am living, I have become deeply interested not only in the folk-stories themselves, but also in the manner of handing them down. Winter is the season for story-telling. Then the thirsty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating-ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks, and the men are often at leisure. Then, of an evening, if I go over to visit some *vecino* (neighbor), I am likely to find, in the great adobe living-room, a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fireplace with its blazing upright sticks.

"AS I COME IN, KINDLY OLD TATA LORENSO IS JUST BEGINNING A STORY."

They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn, and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders, for respect

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to age is the corner-stone of all Indian training. They are not required to listen to the stories, being supposed to know them already.

As I come in, kindly old *Tata* (grandfather) Lorenso is just beginning a story in the musical Tee-wahn, and one of the boys runs to bring me a little hewn wooden stool that I may join the circle. Lorenso pauses to make a cigarette from the material in my pouch (they call me *Por todos*, because I have tobacco "for all"), explains for my benefit that this is a story of the beginning of Isleta, pats the head of the chubby boy at his knee, and begins again. I give as literal a translation as is possible.

THE ANTELOPE BOY.

ONCE upon a time there were two towns of the Tee-wahn, called *Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee* (white village) and *Nah-choo-rée-too-ee* (yellow village). A man of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee and his wife were attacked by Apaches while out on the plains one day, and took refuge in a cave, where they were besieged. And there a boy was born to them. The father was killed in an attempt to return to his village for help; and starvation finally forced the mother to crawl forth by night seeking roots to eat. Chased by the Apaches, she escaped to her own village, and it was several days before she could return to the cave —only to find it empty.

The baby had begun to cry soon after her departure. Just then a coyote [the small prairie-wolf] was passing, and heard. Taking pity on the child, he picked it up and carried it across the plain until he came to a herd of antelopes. Among them was a mother antelope that had lost her fawn; and going to her the coyote said:

"Here is an *ah-bóo* (poor thing) that is left by its people. Will you take care of it?"

The mother antelope, remembering her own baby, with tears said "Yes," and at once adopted the tiny stranger, while the coyote thanked her and went home.

So the boy became as one of the antelopes, and grew up among them until he was about twelve years old. Then it happened that a hunter came out from Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee for antelopes, and found this herd. Stalking them carefully, he shot one with an arrow. The rest started off, running like the wind; but ahead of them all, as long as they were in sight, he saw a boy! The hunter was much surprised, and, shouldering his game, walked back to the village deep in thought. Here he told the *cacique* [who is the priest or religious head of the town] what he had seen. Next day the crier was sent out to call upon all the people to prepare for a great hunt, in four days, to capture the Indian boy who lived with the antelopes.

While preparations were going on in the village, the antelopes in some way heard of the

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intended hunt and its purpose. The mother antelope was very sad when she heard it, and at first would say nothing. But at last she called her adopted son to her and said: "Son, you have heard that the people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee are coming to hunt. But they will not kill us; all they wish is to take you. They will surround us, intending to let all the antelopes escape from the circle. You must follow me where I break through the line, and your real mother will be coming on the northeast side in a white *manta* (robe). I will pass close to her, and you must stagger and fall where she can catch you."

On the fourth day all the people went out upon the plains. They found and surrounded the herd of antelopes, which ran about in a circle when the hunters closed upon them. The circle grew smaller, the antelopes began to break through, but the hunters paid no attention to them, keeping their eyes upon the boy. At last he and his antelope mother were the only ones left, and when she broke through the line on the northeast he followed her and fell at the feet of his own human mother, who sprang forward and clasped him in her arms.

Amid great rejoicing he was taken to Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee, and there he told the *principales* [the old men of the town] how he had been left in the cave, how the coyote had pitied him, and how the mother antelope had reared him as her own son.

It was not long before all the country round about heard of the Antelope Boy and of his marvelous fleetness of foot. You must know that the antelopes never comb their hair, and while among them the boy's head had grown very bushy. So the people called him *Pée-hleh-o-wah-wée-deh* (big-headed little boy).

Among the other villages that heard of his prowess was Nah-choo-rée-too-ee, all of whose people "had the bad road" [that is, were thought witches]. They had a wonderful runner named *Pée-k'hoo* (Deer-foot) and very soon they sent a challenge to Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee for a championship race. Four days were to be given for preparation, to make bets, and the like. The race

THE COYOTE CARRIES THE BABY TO THE ANTELOPE MOTHER.

was to be around the world [the Pueblos believed it was an immense plain whereon the racers were to race over a square course — to the extreme east, then to the extreme north, and so on back to the starting-point]. Each village was to stake all its property and the lives of all its people on the result of the race. So powerful were the witches of Nah-choo-rée-too-ee that they felt safe in proposing so serious a stake; and the people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee were ashamed to decline the challenge.

The day came, and the starting-point was

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surrounded by all the people of the two villages, dressed in their best. On each side were a huge pile of ornaments and dresses, stores of grain, and all the other property of the people. The runner for the Yellow Village was a tall, sinewy athlete, strong in his early manhood; and when the Antelope Boy appeared for the other side, the witches set up a howl of derision, and began to strike their rivals and jeer at them, saying, "Pooh! We might as well begin to kill you now! What can that *óo-deh* (little thing) do?"

At the word "*Hái-ko!*" ("Go!") the two runners started toward the east like the wind. The Antelope Boy soon forged ahead; but Deerfoot, by his witchcraft, changed himself into a hawk and flew lightly over the lad, saying, "*We* do this way to each other!"* The Antelope Boy kept running, but his heart was very heavy, for he knew that no feet could equal the swift flight of the hawk.

But just as he came half-way to the east, a mole came up from its burrow and said:

"My son, where are you going so fast with a sad face?"

The lad explained that the race was for the property and lives of all his people; and that the witch-runner had turned to a hawk and left him far behind.

"Then, my son," said the mole, "I will be he that shall help you. Only sit down here a little while, and I will give you something to carry."

The boy sat down, and the mole dived into the hole, but soon came back with four cigarettes [These are made by putting a certain weed into hollow reeds].

Holding them out, the mole said, "Now, my son, when you have reached the east and turn north, smoke one; when you have reached the north and turn west, smoke another; when you turn south, another, and when you turn east again, another. *Hái-ko!*"

The boy ran on, and soon reached the east. Turning his face to the north he smoked the first cigarette. No sooner was it finished than he became a young antelope; and at the same instant a furious rain began. Refreshed by the cool drops, he started like an arrow from the bow. Half-way to the north he came to a large tree; and there sat the hawk, drenched and chilled, unable to fly, and crying piteously.

"Now, friend, *we* too do this to each other," called the boy-antelope as he dashed past. But just as he reached the north, the hawk—which had become dry after the short rain—caught up and passed him, saying, "We too do this to each other!" The boy-antelope turned westward, and smoked the second cigarette; and at once another terrific rain began.† Half-way to the west he again passed the hawk shivering and crying in a tree, and unable to fly; but as he was about to turn to the south, the hawk passed him with the customary taunt. The smoking of the third cigarette brought another storm, and again the antelope passed

RAIN FALLS ON PÉE-K'HOO.

the wet hawk half-way, and again the hawk dried its feathers in time to catch up and pass him as he was turning to the east for the home-stretch. Here again the boy-antelope stopped and smoked a cigarette—the fourth and last.

* A common Indian taunt, either good-natured or bitter, to the loser of a game or to a conquered enemy.

† I should state, by the way, that the cigarette plays an important part in the Pueblo folk-stories,—they never had the pipe of the Northern Indians,—and all rain-clouds are supposed to come from its smoke.

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Again a short, hard rain came, and again he passed the water-bound hawk half-way.

Knowing the witchcraft of their neighbors, the people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee had made the condition that, in whatever shape the racers might run the rest of the course, they must resume human form upon arrival at a certain hill upon the fourth turn, which was in sight of the goal. The last wetting of the hawk's feathers delayed it so that the antelope reached the hill just ahead; and there, resuming their natural shapes, the two runners came sweeping down the home-stretch, straining every nerve. But the Antelope Boy gained at each stride. When they saw him, the witch people felt confident that he was their champion, and again began to push, and taunt, and jeer at the others. But when the little Antelope Boy sprang lightly across the line, far ahead of Deer-foot, their joy turned to mourning.

"THE TWO RUNNERS CAME SWEEPING DOWN THE HOME-STRETCH, STRAINING EVERY NERVE."

The people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee burned all the witches upon the spot, in a great pile of corn; but somehow one escaped, and from him come all the witches that trouble us to this day.

The property they had won was taken to Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee; and as it was more than that village could hold, the surplus was sent to Shee-ah-whíb-bahk (Isleta), where we enjoy it to this day; and later the people themselves moved here. And even now, when we dig in that little hill on the other side of the *charco* (pool), we find charred corn-cobs, where our forefathers burned the witch-people of the Yellow Village.

During Lorenso's story the black eyes of the boys have never left his face; and at every pause they have made the customary response, "Is that so?" to show their attention; while the old men have nodded approbation, and smoked in deep silence.

Now Lorenso turns to Desiderio, who is far more wrinkled even than he,—it is a mystery that those countless furrows can play across his shriveled face without crowding one another off,—and says, "You have a tale, brother." And Desiderio, clearing his throat and making a new cigarette with great impressiveness, begins: "My sons, do you know why the coyote and the crows are always at war? No? Then I will tell you."

THE COYOTE AND THE CROWS.

ONCE on a time many crows lived in the edge of some woods. A little out into the plain stood a very large tree, with much sand under it. One day a coyote was passing, and heard the crows singing and dancing under this tree, and came up to watch them. They were dancing in a circle, and each crow had upon his back a large bag.

"Crow-friends, what are you doing?" asked the coyote, who was much interested.

"Oh, we are dancing with our mothers," said the crows.

"How pretty! And will you let me dance, too?" asked the coyote of the *too-whit-lah-wid-deh* crow (captain of the dance).

"Oh, yes," replied the crow. "Go and put your mother in a bag, and come to the dance."

The coyote went running home. There his old mother was sitting in the corner of the fire-

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place. The stupid coyote picked up a stick and struck her on the head, and put her in a bag, and hurried back to the dance with her.

The crows were dancing merrily, and singing:

"*Ai nana, que-ée-rah, que-ée-rah.*" ("Alas, Mama! you are shaking, you are shaking!") The coyote joined the dance, with the bag on his back, and sang as the crows did:

"*Ai nana, que-ée-rah, que-ée-rah.*" [*Ai nana* is an exclamation always used by mourners.]

But at last the crows burst out laughing, and said, "What do you bring in your bag?"

"My mother, as you told me," replied the coyote, showing them.

Then the crows emptied their bags, which were filled with nothing but sand, and flew up into the tree, laughing.

The coyote then saw that they had played him a trick, and started home, crying "*Ai nana!*" When he got home he took his mother from the bag and tried to set her up in the chimney-corner, always crying, "*Ai nana*, why don't you sit up as before?" But she could not, for she was dead. When he found that she could not sit up any more, he vowed to follow the crows and eat them all the rest of his life; and from that day to this he has been hunting them, and they are always at war.

As Desiderio concluded, the old men hitched their blankets around their shoulders. "No more stories to-night?" I asked; and Lorenso said:

"*In-dáh* (no). Now it is to go to bed. *Too-kwai* (come)," he said to the boys. "Good night, friends. Another time, perhaps."

And we filed out through the low door into the starry night.

(*To be continued.*)

LAST DAYS AT THE SEA-SHORE.

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TIMOTHY

By Helen Gray Cone.

TIMOTHY grows in the tangle tall
Between the road and the gray stone wall;
From its long green stalks upreaching high
Its long green fingers point to the sky;
And some turn purple, and some look tanned
To a ruddy brown, like a sunburned hand.
Bending and beckoning, to and fro,
As the breeze runs by through the clovers low,
And the redtop ripples, feathery-fine,
And the daisies shake and the buttercups shine,
Stirring whenever the light wind blows,
Under the warm sky Timothy grows.

Timothy goes where the blown grass bows,
Sturdily trudging behind the cows;
His hard little feet are red and bare,
And his brown face laughs 'neath his tow-white hair.
As blue are his round eyes, boyish-quick,
As the ripe blue berries he stops to pick;
And his few front teeth are sharp and small,
Like the chipmunk's he chases along the wall.

And whistling and following over the hill,
While the cow-bells clink in the evening still,
Where in the tangle his namesake grows,
Under the bright sky Timothy goes.

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CATCHING TERRAPIN.

By Alfred Kappes.

In the shoal waters along the coast south of Cape Henlopen, terrapin are caught in various ways. Dredges dragged along in the wake of a sailing vessel pick them up. Nets stretched across some narrow arm of river or bay entangle the feet of any stray terrapin in their meshes; but these require the constant attendance of the fisherman to save the catch from drowning. In the winter, in the deeper water, the terrapin rise from their muddy quarters on mild sunny days and crawl along the bottom. They are then taken by tongs, their whereabouts being often betrayed by bubbles.

The method shown in the drawing is resorted to only in the spring and in water not over a foot or two in depth. Turtles will rise at any noise, and usually the fisherman only claps his hands, though each hunter has his own way of attracting the terrapin. One hunter whom I saw when I made the drawing uttered a queer guttural noise that seemed to rise from his boots.

Whatever the noise, all turtles within hearing — whether terrapin or "snapper" — will put their heads above water. Both are welcome and are quickly sold to the market-men. The snapper slowly appears and disappears, leaving scarcely a ripple; and the hunter cautiously approaching usually takes him by the tail. The terrapin, on the contrary, is quick, and will descend in an oblique direction, so that a hand-net is needed unless he happens to come up near by. If he is near enough the man jumps for him. The time for hunting is the still hour at either sunrise or sunset.

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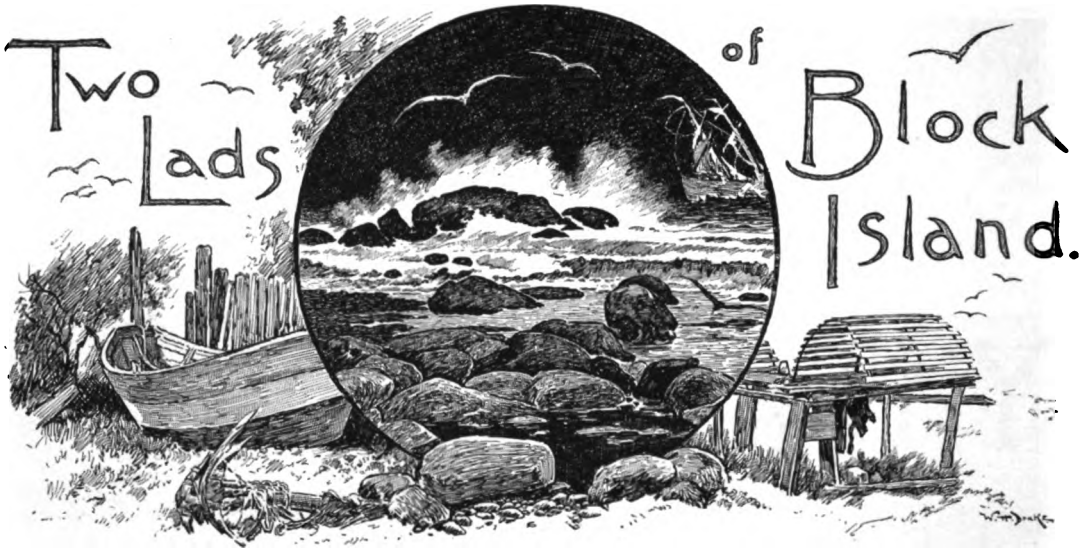

By Sarah J. Prichard.

On Block Island, a hundred years and more ago, there was living a retired sea-captain, named Milo Merritt. This Captain Merritt was the unconscious cause of some strange and peculiar happenings.

Having been compelled to leave the sea at a time when his love for old ocean was at the strongest, he never tired of talking about it. Ever good-tempered, with a vivid imagination and keen interest in all things past and present, he was the idol of the boys who flocked to his cabin to hear something new.

Poor lads of Block Island! They had not much in their hard, plain lives to satisfy the natural longing for pleasant places and bright living.

One December afternoon, two boys, Casper Lee and Peter Downs, lingered in the low, snug cabin of Captain Merritt to hear the last of a thrilling story of a run from the pirates off some foreign coast.

The imagination of the old captain filled up the dim places in the narrative with lurid light, and scenes of the most stirring action crept into the story with wonderful frequency.

The driftwood fire burned itself to embers, and was forgotten until Mrs. Merritt looked into the room.

"What in the world does this mean?" she said in sober tones. "*You*, a-sitting right here before your own hearth and a-letting every mite of fire go out? It 's time, captain, that these boys went home. They 've nigh two mile to go, and it a-growing dark fast."

"So 't is," said Captain Merritt, dropping his right arm, so lately involved in action on the high seas, and glancing oceanward.

"Come, come, boys," he urged; "get off with you, right away. It 'll be pitch-dark in no time, and you 've got to fight every blessed inch of your way across to-night."

"We know the *way* well enough," said Peter Downs.

"There 's no hurry at all," chimed in Casper Lee. "We want to know whether the man caught hold in time —"

"Milo," cried Mrs. Merritt, "if you tell these boys another word, I 'll —"

Captain Merritt did not await his deserts. He firmly declined to tell another detail, and sent the boys on their way, bidding them make good time for the meeting-house. "If you get *there* before dark you 'll be all right," he assured the lads as they set off.

"Block Island 's no place at all!" cried Peter, between two breathings of the gale that whirled the sand about their feet as they went onward.

"How on earth, Pete, are we *ever* to get away?" questioned Casper. "Captain Merritt

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will never sail any more; he could n't tread a deck now to save his life; and, just as like as not, if he *could*, he would n't take us."

"S'pose not!" ejaculated Peter, and then the lads, with bent heads, plodded their way through the blowing sand toward their homes, in silence but with busy thoughts.

Casper's thinking culminated in the words: "I say, Peter Downs, there 's only *one way to do!* If you and I are ever to get to sea we shall have to run away."

"Yes," assented Peter. "No ships worth anything will ever come in here if they can help themselves. We've got to go to the ships. And we can't get to them without a boat, anyhow," continued Peter, "and you *know* we have n't a boat and no chance to get one, unless, Casper, a ship *should* wreck ashore, as ships used to do. Then, I s'pose," he went on with increased hope, "if we could find a small boat, 't would be ours as much as anybody's."

"Small chance of that happening, out of one of Captain Merritt's stories," observed Casper.

"Well, you never can tell what 's coming," remarked Peter, "—though I should say that that 's a lantern light ahead!"

The rays that shot through the tiny slits in the tin of a lantern did not give much light, but the boys, accustomed to the gathering gloom, soon discovered a group of men in front of a little store where groceries, dry-goods, and West India products were sold.

"What 's happened?" asked Casper, stepping briskly into the group, as fresh as if he had not been breasting a furious wind for the last hour.

But Peter, catching sight of his father standing in the dim light of the store-door, shot off homeward, to escape censure for being out so long after dark.

Not many minutes later, Casper followed Peter, to tell him what was at that moment about to happen on Block Island.

Cautiously looking in through the many-paned window of the kitchen, Casper saw his friend sitting alone at a little round table, eating his supper.

The red glow of the peat-fire on the hearth, with the feeble rays of a candle, made the room seem full of light and warmth to the lad looking in, and the lad he looked upon seemed innocent of any intent other than eating his supper.

Casper tapped upon the pane. Peter turned pale with fear. Who could be about knocking at windows on such a night? Not his mother, who had placed her truant boy's supper on the table, lighted a candle for him, and then gone to meeting. Not his father, for Peter knew he was at that minute at the little store. He had not long to wonder, for the breezy voice of his friend Casper called, "Let me in, Pete!"

Peter hastened to open the door, and, with face elate with eagerness, Casper Lee came in.

"Anybody here?" he asked, advancing to the table, and seizing as he did so a generous slice of rye-bread.

"Only you and me," answered Peter; "I thought you 'd go right on home."

"I was going home," said Casper, "but thought I 'd come and tell you the news."

"News?" said Peter. "What news?"

"Give a fellow a drink of milk and I 'll tell," said Casper, smiling.

"Here! Take my cup. There 's plenty more in the buttery. Mother 's gone to meeting, I s'pose. It 's meeting night, and I forgot all about being at home in time to milk the cow," explained Peter.

"I wonder whether you 'd have had supper all ready for her, if she 'd gone and forgotten you," said Casper. "But it 's news that 's come this time, and no mistake. Pete, there 's a big ship—or there was at dark—adrift and helpless, coming right on here, and maybe we 'll get our boat this very night, if we are smart. Everybody 'll be attending to the wrecked stuff and the ship; and nobody 'll think about the ship's boats. If any comes adrift, we 'll be the first to get it. Come on!"

"Where to?" said Peter, rising at once from the table.

"To the cave, to be sure," replied Casper. "We can watch from there a long time, and nobody will think of finding us out. Come, hurry!" he added, taking up the last slice of rye-bread and thrusting it into his pocket.

"Now, we 're off," said Peter.

The fire having been replenished with peat, and a fresh candle lighted, they set forth.

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The night was very dark, and the darkness seemed alive and moving with the rush and roar of wind and wave.

Seeing how black it was, the lads turned back to secure the means to make a light should one be necessary. A candle and a foot-stove, the latter filled with a ball of burning peat, with a few dry twigs, completed their outfit.

Poor lads! To them all the world outside of bare Block Island was bright and pleasant and inviting. Pearls, diamonds, gold, indeed everything worth having, could be had simply for the seeking; while at home nothing could or would ever be, but the same weary round of raising corn and mending nets; fishing in summer and waiting all winter for things that never yet had come into their lives.

Their fathers were fishermen; their uncles and great-uncles went out and came in, bringing only cod and other fish in their boats. If there was anything better to be had anywhere in the world, the lads were determined to seek it, and this was the black December night on which they were resolved to set forth to make their fortunes. Innocent lads! They never knew that Captain Merritt's imagination and grim reality were not one and the same thing; and the captain himself, quietly sleeping in his cabin, never dreamed of the thoughts and plans his words had kindled in the lads' young minds.

There was not at that time a lighthouse on Block Island. Life-saving stations had not been organized anywhere on the coast.

Casper and Peter were fast friends. Their young lives had been passed together from the time they were big enough to creep along the sands of the shore. Casper had more of the spirit of daring in him than fell to the lot of his companion; but, in scenes of real danger, Peter was the better able to find, or make, a way of escape.

On that night in December, so long ago, the air was full of sound, as the lads crawled down the bank which at that time existed along the eastern shore of the island. They crept cautiously beneath it, and occasionally a voice could be heard upon the bluff over their heads, from the islanders, who were making their way to the north, in the direction they knew winds and waves must drive the ship they had seen at nightfall.

Peter carried the foot-stove. Casper walked just a step or two ahead, and both kept silence until they reached a headland, in which their cave was to be found. This cave was no more than a fissure in the bluff. The boys would never have thought or spoken of it as a cave, had not Captain Merritt called it one.

"It 's just above us, now; must be there," said Casper. "You hold on a bit till I find it."

"No, no!" ejaculated Peter, whose soul was awed into silence by the great white breakers thundering in all about them. "I 'm coming, too," he called, stumbling along over the boulders that now strewed the way.

"This is nothing to what we 've got to come to when once we get upon the high seas, Peter Downs. Don't be a coward. It 's only a few more black rocks to get over and we 're there."

"Pshaw! That 's nothing but a pile of seaweed," Casper added, as Peter grasped his arm with, "Casper! What is that?"

Over their heads seemed to tower to the very sky the grim blackness of the bluff up which they intended to climb to their secure hiding-place out of the way of wind and wave. Up there they could see all the coast for miles and miles by the light of day, and could discern a glimmer of light far out into the night.

They began to search for the fissure. Presently Casper called out, "I 've found the cave! Hold on a bit. Hand us the old foot-stove till I light up, will you?"

Casper blew aside the ashes, and soon the feeble twinkle of one little candle did its best to light up all the big bluff. It only lasted for a minute, for there came a great burst of sound as if the mighty cliffs over their heads had burst asunder. Then the candle went out.

"Thunder in December. That 's queer!" observed Casper.

"'T was n't thunder! There has n't been a gleam of lightning to-night, Casper Downs," said frightened Peter, clinging fast to his friend.

"What was it, then?"

"I don't know — Casper, come! Let 's get home; I 've had enough of this." And Peter took a step backward, stepping into water as he did so.

Casper heard the splash, and was too frightened to utter a word.

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Where could they be? No water, so far as he knew, had ever come up to the entrance of the cave.

"We 're in a fix!" decided Peter. "I say, Casper, what 's to be done?"

"As we can't go back we 've got to go ahead!" said Casper, with forced cheerfulness, helping his friend out of the water into a dry place. Then, trying to climb higher, he actually struck his head against a wall of rock that seemed to bar the way.

"Stop a minute, Bub," said Casper. Casper never had called Peter "Bub," except when under very great excitement.

"I 'm going to try the light again," he added, doing his utmost to appear calm and to speak encouragingly.

But the peat was too far gone. No light could be won from its feeble glow.

"Get ahead, won't you? My feet are in the water again," urged Peter. "Never mind the light."

"You stand still just where you are till you hear me speak. I 'll have to feel around before I go ahead," explained Casper.

"All right! The water washes against my feet, though; and it is n't any too warm, either," observed Peter, still in ignorance of their true situation.

Presently Casper spoke:

"I may as well tell you at once, Peter," he said, "that we are not in the cave. I don't know where we are, nor what will become of us. Pete, I can 't find any opening leading out of this. It 's all closed up overhead. You get close to me, and we 'll hope for the best. If we can weather it out, we will. It must be nearly high tide now."

Peter did not speak. He only held out his hand and touched Casper.

Casper pulled him up one step higher, saying, "Look out for your head," for Peter was an inch the taller, and Casper had none too much room above his head.

It was an awful place for the two laddies to be in. Whether the sea would pour in and drown them there among the rocks neither could tell. They turned their faces seaward and waited, shivering and despairing.

In another moment a flash of light was on the waters. It was quickly followed by the sound that they had heard once before.

"It 's the ship's gun!" gasped Peter. "She 's firing a minute-gun to bring help."

"And she 's driving right on," said Casper.

"Poor things!" ejaculated Peter. "There can't one of them be saved if they drive against this bluff."

"I 'd give up the boat to save them," said Casper, with great solemnity.

"I 'd give up 'most anything to know that we have n't got to be drowned in here, like rats," remarked Peter.

"Well, I 've had enough of the sea for once," added Casper. "I 'll make a solemn vow with you, Peter, here and now, that if we are saved and those poor people yonder are n't drowned, I 'll never run away to sea as long as I live!"

"I 'll make the same vow, Casper," said his friend. "And somehow, I believe," added Peter, "that if we do make that promise, we *will* all be saved."

"What 's the good of promising if we don't believe it 's any good?" said Casper; and, the water advancing still, they clung together and watched its rise, and strove to see the ship.

A third and fourth gun flashed and roared amid the terrible voices of the night.

"Are you sure, perfectly certain, Casper, that there is no room a little higher up?" said Peter.

"Not a mite, Bub. I 've bumped all around everywhere. We 're in the highest place we we can climb to."

Peter said no more. He felt the water ooze through his boots, and after a few moments Casper grasped hard at Peter's waist, for he, too, had found out that the water was at his feet.

Steadily it rose, until their feet were covered, and the chill of it was deathly.

"Let 's count fifty," suggested Peter, "and feel if it gets any higher." They counted and tried. It was rising. It covered their shoes and ran in over the tops.

"I think I see the ship!" suddenly cried Peter.

The lad was right. The great white-sailed bark was driving straight for death and destruction upon the rocks. The lads heard a sail go rattling down the mast. The men on board were doing their utmost to keep off-shore.

And still the cold tide crept higher.

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"It 's nearly up to my knees now," calmly remarked Peter.

"But your mouth is higher up than mine," said Casper.

"I wonder if Captain Merritt ever got into such a fix?" asked Peter, as once more he felt the rise of the sea.

"That poor ship!" he cried at the same instant, for the lads had distinctly heard the great keel strike on the rocks. The vessel had come ashore not more than five hundred feet from the spot where the boys were. Between the ship and the cliff there was nothing to be seen but one seething field of foam. Just outside the surf the waves met a reef that broke their force and threw them back, only to come again more gently, but just as surely, to lap out the lives of the lads prisoned in the bluff.

The cries of distress from the passengers and crew reached the ears of Casper and Peter and made them forget for a moment their own peril.

"I wish," moaned Peter, "that somebody would try to save them!"

"They might as well try to save us," replied Casper. "How on earth could any boat live along shore to get to you and me to-night? Peter, I wish I had n't gone after you to-night. Then you 'd just have gone up to bed, and would have known nothing about the ship, and would have been safe."

"Does n't the moon come up pretty soon?" Peter interrupted. "Seems to me— Don't say such things, Casper; I can't stand that and this water too. It 's just gone over my knees. Seems to me I begin to see things better—and hark!" went on Peter. "Don't you hear Indians out there?"

"Bub, are you hungry?" inquired Casper, with a slightly tighter clasp about Peter's waist. "You know you don't hear Indians!" Casper was alarmed. He thought his friend was out of his head.

"I do," cried Peter. "Can't you? If I did n't know better I should think 't was one of our own Indians."

Block Island had at that time nearly half as many Indians as white men.

The moon was rising, but the clouds were so dense that it only dimly lightened the blackness.

The time wore on. There was nothing for the situation but to wait in the hope that the tide might turn. The ship thumped on the rocks; the lads clung together, cold and weary, yet bravely trying to cheer each other with assurances that aid was at hand.

Everything echoed that night. It was the echo of the voices of the Indians on the bluff, sixty feet over the little cleft, that had caused Peter to think that he heard Indians on the ship. The echo came from a bank of fog at sea.

At the first gun, the inhabitants of Block Island began to gather—men, women, boys, Indians, negroes.

The old fishermen of the island were there, looking on, but powerless to aid. Men who had waited outside many a night, with their lives hanging on the chance of being able to ride the highest wave to the land, were there, and they all, to a man, had said: "There 's nothing can be done till the tide falls."

It was then that the voice of a woman rang out—of a woman who herself had been saved from a wreck only a few years before. She cried:

"Fetch boats. Lower them down the bank. I 'll go down in the first boat."

"A mad scheme! Don't listen to 'Long Kattern,'" cried another woman, but Long Kattern had been heard, and two-score men were off to do her bidding. The boats had been drawn on shore, for at that time Block Island had no harbor. Oxen, carts, boats, men, all were put in motion, and, before the water rose to the clasped hands of the lads in the cave, the smallest of the boats was hovering over the bluff. Long Kattern stepped to the front, but the men of the island bade her go back to her place, and without a single word, two of their number stepped over the bluff's edge into the boat.

It was a strange scene. The moon had risen, and only specters of ship and breakers, of cliff and shell could be seen, as the hundred strong hands stood ready to lower the boat.

"All ready?" asked the men on the cliff.

"All ready," came the response from the boat, and slowly the brave men sank from the sight of their comrades.

Twenty feet below, the boat struck a loose

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rock that gave way and went tumbling down, making thunderous noises as it went. The lads in the cleft thought the cliff was falling over their heads. Their cold hearts grew colder, and at that instant each felt the touch of the water on his hands.

"Help! Help!" they shouted in unison, with all their might, and at that instant something shut out the moonlight from before the cave. A voice, close to them, was heard, saying, "Can we save any one?"

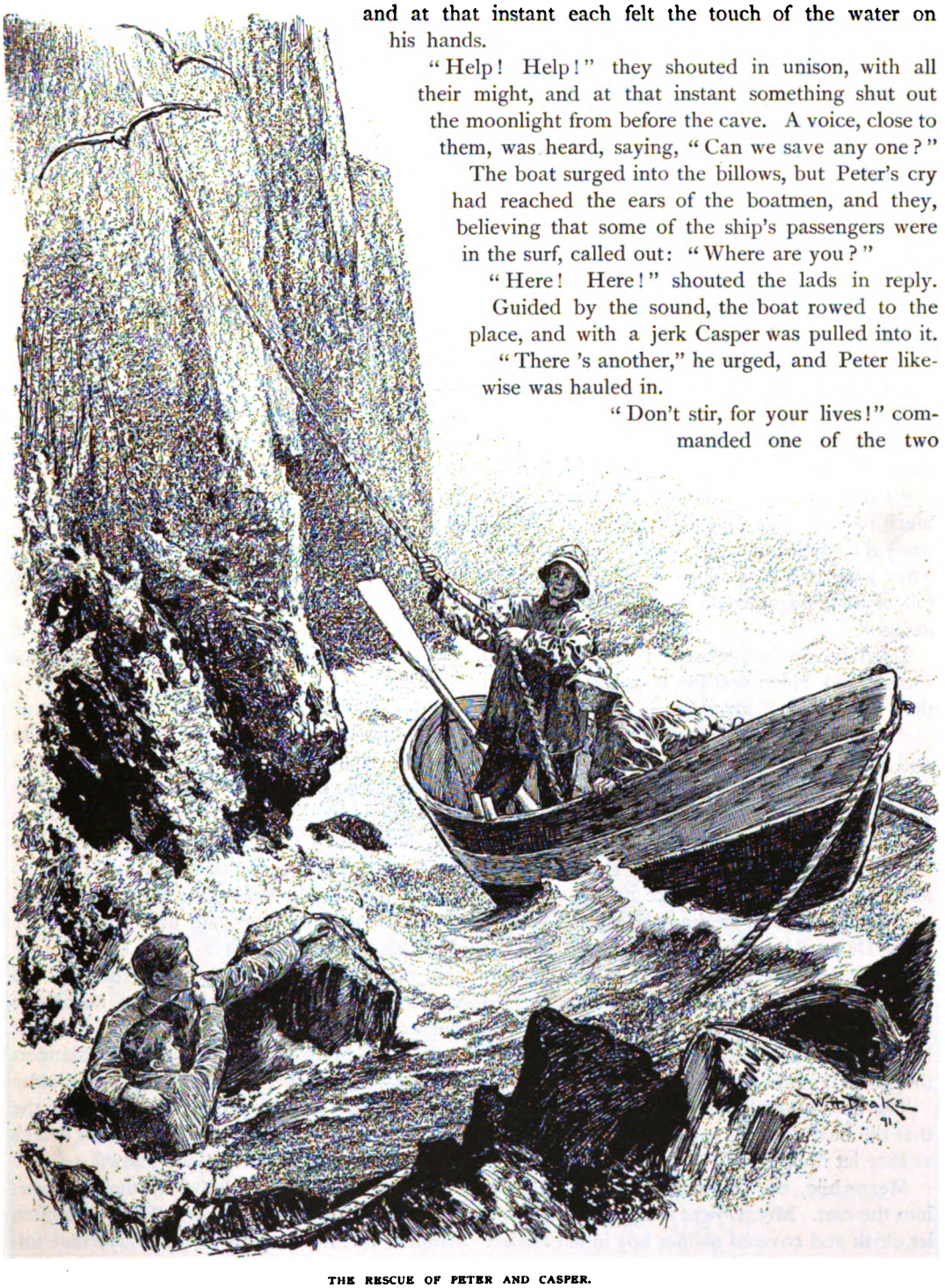
The boat surged into the billows, but Peter's cry had reached the ears of the boatmen, and they, believing that some of the ship's passengers were in the surf, called out: "Where are you?"

"Here! Here!" shouted the lads in reply.

Guided by the sound, the boat rowed to the place, and with a jerk Casper was pulled into it.

"There 's another," he urged, and Peter likewise was hauled in.

"Don't stir, for your lives!" commanded one of the two



THE RESCUE OF PETER AND CASPER.

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men, giving the signal for the boat to be hoisted.

There was not much liveliness in the two poor lads just then. Thoroughly benumbed, they crouched down in the boat and clung to it, as they saw the lines slowly tighten, and the dangerous ascent began.

"It 's heavier, anyhow, than 't was when we let it down," remarked some one upon the bluff, during the long, slow, cautious pull.

"Careful now! Easy, lads!" as the heads of the men came into sight.

"There 's *four* in the boat," cried Long Kattern, clapping her hands and leaning at a risky angle over the edge to see.

Everybody crowded to the edge.

"Keep off; keep back; or the edge will give way and topple over," cried a voice from the boat, and instantly the crowd fell back, leaving space to haul the boat up.

"Take 'em out gently. I reckon there is n't much to 'em," said one of the boatmen. "They have n't spoken a word since we got 'em in. They were in a little place under the cliff most full of water, and could n't 'a' held out much longer."

Hard brown hands were reached down to Casper and Peter, and the boys were set upon their feet wet and dripping.

"Take 'em to the nearest home; that 's mine," said a soft, gentle voice.

It was Peter's mother who spoke. She was waiting for the cart that had brought the boat, expecting to take the rescued lads in it.

"Mother, mother!" gasped Peter, groping forward, scarcely able to take a step. "Don't you folks, any of you, know Casper Lee and Peter Downs?"

"Why, fellows!" yelled out a voice over the cliff's brink to the men who were being lowered again. "We 've fetched up two of our own boys from below, but how the Old Mohican they ever got there 's more than *I* know!"

The news so astounded the men at the ropes that the boat came near dropping its passengers as they let it careen.

Meanwhile, the dripping boys were hurried into the cart. Mrs. Downs dragged off her camlet cloak and covered neither boy in her anxiety to cover both with it. The oxen were set in motion, and a few of the women went with the cart, leaving the ship and its passengers and crew to what fate might befall them. Nothing in life seemed one-half so important just then to Mrs. Downs as that the boys should be made warm in bed. Every mother of the number knew just what ought to be done, and each one knew that a different thing ought to be done.

Meanwhile, brave men in the boat descended toward the surging sea once more.

They did look an instant to see that the little cleft was entirely shut in by the waters. They were thankful there were no lads in it then, as they shot out a little way, as far as the lines that held their boat would let them go.

Then they saw there was no use in trying to do more. They decided to go back and wait for daylight and low water.

Turning toward the cliff, as their boat slipped down the wave, they beheld, on its crest, another boat. Its oarsman — brave man that he was! — had risked his life in the ship's little dory, to carry ashore a line by which a cable could be brought to land, so that, when the tide should turn, the ship might not drift out into deep water.

He never would have reached the shore alive, had not the men and their boat been so near the spot when the dory toppled and went under.

"I 'll save that brave fellow, if I die for it," exclaimed one of the two Block Islanders. He whirled the boat about and watched for the man to rise. The man was saved, and the little line he carried and clung to when he went down was hoisted up the cliff in safety, and, moreover, drew up a cable that was made fast to the meeting-house before the tide went down. The bark rode out the gale until the light of day; and, before another night came, every soul was fetched off in safety from the ship and spent a thankful Christmas at the hospitable houses on the island.

Captain Merritt, and many Block Islanders who heard of Casper's and Peter's escape, came the next day to hear the thrilling story of the rescue, but to no one of them, save Peter's mother, was *all* the truth made known.

Casper and Peter faithfully kept their promise, made in darkness and danger. They were often tempted to run away, for, in the days that followed, Block Island grew again to be dull and

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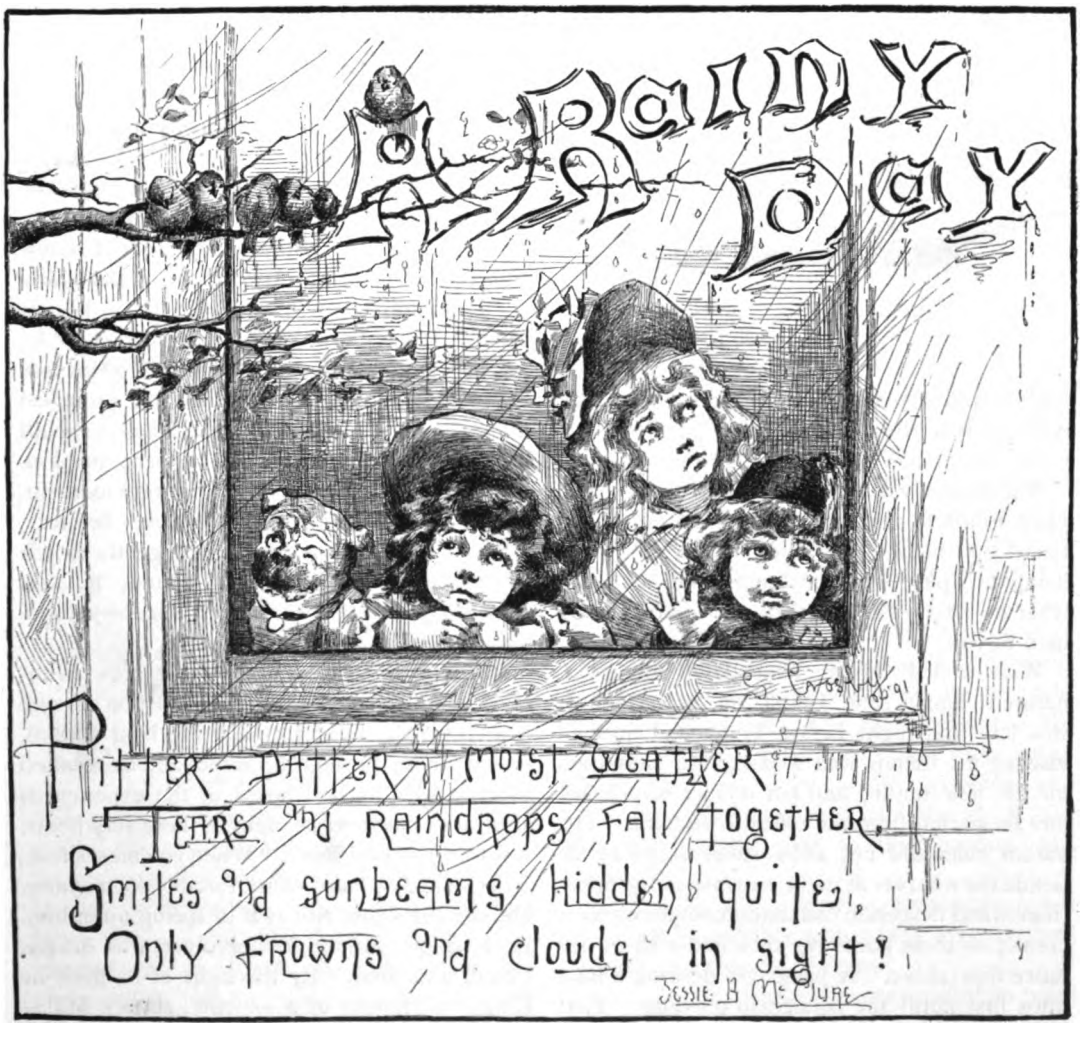
stupid, and the stories of Captain Merritt and the wild tales told by Long Kattern did, many a time, stir their blood to longing for the larger ventures of the world.

In after years, in due course of time, Peter was master of a coasting-vessel, and Casper, at middle age, had all the risks and the danger that his spirit craved as a soldier in the war; and, finally, when the active life was over for them, the two men, old and full of days, used to sit at the harbor's mouth in the sunshine and talk of the scenes of their boyhood. And no adventure of their lives was more frequently recounted to the boys of a later day than their rescue from the cleft in the Block Island bluff, on that December night.



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CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. Davidson.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter X.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

Next morning Frank was summoned to the office, and the agent informed him that the authorities had arranged to send out in search of the pirates the United States frigate "Dictator," the only available war-vessel in the

THE "DICTATOR."

harbor, and that they wished Frank to go also, with the two "boys," to point out their place of concealment and to identify the pirate.

The frigate was to sail the next day, so he advised Frank to make his preparations to go on board that night. "You, of course, are in the company's pay," said the agent, "and we 'll see what we can do for you when you return. Good luck to you!"

With a final hearty handshake, the good-natured agent sent Frank on his way. It was late that night before Frank had finished visiting his friends and making the purchases for his new outfit; and ten o'clock struck before he started from the office to embark. The harbor rules did not allow shore boats to lie beside the wharves at night, because of the many thieves and desperate characters composing their crews; so these boats are anchored a short distance from shore. A passenger desiring a boat must first notify the policeman on duty. That officer calls the craft next in order, and takes the passenger's name and destination. The passenger is then expected to steer the boat, and must see that the crew (limited to two) remain forward.

Frank complied with these regulations, and soon found himself dancing over the harbor's dark waters in one of the swift and graceful "pull-away" boats for which Hong-Kong is noted.

There were only two of the crew visible. One, a man, tended the sails; the other, a woman (as is often the case in Chinese boats), held an oar which she occasionally used on the leeward side to steady the boat.

As Frank steered for the twinkling light of the distant man-of-war, he could not but contrast his present position with that of a few nights before, when he lay starving in the cuddy of his miserable ark of refuge. Then, he reflected, death stared him in the face; now he was safe again. His employers had given him ample proof of their esteem, and had promised still further rewards and their confidence, should he return successful from his present mission.

Little did he think that, at that very moment, his life was in greater peril than ever before.

Suddenly he was aroused by a gentle twitch at the tiller-rope. Turning round, he was startled by the appearance of a shadowy form, crouched in the stern of the boat.

The harbor rule compelling the crew to remain forward, and the recollection that no one was visible at the stern when the boat started, passed swiftly through his mind, and he recalled also the tales he had heard of the experiences of belated mariners at night in these very boats. A warning of Old Ben's, "When you must shoot, shoot quickly!" also came forcibly to memory. He saw the figure rise as if to spring upon him. In a single instant his revolver was drawn, aimed, and fired. By the light of its flash he caught a glimpse of a swarthy, sinewy Malay

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making ready to spring upon him. The next instant the man fell with a heavy crash at his feet. So close had the assassin stood that his clothing was set on fire by the discharge of the pistol.

Believing his enemy to be disabled, Frank now turned and covered the two others of the crew with his weapon, ordering them to keep the boat on its course. But scarcely were they under way again before the sound of oars reached him. A voice hailed them:

"Boat ahoy, there! What are you firing for?"

Just as Frank was about to reply, his boat gave a sudden lurch almost throwing him off his feet, and the two members of his crew and the man whom he had shot darted over the side and plunged into the water.

Before he recovered his balance, a police-boat had run alongside; and a tall officer, standing in the stern, threw the light of a lantern upon Frank and again demanded the meaning of the firing. It did not take long to make the officer acquainted with what had happened. Stepping into the pull-away boat, he made a quick search, and drawing aside a mat disclosed a place in the planking just large enough to admit the body of a man lying down.

"You 've had a narrow escape, sir," he exclaimed, after a few minutes' examination.

A HONG-KONG "PULL-AWAY" BOAT.

"See, he cut your tiller-ropes first, to deprive you of the control of the boat, and was then going to attack you! These fellows are cunning at their work, and it 's rarely we catch them. It 's a pity you did not kill him. I see that he jumped overboard with the rest of the crew, preferring to risk drowning rather than certain death by hanging if caught. Now, sir, step into my cutter, and I 'll see you safely to your ship."

Frank did as requested, and while seating himself by the officer, noticed that the boat he had just left was putting about to return to the city, with two of the police-boat's crew in charge.

"No, we 're not likely to capture them," remarked the officer in reply to a question. "They are probably ashore by this time, on that point of rock yonder; and they will be far back in the country before morning."

The frigate's dark hull now rose up beside them, and the cutter ran into its shadow. The sentry at the gangway hailed, and, after warmly thanking the police-officer for his services, Frank mounted the ladder to the frigate's deck. Upon presenting his card to the officer of the deck, he was shown below to the ward-room and a neat-looking colored boy promptly conducted him to his quarters for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

ON BOARD THE DICTATOR.

IT was nearly morning before Frank fell asleep; and, even then, the exciting incidents of the night returned in fantastic dreams. In his visions, boats, coolies, and threatening Malays were mixed up with pistol-shots, while scores of Chinamen plunged into inky waves to escape from pursuing policemen. At last he imagined himself one of the captured coolies, being shaken by a great guardsman who held him by the collar; and he awoke to find the polite waiter-boy quietly shaking him and saying, "Breakfast is ready, sir; better get up."

He presently found himself at a long table where a number of the ship's officers were taking their breakfast. The first-lieutenant, Mr. Morris, who sat at the head of the table, introduced Frank to each one in succession, and after this ceremony he was seated at the lieutenant's right, next to the chaplain, Mr. Knox.

At first he was somewhat embarrassed, but the perfect cordiality with which they received him soon put him at his ease.

"I hear, Mr. Austin, you are detailed to point

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out to us the hiding-place of that rascally pirate, Chan Ok," said Mr. Morris.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank; "such are my orders, but I never heard him called by that name."

"Oh, he has a dozen names," replied Mr. Morris; "but that makes no difference to us, so long as we have a brush with him to break the monotony of ship life out here. We were quite wishing something exciting might happen to enliven us; but this news of their capture of the 'Serpent' is positively horrible."

"What, have you had news of her already?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, a trader came in last night, reporting having sighted an iron steamer wrecked between two islands, completely dismantled, with a fleet of junks about her."

"We 'll have to be lively to catch them," exclaimed a young officer opposite. "These fellows are getting entirely too bold of late. I heard on shore, yesterday, that another river-boat is over-due up river. I should n't wonder if they had got her, also!"

"Ay, ay, gentlemen; catch them we must; and when we *do*, we 'll make such an example of this gang that the whole vile pirate brotherhood will shiver to think of it in days to come!"

Frank started at the stern tones of the speaker, surprised that one so jolly and amiable-looking as Mr. Morris should utter such revengeful words. Mr. Knox afterward explained to Frank, "His feeling against the pirates is very bitter. One of his brothers was lost on a ship which was attacked by them two years ago. It seems to have changed his usual kindly nature to one of relentless cruelty whenever the pirates are concerned; but he is a splendid executive officer and loves his ship as a woman loves her home. He is a favorite with the men, too, in spite of the strict discipline he maintains."

One of the cabin-boys now handed Mr. Morris a note; and that officer, turning to Frank, said: "Your presence is required at your company's office immediately, to see some articles a trader brought in last night. They were found near the scene of the wreck. My gig is at your disposal, sir. She will be at the gangway in a moment."

A few minutes later Frank was seated in the stern of the beautiful gig, tiller-ropes in hand. There were six stalwart man-of-war's men before him, neatly dressed in white, their brawny throats bare, with wide blue collars turned back. They wore regulation blue service-caps set jauntily on their heads, with "Dictator" in gold letters across the front.

"Push off; ready; let fall; give way!" and off they went, dancing over the sparkling blue waters. The pleasant breeze dashed tiny jets of spray over the boat's sharp bows, causing the bow-oar to duck his head sidewise every now and then as a swish of water came in board; but little the jolly tar cared for that. Whether mountain high on a wave, or sliding deep into the trough, the practised oars kept time to the stroke, lifting and dipping together.

The harbor, as usual, was full of shipping, and Frank had his hands full in steering the boat. As they sped under the bow of a large ironclad flying the British flag, his attention was drawn to his own crew, who had hitherto kept a good but not fast stroke. Now he noticed that their feet were braced and their stroke more lively. Following their significant glances, he perceived that a boat similar to their own had shot out from the ironclad's side, and was keeping a course parallel to their own. He took in the situation at once. The men wanted a race, and although not a word was said, a look at his face was enough. It did not mean "no," and with broad grins of satisfaction they laid themselves down to the work of beating the British boat to land. Under their quickened strokes, the gig fairly jumped. In and out among the shipping they went, past huge merchantmen, or picturesque groups of junks, traders from far India, and fleets of Spice Island traders.

The sweat rolled down the flushed faces of the straining tars, and their labored breathing showed plainly the exertion they were undergoing; but no sign of weariness was apparent in their stroke. The Englishmen were worthy antagonists, and held their own manfully, now nearing, now keeping away, as their course demanded; while the crews of the vessels which they passed jumped into the rigging and cheered the two boats as they dashed by on their way.

Near the quay a large steamer lay at anchor, and it was necessary for the boats to divide and

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pass her on different sides. As the English boat disappeared from view, the brawny stroke-oar of the gig, knowing the critical moment had come, turned to his men and cried in a low but distinct tone:

"Now is our time! Lift her, boys!"

Catching a quick half-stroke that almost unseated Frank, they put all their remaining strength into the work. The result was decisive; for when their rival reappeared the English had lost two boat-lengths, and soon slowed down, acknowledging defeat.

"What boat was that?" inquired Frank of the panting sailor who rowed stroke-oar.

"The 'Invincible's,' sir. That 's the second time they 've raced us, and last time they beat us. But then we had a different man at the bow-oar."

"You 've a remarkably fine crew."

"Yes, sir; they 're all picked medal-men, and have never lost a race when pulling together," responded the sailor proudly.

"Ah, Coffin, you rascal! You 've been at it again, I see," cried a handsome young midshipman, descending the stone steps of the quay. The grins of the crew seemed to say, in answer, "We don't mind a scolding, so long as we win."

Arrived at the office, Frank was heartily congratulated by Mr. Gray on his narrow escape in the harbor the night before. The agent then showed him the articles the trader had brought in from the lost steamer. They consisted of fragments of the steamer's boat, marked "Serpent"; a small cask, branded with the same name; fragments of the steamer's log-book signed "T. Acron" (the captain's name), and a few minor objects. But the most interesting and valuable of all was a long strip of waterproof crimson paper, on which were numerous Chinese characters. At the bottom of the rows of characters appeared in black the impression of a delicately-shaped thumb, as if it had been inked with some dark pigment and then pressed on the paper, leaving all its creases and lines perfectly imprinted.

"This," explained Mr. Gray, "is a receipt from the pirate chief, acknowledging a payment of money to him for stolen goods, from his agent in Canton. The articles are some of those you had on your junk; so it is of double interest to us, and I paid the trader a high price for it."

So cunning are the forgeries committed in the East, that this mode of signature is often adopted; for the Chinese believe that no two human hands are precisely alike. Neither do their lines or creases ever change as the style of handwriting may sometimes do. Therefore many traders still prefer the thumb imprint to a signature; especially in cases like this, where neither party cares to be known by name to outsiders.

"How is it you know this to be his signature?" inquired Frank, with some curiosity.

"Principally by the goods mentioned; but also by these characters at the bottom, which the trader, who has had dealings with him before, recognizes. They stand for one of his names, 'Chan Ok.' You will take this with you; and should the necessity ever arise you may prove his signature to this receipt and thus bring home to him at least this one robbery."

When his business was ended, Frank returned to the quay; and finding that the Dictator's boat had gone back to the vessel, he hailed a "pull-away boat," and started to sail out to the frigate. The boat-tender handled the craft well, and they sped swiftly over the bay. While passing the British ironclad, Frank could not but admire her massive strength, and regretfully contrast the care which England bestows upon her fleet, with the long indifference of our own country to her small but gallant navy.

Just as they were passing out from the great ship's shadow, a stunning crash shook their boat, and everything was obscured by a thick cloud of cannon-smoke. Report followed report, with ear-splitting suddenness; and dark, ragged objects flew overhead, much too near for comfort. Frank ducked again and again, not knowing what it all meant.

Presently the firing ceased, the smoke blew away, and the scared yellow features of the boatman appeared from under a pile of mats wherein he had taken refuge.

"Me no likee big Englis' war-junk!" he remarked, as he readjusted the sail. "Too muchee big row, allee same as thunder-dragon. Too muchee big wad hit boat, and maybe sink her.

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Such thing not ploper. Me no likee, you savey?"

Frank "saveyed" promptly.

"What were they firing for?" he asked.

"Oh, sometime one small piece blue mandarin" (admiral) "go aboard. Then, bang! bang! Sometime big mandarin-pigeon go aboard; they makee bang! bang! We no do likee that. Chinaman sailor-mandarin go aboard war-junk, they beat little gong, burn joss-paper. More ploper and no cost so much!"

The Dictator lay with boats hoisted up, sails cast loose, and all the necessary preparations made for instant departure. The anchor hung under the bows, smoke was pouring from the funnel, and the tramp of feet on deck could be heard as the crew moved about making ready.

"Dictator welly good s'ip!" remarked the boatman approvingly. "Melican man good-pigeon; no makee *bang* all time, like other foreign devils! Can fight ploper fashion, too, all samee."

On the after or poop-deck, Frank found Captain Wyman and his officers assembled. A signal-officer stood near, flag in hand, while a quartermaster watched the city through a glass.

Presently he said, "There goes the flag, sir; four, six, three, eight, five, one."

The officer turned to the captain, touched his cap, and said, "Signal from Consulate, sir. It reads, 'Proceed to sea as soon as ready,' sir."

"Acknowledge it," replied the captain; and a few waves of the flag told those ashore that their message was read.

"Get the ship under way, sir," called the captain to Mr. Morris, who was standing on the bridge amidships.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

His orders to the men now followed, quick and sharp, in a voice which was heard by all.

The crew of three hundred men jumped to their various stations, while the hoarse calls of the boatswain repeated the orders, and the chirruping of their shrill whistles sounded sharply over the waters.

The great anchor was run up; the head-sails filled; the bow paid off against the current; the gong in the engine-room sounded, and, with scarcely a tremor, the engines started and the frigate headed up the harbor.

The beetling mountains on the "Cowloon side" were passed; also the beautiful settlement of "Happy Valley," nestling around the foothills of Victoria Peak, with the old line-of-battleship "Victoria" at anchor; and they stood for the strait leading to the open China Sea.

The chase of the pirate Chan Ok was begun!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CRUISE OF THE DICTATOR.

THE sun rose on a cloudless sky the next day, and the lofty head of Victoria Peak was just visible on the horizon, when Frank came on deck. What a grand sight it was!—the broad clear decks, the taut rigging, and the groups of busy blue-jackets at work here and there. How orderly and well-conducted everything appeared! What a contrast with the small, ill-smelling, disorderly coasters to which Frank had been accustomed! He visited the engine-room, and the magazine, and the furnaces, where firemen, stripped to the waist, fed the open glowing furnace with huge black mouthfuls of coal. A strong blast of cool air meanwhile was forced down upon them from the deck above through the ventilators.

Up on the forecastle, an old gunner, assisted by Ben Herrick, was polishing the glossy sides of the 100-pounder pivot-gun. It had previously been covered with beeswax and lamp-black, and the gunner rubbed at it until it glistened. The two "old sea-dogs" patted the gun, and polished away, and exchanged yarns, apparently oblivious to the younger "boys" gathered about to hear the words of wisdom from their lips.

At noon the wind fell calm. The sails had been taken in, and the only breeze over the heated decks was that produced by the motion of the ship urged ahead by the powerful propeller. At three o'clock the sun was almost insupportable, and awnings were rigged both fore and aft. Men were sent aloft on the yards who rigged a spare topsail from the foreyard to the mainyard, so that when its inner corners were drawn taut inboard, and it was filled some feet deep with sea-water from the hose, it formed an immense bath-tub, in which squads of the men and boys took a delicious bath. The

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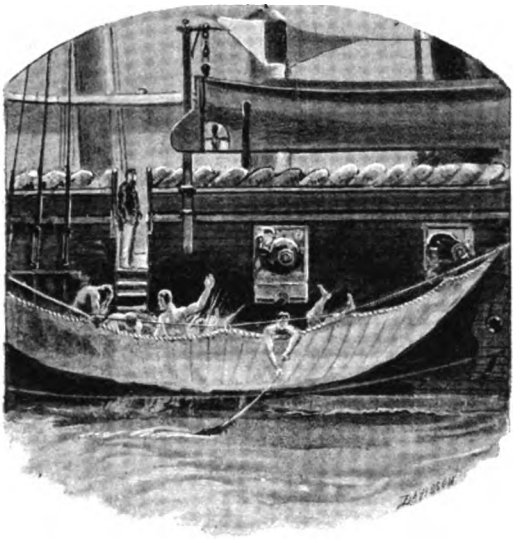
great ship meanwhile was going steadily on her way, and the canvas bath-tub was now rising and now falling as the ship rolled gently.

On the third day, the lookout called "Land ho!" at daylight; and by noon Frank recog-



AN IMPROVISED BATH-TUB.

nized the three islands, and the narrow passage where the pirates had laid their snare for the Serpent. An hour later, as the ship followed the bend of the land under Ben's piloting, they opened out a little harbor; and there, in plain sight, lay the wreck of the ill-fated French ship, her bow high up on a narrow reef, her stern awash with the waves.

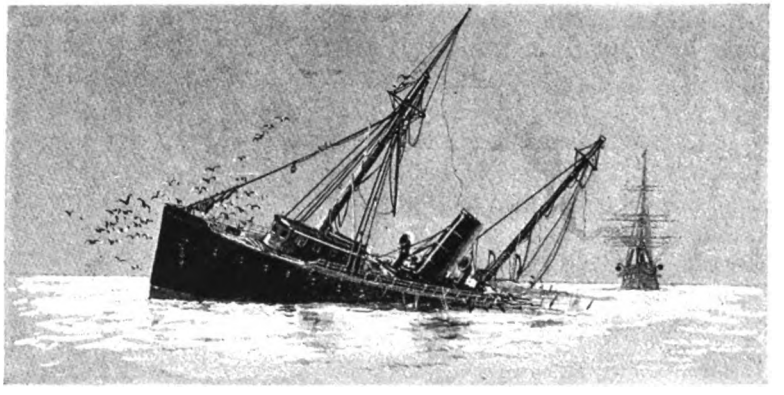
The engines slowed down; a boat was sent ahead to sound, and, with the guns' crews at quarters, the cutter, full of armed men and under the protection of the frigate's broadside, pulled away for the wreck. She was a pitiable scene of desolation. Her masts, almost stripped of rigging, pointed like skeleton fingers to the sky. The night-lanterns, burned out and blackened, were still swinging slowly to and fro on their halliards. Every movable thing about the deck had been carried off. In the pilot-house the wheel was dinted with bullets; the windows were smashed; and the doors of most of the cabins had been hacked to pieces by ax-blows, or torn from their hinges by pirates seeking to get at those poor creatures who had sought refuge within. The engine-room skylights were also battered in; powder-stains along the edges showed where the cowardly pirates had stood to fire on those below.

If any defense of the ship had been made it must have been from the engine-room, as its skylights showed the marks of bullets that had been fired upward. But however they fought or fell, nothing could be seen of the defenders, for in the dim light below appeared only the dark and placid water which covered all and rose even with the tops of the cylinders. Upon its surface floated little shining pools of the oil from the engines.

Silently the men pulled ashore and searched the beach, hoping some one of the crew might have escaped. However, nothing but some valueless wreckage rewarded their search.

The pirates had made a "clean sweep" of all on board.

With many a bitter threat against the villains, the crew hoisted in the boats, and the frigate, slowly turning her bow to the southward, resumed the quest for the pirate island.



"THERE LAY THE WRECK OF THE FRENCH SHIP."

It was two days later, at noon, that the island, as marked on the map by Frank, was sighted.

To lie off the land until nightfall was thought the best policy by some on board, as their approach would then be unseen; but others argued

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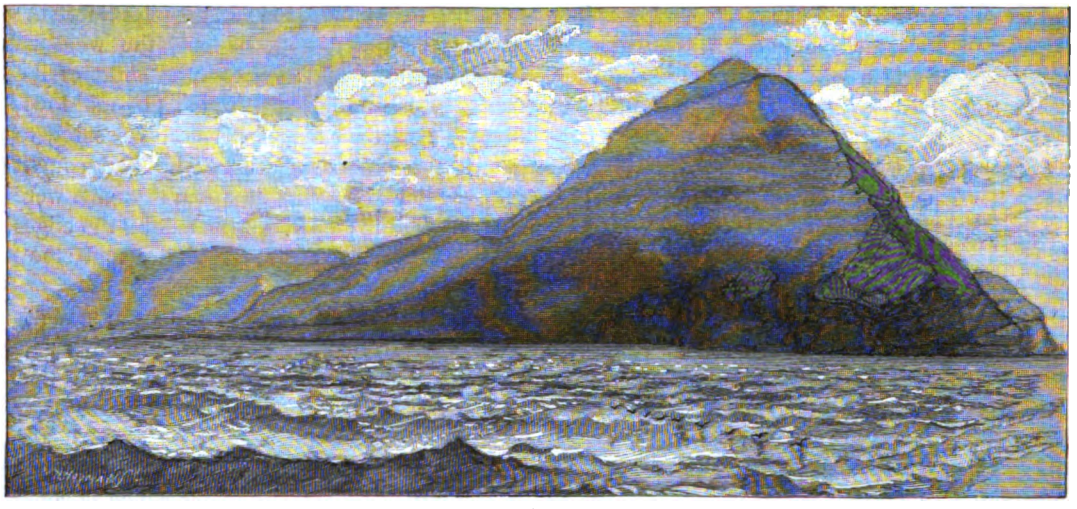


CHAN OK'S ISLAND.

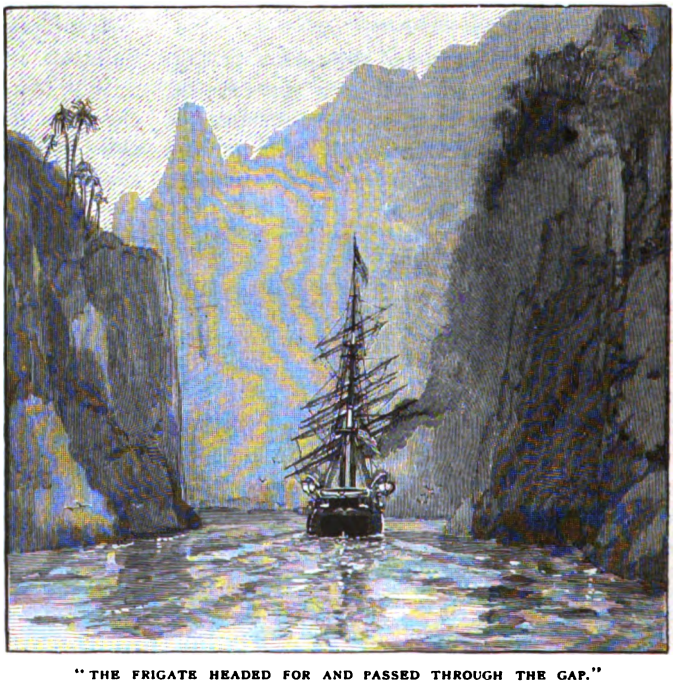
that from the island's top the man-of-war must already have been discerned, and hence they urged that a dash was the only possible way of insuring the capture of the band.

The latter plan seemed best. So, without attempting any disguise, the frigate steered for the land, with all steam and sail on, in order to have what daylight they could for passing the inlet.

At five o'clock, the island loomed up grandly before them; and, skirting its eastern edge, they soon found the passage. There stood the tall palm-trees on the headland, and the high cliffs could be seen beyond. Steadily, but with slackened speed, the frigate headed for and passed through the gap.

The crew stood at quarters beside their shotted guns, which were run out through the ports; armed boat's-crews filled the cutters and whaleboats, which had been lowered to within a few feet of the water, ready at a moment's notice to "drop and cast off."

The high hills on both sides were crowned with little forts on which cannon could be distinctly seen, and at every instant a volley was expected from those heights. It would be impossible to elevate the guns so as to return the fire from the frigate's deck; but on they sailed, without a sight or a sound of a human being. Sea-birds wheeled about the crags in the deepening blue shadows of the cliff;



"THE FRIGATE HEADED FOR AND PASSED THROUGH THE GAP."

and, as the twilight fell, the frigate slowly rounded into the inner harbor opposite the sandy beach, the quiet water reflecting her dark hull and rig-

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ging, and the crew peering from the port-holes beside the grinning guns. The only visible motion in the harbor was that of the two thin rippling lines which spread from the frigate's cutwater, as she smoothly ranged up abreast of the village. Then the falls were suddenly detached, the boats lowered to the water, and swiftly pulled to the beach. The men, dropping their oars, seized their arms, and waded knee-deep to the shore.

Here, the officers at their head, and Frank and Ben acting as guides, they began a search of the settlement. Frank recognized all the familiar and hated places where they had suffered so much. Their prison-house stood with its door wide open. The great Council House was likewise deserted, and the rest of the settlement lay enshrouded in gloom and silence. The men peered about and poked with their cutlasses in all possible hiding-places, but no human being could be found.

"They 've cut it and run, that 's clear!" said an old quartermaster; "but where and when is beyond me!"

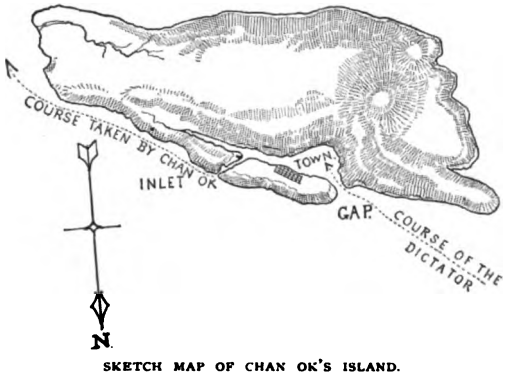
"Hello, what 's that?" cried Ben, suddenly; and all stopped to listen. A dog's faint bark, ending in a plaintive howl, was heard distinctly

"'CLOSE UP, MEN! FORWARD — MARCH!' ORDERED THE LIEUTENANT."

from a clump of palms further up the beach. Hurrying toward the sound, they found an overturned sampan under which was a miserably unhappy dog. The dog seemed to have been chained up and deserted; and it was so thin that it must have been left for many days without food. By a feeble motion of its tail the poor creature showed the joy it felt at again seeing human beings.

"It 's Chan Ok's little dog!" exclaimed Old Ben, as he stooped down to it. Gently holding the little animal's head, Ben let the dog drink from his hand some water that he poured from one of the sailors' canteens.

The dog, reviving somewhat, went slowly along beside them as they continued the search.



SKETCH MAP OF CHAN OK'S ISLAND.

Presently the little dog began snuffing in the sand, and then giving a sharp bark started along the beach at a quicker pace.

"Close up, men! Forward — march!" ordered the lieutenant in charge of the party. "That dog is on some trail and we must follow him!"

The little animal seemed proud of the attention paid him, and jogged on ahead, wagging his tail, occasionally sniffing at the sand and barking feebly. After proceeding thus for a half mile, a deep and narrow inlet opened from the main harbor and turned sharply to the left.

It was now dark; but the stars shimmered on the water. Suddenly they turned a corner of woodland, and there, outside a coral reef, they could see the dark horizon of the ocean. The little dog ran down to the water's edge, snuffed about a moment or two, and then set up a mournful howl. By the dim starlight, a quick examination was made of the place. Footprints caused by the trampling of many natives could be seen in the sand. About the beach they saw some bits of rope, a few empty boxes and bags, a crate of dried fruit, the ashes of several fires, and, more significant than all, the bow-marks of several boats that had been run up on the beach.

"It 's plain enough!" called Frank to the

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officer. "We were never allowed to see this outlet to the harbor. And, had the dog not tracked them here, we should have known nothing of it. Chan Ok, after wrecking the Serpent, knowing that we had escaped and would spread the news of such a terrible outrage, came back to the island and ordered all hands to leave the settlement; then he lay offshore with his fleet while those who remained brought everything they could around by the way we came just now, and all embarked here in his boats."

"No doubt you are right, Mr. Austin," replied the officer, "and I think our chase for the villain is just begun!"

DESTRUCTION OF THE PIRATE TOWN.

"Well now, consider that!" said Ben thoughtfully, as the men started to go back; "just see how this here little cre'tur that villain left behind has led us right onto his track! It just serves him right for his heartlessness."

It was almost morning when the party again boarded the frigate, and all hands were much disappointed at the pirate's escape; for now they knew that they must search for him in the open ocean — a difficult task!

The men had been resting on their arms beside the guns while the search party was ashore; and now, just as they expected to be dismissed without a shot, came the orders to open fire on the deserted settlement and destroy it. The men jumped to this work with a will. The pivot gun on the forecastle broke the silence first, with its flame and roar; and the broadside guns followed, one after another, as fast as the men could sponge and load. Round shot, shell, grape, and canister hummed and whistled and rattled through the huts and buildings. Bursting shells lighted up the scene of destruction, revealing the fractured sides of the houses, and here and there a roof went leaping into the air when a shell burst within a house. The balls, bounding through the sandy streets, sent up ghostly volumes of sand looking weird and uncanny in the half-light, and then bounded into the thick forest beyond, cutting great lanes among the trees. Soon a pall of smoke settled down over the scene, hiding both ship and shore from view. A few minutes more, and the order came to "Cease firing."

The great guns at once were silent, but the men of the crews stood beside them in amazement, for seemingly the bombardment continued. From each side, above and below, from all directions, came down wonderful echoes. The broad, low, rocky cliffs were sending back the roar of the guns in a Titanic clamor. Volleys rattled and rumbled from cliff to cliff. It was as if the pirates had opened their hill batteries.

Presently the echoes died away, and only the sounds made by the falling roofs and splintering beams of the houses were heard. Then, as the smoke gradually lifted, red tongues of flame could be seen sifting up through the shattered roofs set on fire by the shells, and flocks of wild parrots and other birds, awakened by the disturbance, set up their quavering screaming far back in the dense forest.

(To be concluded.)

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THE ISLE OF SKYE.

By Eleanor Sherman Thackara.

HID among the green hills of northern Vermont is a pretty farm village, sloping down to the bluest of blue lakes. The depths of its color gave the summer romancers an excuse for calling it Sapphire Lake. In the very center of this lake rose an island gem that might well have been named after Thomas Moore's Emerald Isle; but when our story begins it was nameless.

The birds loved this solitary spot for their summer sojourn, and made it merry with their sweet songs; but the practical farmer thought it an unhandy bit of soil.

The summer was well advanced, and the farms about had put on their best for the visitors, who rented the rooms of state, and rusticated with whatever comforts the Yankees knew how to afford. In the largest of these farms Mr. and Mrs. Northcott, and their pretty children, Dorothy, Babe, and Paul, had filled the quiet old place with hammocks, carts, ponies, and all the marks of a jolly summer. Dorothy was thirteen years old, while Babe was her junior and Paul some years older. The days were not long enough for their rambles and sports, and Paul proudly rowed his sunny-haired, sunny-hearted sisters over to the tiny isle whenever he was greatly pleased with them.

A companion in their games, their joys and very life was now a sorrow — their first and very serious sorrow! Dear, dear old "Silky," Dot's pet, was a Skye terrier with long, silver, silken locks — a companion of her whole life, her senior by three years; and now he was failing inch by inch from sheer old age.

"Mama," said Dorothy, "dear old Silky is weaker every day. He cries at night, and Babe and I cannot make him comfortable."

"I fear, Dot, that he has had his day," said her mother.

"And we can never have another Silky!" said Dorothy, sadly.

In truth, Silky was a very valuable dog, and but a few years before, a gentleman during one of their walks had stopped the group of two little girls with their nurse, in whose company the perfect Skye terrier with almost trailing locks was frisking, and told them he would give one thousand dollars for the canine beauty.

The offer was duly reported to mama and papa, with indignant protests against the very possibility of such a sacrifice, yet with pride at the value of their little dog. And so Silky had been the Northcotts' pet, and rested in his pretty basket by night close to his tender owner's bed. Now, in his old days, he was moaning out his grief over failing health and strength.

One day Dorothy, returning from a long ramble up the hills, burst into tears to find her silver-haired favorite in agony.

"Paul," she sobbed out, "keep Silky well wrapped up while I send for the good old doctor."

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She found that her father and mother had driven to the village near to meet a friend, and only a stable-boy remained in the barn. The boy harnessed the pony, but was afraid to drive it; so, with more directions to her sister and brother about their patient, Dorothy mounted the pony-cart. After a drive of several miles, she brought back the venerable medical adviser of all the country round. Dr. Starling had for many years served the stern and economical people of the hills, who never sent hastily for this grave man except in very serious cases. Here he was, brought at breakneck speed to save the life of a lap-dog!

DOT BRINGS THE DOCTOR IN HER PONY-CART.

But beside him was the pitiful, pretty face of the anxious little lady who had really been the cause of his leaving his luncheon-table for this seemingly trifling errand. She talked all the way home of her dying pet, and the poor pony had hard thoughts of his driver, who thoughtlessly plied the whip in her impatience.

When they reached the house, Dr. Starling looked upon the little roll of a dog, in soft, warm shawls on the best sofa, and said, turning to the anxious children:

"He shall not suffer much, but we cannot save him, poor little fellow!"

He drew a small vial from his pocket, and administered a fatal dose that would shorten the suffering, and then tried to console his young friends.

"He has been a good companion, I am sure," said he, "and he has had devoted friends."

"We all love him," said Babe, "as much as Dorothy does; but we knew he would die this summer."

"Oh, he was the best Skye in the world!" exclaimed Dot, bursting into tears.

"Come, come, my girl, you must not worry," said the old doctor sympathetically, and to his relief, Mr. and Mrs. Northcott returned at this moment. The humdrum business-friend whom they brought reserved his thoughts of the present tragedy, while papa and mama expressed their full sympathy with the children's sorrow.

So the thousand-dollar dog died, as he had lived, amid affection and luxury; and tears of real sorrow were shed over his couch.

But supper now claimed attention, and old Dr. Starling was invited to stay with the family. Poor Dorothy, refusing to eat, arranged the dead Skye for the night in a great, dreary smoke-house, blackened and deserted.

Paul was up with the dawn, while the girls

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slept off their weeping—for he had promised Dorothy that he would find or make a good strong wooden box for Silky.

He hailed Joe, the stable-boy, and soon went with Joe to old Farmer Stern's tool-house. There the two boys began their work with the usual light-heartedness that the morning brings to youth. They whistled and talked by turns.

"You think a heap o' that 'ere dog," said Joe.

"Why, we have had him since before Dot was born, and he knew as much, or"—here Paul hesitated—"or more than some people."

"Where be ye goin' to stow him?" inquired the Yankee lad, as he held a fine piece of clean pine in the groove for the awkward young carpenter.

"Oh, the girls will choose a place and we will have only to do the work," said Paul.

And so they continued to hammer and saw and measure and fit, until by breakfast-time the pine box was almost made.

Its resting-place was soon chosen, and no other spot was it than the eastern slope of the islet in Lake Sapphire. There it would be undisturbed, and within sight of the farm-house.

"SILKY,"
DOT NORTHCOTT'S SKYE,
AGE 16 YEARS.

was carefully printed upon the lid of the box in Paul's very best printing.

After breakfast Paul manned the rowboat, while Joe and Babe solemnly carried the pine box down the bank, and Dorothy, the chief mourner, followed with dignified sorrow.

"Put it head first," whispered Paul hastily to the awkward Joe.

"There she be," placidly returned that matter-of-fact individual, as he placed his burden in the bottom of the boat. When the girls were in, he pushed off and sprang into the bow as the oars splashed in the water. The island being reached, the little procession was again formed, the two boys bearing the box, after securing the boat, the girls bringing up the rear. Poor old Silky was soon under the dark rooty earth of the island, and our party of children rowed home with the comfort of knowing that all honor had been done their beloved pet.

Several days later, Dorothy said to her mother with great earnestness:

"Mama, you do not care if I use my saved money for a tombstone, do you?"

SILKY'S FUNERAL.

"Well, no, my dear," was the reply, "but what do you expect to do with it?"

"I drove to a marble yard yesterday, and a man said he would make a white slab with this inscription on it for $3.10"—and she showed her mother a scrap of paper on which she had printed, "SILKY, A BEAUTIFUL SKYE." "If you do not mind, I will tell him he can make it."

"If I might suggest 'Skye-terrier,' I think it would be more explicit," said mama.

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"No! I would rather have just 'Silky,' then," said the solemn little girl; and she added, "May I tell the man to make it?"

"You may indeed, and I will go to the island when you have completed your work there," answered her mother.

Dorothy gave her mother a vigorous hug. She had feared the response might be that "wood was more suitable," or that she was a "foolish child," and had "already done too much for Silky"!

An hour later Dorothy and Babe sat in their pony-cart at the entrance of a large marble quarry. Beside them stood the dust-covered workman with his chisel in one hand, while the other rested upon a block of marble.

"This is the piece I picked out for your purpose," said he, "but I know your mother will not let you spend three dollars for a dog's grave."

"Indeed it was not an ordinary dog, but a thousand-dollar Skye-terrier, and we had him for fifteen years!" exclaimed the proud Miss Dorothy, impressively.

"But a terrier's a dog, and one dead dog's as good as another," said the marble-hearted son of toil.

"Well, I don't like to argue about Silky, and I do want the slab, and my mother said I could spend my own money for my pet; so when will you mark it?—just 'Silky,' you know."

"This very day, Miss; but $3.10 is a heap to spend on a dead dog."

The poor pony again suffered in the cause of the Skye, and was made to trot briskly up and down the hills until they had reached the farm where Dot could pour forth her indignation to Paul. But the slab came the next day, and was so beautiful that Dorothy exclaimed:

"I do believe Mr. Marbleyard was teasing me!" and she added to the driver who had brought it, "Please give this $3.10," counting it out carefully, "to your master, and tell him his work is so well done that I forgive his teasing about my poor little dog."

The gardener was pressed into service, and he, with the sturdy driver, managed to row over to the island in Paul's boat, where they arranged the slab in their own fashion.

When they returned, the children impatiently jumped into the boat, and Paul rowed them to the sunny slope where they could see the white marble glistening in the sunlight.

But when they reached it, alas! they found the stone placed upright at doggy's *feet!* Dorothy had carefully instructed the men to lay it flat, and had described the head of the mound so clearly! Joe had joined them, and as they stood round the little spot he exclaimed, "Those fellers have put the monument at the critter's tail!"

His half-suppressed giggles were soon communicated to Paul, then to Babe, and even the solemn Dorothy had to join finally, and with very cheerful conversation they kneeled down and worked hard until they had put the slab in the right place.

Patting the mound down with their hands, they were proud and satisfied with the result.

"Now," said the ever-practical Joe, "it's grub-time, so we'll be off home, if you please."

"You're right," said Paul; "I feel the hour myself. Come, girls!"

"Paul," interrupted Dorothy, "how do people name places?"

"Well, they just call them what they like, if there is no name already, and then the neighbors take it up and it gets to be the fashion."

"Now this island is just called 'the isle.' Could n't we name it 'The Isle of Skye'?" asked Dorothy, thoughtfully.

"That's lovely!" came from the appreciative Barbara.

"Sich a name!" from the practical Joe.

"Girl-like, but not bad," condescended the big brother.

And the inhabitants adopted it gradually, with the reservation that it was "sort of romantic."

In no more remarkable a manner than I have described was the island named; and the facts are as true as they are simple, and I can assure you that the poor little Silky was indeed a thousand-dollar dog!

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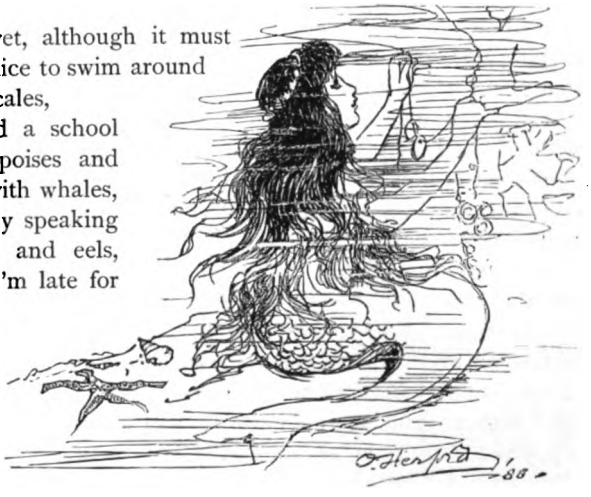
STOCKINGS OR SCALES.

By O. Herford.

If I were asked of all things what I most would like to be,
I 'd choose to be a mermaid and live below the sea.
How nice, instead of walking, to swim around like little whales,
And to wear, instead of stockings, many shiny pairs of scales,
Which don't need changing every time that nurse says they are wet,
And then to have no shoes that always come untied!
— and yet —

And yet, although it must be nice to swim around in scales,
To attend a school of porpoises and play at tag with whales,
To be on friendly speaking terms with jellyfish and eels,
And never to be sent to bed or told I 'm late for meals;
Still, when I think of Christmas eve my resolution fails,
For *what would Santa think if I hung up a pair of scales?*



A PRAIRIE HOME.

By Maurice Thompson.

Have you ever seen a western prairie? If not, you might enjoy being there for a month in summer. As on the ocean, so on the prairie, there is usually a breeze to partly compensate for the lack of shade. Most prairies are slightly rolling or hilly, having somewhat the appearance of a sea with heavy waves, and occasionally, crowning one of these low swells, there is a grove of young trees. Sometimes, however, not even a shrub is visible for many miles.

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Children whose parents have homes on the prairies can call the whole of those vast plains their playground. When spring has laid her coaxing hand upon the earth, and called up the green grass and bright flowers, nowhere in the world can a brisk run or a gentle stroll be more delightful than upon the rolling surface of one of these fertile stretches.

I know one prairie home which is seen for miles before you come to it, though it is almost hidden by the trees that cluster round it. Built on a very high swell, the house with its dormer windows and sharp gables looks as if it might have been put there for a lighthouse or look-out station, to guide on their way the "prairie schooners," as the canvas-covered "mover wagons" or emigrant vehicles are called.

A bright boy of twelve and a pretty little girl of eight years are very happy in this comfortable home. In winter they play games in one gable of the large attic room, and read or study in the cozy library downstairs. In summer, when their lessons are over (their teacher lives with them), they run about on the green prairie, often bare-headed, till the sun toasts them as brown as buns. The wind blows their hair about so wildly that it sometimes looks as if it never could be combed or brushed into submission, and too often their hands and clothes become soiled with the prairie dirt, which is as black as soot. But they are never ill, and are so happy that a little dirt seems a trifle.

This boy and girl recently had an adventure which may teach a good lesson as well as make an interesting story.

I was asking questions one day about birds and butterflies, nests and eggs, insects and flowers,— as I always have been in the habit of doing,— when John and Lucy, both at once, started to tell me something about a little bird, and a butterfly, and a big hawk, and — I do not know what else — it was so mixed up together that I could not keep track of any of them. They both talked faster and louder as they became interested in the story. Finally I had to beg them to stop, which they kindly did. Then I asked Lucy which she would prefer, to tell the story or to have a new doll. After some thought she chose the doll, and the way being thus cleared for John, he entertained me with a graphic account of their curious adventure:

On a fine day in the latter part of May they went out for a long wild run over the grass. The wind was sweet with bloom-scents, the sunshine was delightfully soft and healthful. They were bare-headed and bare-footed, too, so that it was no trouble to run. They kept on in their merry race till they came to the summit of a distant hillock, where they lay down to rest, gazing up at the blue sky and fleecy clouds. Soon they saw a long-winged hawk sail round and round, high above them. Then a brilliant butterfly fluttered along, lazily flapping his gay fans.

"Oh, what a lovely one!" cried Lucy, but hardly had she spoken, when a bird darted down and, catching the butterfly in her bill, darted off

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again, and, alighting upon the longest spray of a neighboring hedge, she proceeded to devour the gay insect.

"You cruel, ugly bird," said Lucy, "you deserve to have your little neck wrung for killing that pretty butterfly!"

"I wish that big hawk would pounce upon the savage little fellow and eat him, too!" said John. "Turn-about would be fair play."

But the bird sat on the hedge-branch and preened herself, as birds do to arrange their feathers. She did not seem a bit repentant for having killed the butterfly. In truth, she chirped and twittered gaily, till she chanced to notice the hawk. Then she turned her head to one side and ruffled her feathers, seeming much alarmed. John and Lucy looked on with half-closed eyes. But the weather was so balmy and sweet, and they were so tired, that in a little while both were sound asleep with heads pillowed on a soft tuft of grass and flowers. They had not noticed the bird's nest with four or five brown-speckled eggs in it, hidden in that very tuft. It was there, however; and when the bird saw the hawk she wanted to return to her nest. How could she get there? She was afraid that John and Lucy might be only feigning sleep. She fluttered round them chirping dolefully, not daring to go too near.

Meanwhile the great hawk was circling lower and lower, occasionally uttering a shrill scream. Perhaps the bird now began to realize how the butterfly felt just before it was caught and eaten up. Life is very sweet to every breathing thing. It seemed, however, as if nothing could save that little frightened prairie-bird's life if the hawk should strike — and soon it *did* strike! With a rushing sound, as its broad wings cut the air, it swooped, straight as an arrow, down at its tiny victim, which with a sharp cry darted in between the children's heads and cowered down upon her nest. John awoke just as the hawk dashed itself against his face in its eagerness to capture the bird. Lucy was aroused, too, by a huge wing brushing her cheek. They raised their heads and saw the hawk flying away.

"It is an eagle, and it tried to carry me off!" cried Lucy, her teeth chattering with fright.

"Yes, and I do believe it had me by the hair!" added John, his face quite pale and his eyes very wide open.

"I know it touched me. I felt it!" said Lucy.

"We had better be going home," said John.

"But it will catch us before we get there, I 'm afraid," murmured Lucy.

They were rising to go when John happened to spy the poor frightened bird crouched upon her nest. The little creature was so overpowered with fear that she dared not move though John touched her with his hand.

"It was a hawk, after all," said he to Lucy. "See, here is what it was after!"

Lucy looked, and seeing the bird, at once thought of the beautiful butterfly.

"Maybe now you know how it feels," she said to the bird. "Next time you let the poor butterfly alone. You deserve to be scared out of your senses! I hope it will teach you a lesson!"

On their way home the children met a man with a gun over his shoulder. He was carrying in his hand a large hawk which he had just shot. He let John take the great bird and examine its sharp talons and strong hooked bill.

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"Oh, dear," said Lucy, "it 's a wonder it did n't tear our eyes out!"

The man looked at her and laughed. John then told him what had happened and how the hawk had awakened them.

"You 're a bad boy to tell such a rousing whopper as that," said the man, taking the hawk and trudging on.

"I guess he thought I was telling a big story," said John, laughing; "but if that hawk had hit him on the face as it did me he would n't have been so sure he knew all about it!"

But John undoubtedly told the truth, though the story does seem strange. But it is no more wonderful than many incidents that befell John and Lucy at their prairie home.

THE SWIMMING-HOLE STORIES.

By Walter Storrs Bigelow.

VI. NATHAN DOOLITTLE'S LAWN PARTY.

"Why don't you fellows come up to *my* house, sometimes?" said Nathan Doolittle.

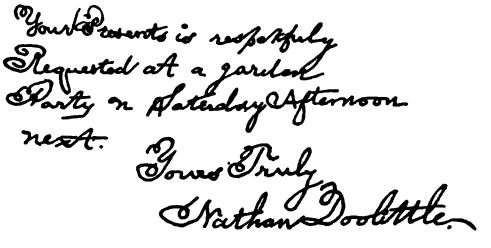
"Oh, you live so far off, up hill, that we need a special invitation."

The other boys all laughed. The fact was, Nathan had asked them to his house a great many times, and they were tired of making excuses for not going.

Nathan had just now drawn himself out of the swimming-hole, by means of the big tree, and was sitting on the bank below, with his feet over the edge, dipping them into the current and watching the water curl around his sharp little ankle-bones. He was the last to leave the stream, and the other boys were in all stages of dressing, from Tommy Toles pulling a flannel shirt down over his shock of red hair, like an extinguisher putting out a candle, to Archie Lawrence slipping a neat city necktie under the round edge of his snowy linen collar. The country boys wore paper collars; but Archie, who came every summer from New York to visit his grandmother, wore linen ones, regardless of the trouble of "doing them up."

Nathan Doolittle was one of the kind of boys that are always hanging on at the edge of the circle, but never able to become a part of it. He lived in a great, staring, red brick house, set far back from the road, and approached through a semicircular driveway that would have been inviting if lined with trees, but was hot and dusty because the only trees in front of the house were a few small evergreens near the center of the lawn, which was cut up and spoiled by stiff flower-beds. Standing about in the grass were several cast-iron dogs and a cast-iron deer. Instead of running away, the deer was trying to stare the dogs out of countenance.

Nathan said no more on the subject then; but the next afternoon, Wednesday, he appeared at the swimming-hole with the right pocket of his jacket bulging, and began at once to relieve it by handing around some rather soiled and crumpled sealed envelops, of various shapes and sizes. In mine I found a half-sheet of note-paper, with this writing on it:


Your Presence is respectfully
Requested at a garden
Party on Saturday Afternoon
next.
Yours Truly
Nathan Doolittle.

Each of the others found in his envelop a like invitation.

"Is Saturday your birthday, Nathan?" asked Ed Bristol.

"No. Why?"

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"Oh, nothing; I only thought perhaps it might be."

It was one thing not to go to Nathan's house when he asked us offhand, and quite another to refuse an invitation to a real party. We all accepted on the spot.

When we left the swimming-hole, we straggled along through the meadow, which was already turning brown, past the apple-tree from which the little red apples were all gone, and along the lane to the gate between it and the main village road. As we separated, Will Perkins called out:

"Nathan, what time will you expect us, Saturday?"

"Oh, about this time," answered Nathan, with an important air.

Saturday seemed like Sunday in my uncle's side yard, for none of the boys were there. They were all getting ready for the party. It seemed yet more like Sunday when, about a quarter to five o'clock, Charlie, Bobby, and I, dressed in our best clothes, started down the gravel path and went out the front gate. We turned to the right, and soon met two or three more boys, dressed up, as we were, and we all went up the hill toward Nathan's house.

As we entered, and walked along the driveway, we saw Nathan, and several early guests, standing around with their hands in their pockets on the lawn at the side of the house.

"Hullo, boys!" was Nathan's greeting. "Come over here."

We had expected to be asked into the house first; but were glad not to be, for Mrs. Doolittle did n't seem to like boys, and so boys did n't like Mrs. Doolittle. We had wondered that she allowed Nathan to have a party, anyway.

Before long, Lou Preston, Will Perkins, and Frank Barnes arrived, and, a few minutes later, some more boys. They all were asked, as we had been, to join the group on the side lawn.

The honors of host seemed to sit rather heavily on Nathan, and in consequence a chill was on the company. Nathan, we noticed, had on his every-day clothes; brown trousers, and a bottle-green jacket with bone buttons. We wished that we had ours on, too, so that we might lie around on the grass as usual.

"Let 's play leapfrog," suggested Nathan desperately, at last.

As no one could think of an outdoor game better suited to our best clothes, we played leapfrog, but so cautiously that no frog would have recognized our leaps. In trying to vault Sam Seaver, who was long and awkward, and did n't bend over far enough, I stumbled headlong on my hands and knees. The skin was scraped from the palms of my hands, and in its place was spread a thin layer of dark-brown earth, well ground on and streaked with green. My hands smarted, but were not so sore as my feelings when I looked down and found two hopeless grass-stains on my trousers, just below the knees. They were my white duck trousers, the pride of summer, made over for me out of a pair in which bluff Uncle Harry had often paced the quarter-deck of his frigate, in fine weather. The sight almost took away my appetite for supper. By this time, none of the boys were so spruce as when they came. Their wristbands were wrinkled and their hands were grimy; but they were more than ready for the hot biscuit, cold ham, and perhaps ice-cream, in prospect, when Nathan asked:

"What time is it, Charlie?"

Charlie looked at a new silver watch, with an effort to appear quite used to it.

"Ten minutes past six."

"Is that so? Why, it 's after supper-time! Have you fellows had your grub?"

For a minute you might have heard a mosquito sharpening his bill. Then some one answered faintly, "No."

"Well, I must go now, and get mine. You just make yourselves at home, and I 'll be back before long."

"Hold on, Nathan," drawled Lou Preston. "I 'd like to understand this. The fact is, we thought we were invited to take supper with you."

"Oh, no; I did n't mean that. I was afraid you thought so, when I saw you all dressed up. But perhaps mother will—"

"You need n't ask her. I guess we 'll go now—won't we, boys?"

In less than half an hour, fifteen very hungry boys arrived, unexpected, at their homes, told their story, and were glad to eat whatever they could get, instead of a lawn-party supper.

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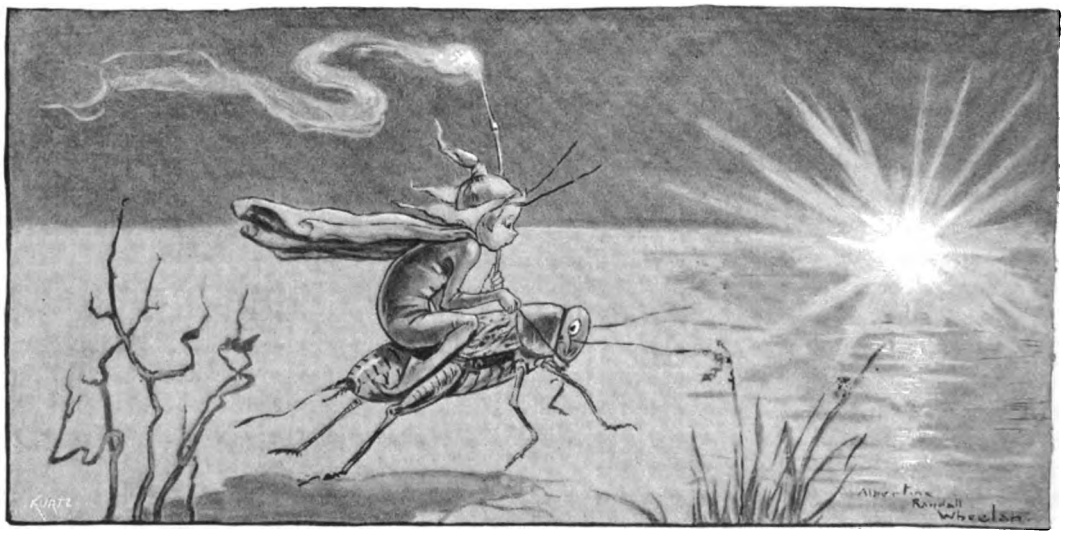
THE SAD HISTORY OF WILL O' THE WISP.

By Marion C. Waterman.



The wind blew high, the wind blew low,
The moon paled in the west;
Small hares came out and danced about
With the birds from the White Owl's nest.

An Elf lay hid in cowslip lid,
At fall of summer even,
When, thro' the dark, like fireflies' spark,
A star fell out from heaven.

He leaped on the back of a cricket black,
His torch was a wisp of hay;
Thro' brush and brier, thro' brook and fire
He followed the star's bright ray

The frogs croaked deep, where grasses sleep;
The mist wreath circled the hill;
But wide and far he sought the star
Thro' the midnight dark and chill.

The Elfin court held rarest sport
And tripped it on the grass,
But must away, at break of day,
Lest mortal footstep pass.

The tiny Queen wore robe of green
And kirtle 'broidered fine;
About her feet rang music sweet,
Four silver bells and nine.

"'T is time," saith she, "to haste with me;
The dawn comes up the hill,
The hour is late, we may not wait —
But where is Wandering Will?"

The truant Elf, a sorry self,
Came slowly up the lea —
Weary and spent, stained and besprent,
A woful sight was he.

"Why, luckless wight, this fearful plight?"
Up spake the Elfin Queen;
"The White Owl cries, the darkness flies,
Elves must no more be seen.

"Thy mantle torn, thy vow forsworn,
Thou mayst no more remain
With Elfin Band in Elfin Land,
Till pardon thou obtain.

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"The wisp of hay shall light thy way,
Be Will o' the Wisp thy name—
When sunbeams die and night moths fly,
Thine errand aye the same.

"And this shall be thy penalty —
A mortal, here to stay,
And, near or far, to seek the star
An age long and a day."

The Gray Cock crew, the White Owl flew,
The dawn came up the sky;
The small hares creep to covert deep,
The Elfin Ring is dry.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
An age long and a day;
Thro' fragrant swamp, thro' meadows damp
Runs Will o' the Wisp his way.

"'BE WILL O' THE WISP THY NAME—'"

The Elf, he heard, with ne'er a word.
But lo! from tree-top still
A waking bird had overheard
And chuckled,—"Whip-poor-Will."

Up rose the Queen with angry mien;
"The word is meet," spake she;
"Thou mocking voice, since 't is thy choice,
Go bear him company!"

A wandering light across the night,
He seeks in summer even,
When sunbeams die, and night moths fly,
The star that fell from heaven.

And on his track the wind brings back,
When nights are warm and still,
In notes of fear, from thickets near,
The bird's cry, "Whip-poor-Will."

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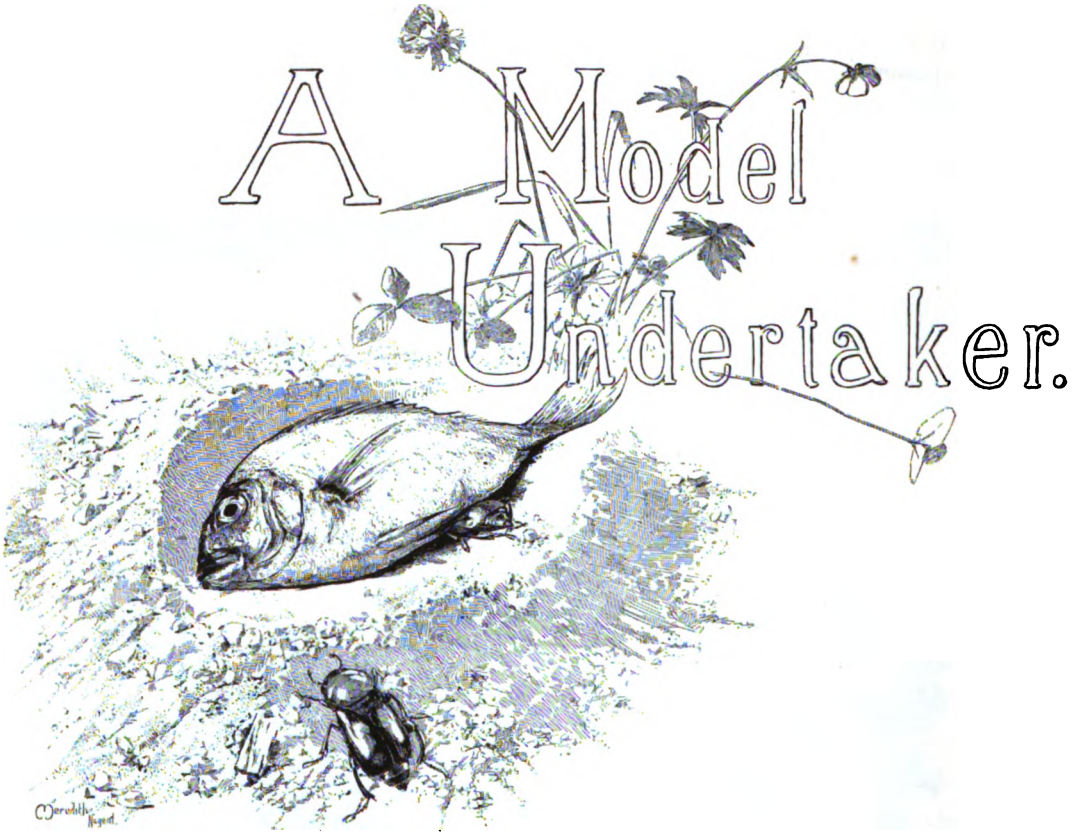

A Model Undertaker.

By T. D. Witherspoon.

It was on the bank of the Rowanty, one of our pleasant little lowland streams, that I made his acquaintance. I had been sitting for more than an hour watching the play of the silver minnow on my hook, waiting in vain for the enticement of some unwary fish. Meanwhile there had been lying only a few feet from me, on the hard path which the fishermen's feet had worn along the stream, a little fresh-water bream, called by the anglers on the Rowanty the "red-throat," because of the rich crimson coloring of its throat and breast. Too small for the fisherman's basket, and too large to be used as bait, it had been thrown out on the shore to die; and there it lay, a chubby, finny little specimen, four inches in length, its crimson breast exposed to the hot sun.

Attracted by its beauty, I was watching it, when I detected a motion of the dead form, so distinct that it could not be mistaken. Drawing nearer to find the cause, I saw the short stout antennæ of a beetle protruding from beneath the body of the red-throat, and two great goggle-eyes peering at me, as if to say, "This is my business. Will you let me alone?" So then I knew what was making the fish stir, and I determined to watch the little worker.

No sooner had I seated myself than the two antennæ were withdrawn, the goggle-eyes disappeared, and the motion was renewed. Putting my face near to the ground, and looking under as the fish was lifted from the earth, I saw the disturber, a bluish-black beetle, an inch or more in length, with thick short legs, and stout blunt antennæ. He was lying on his back, his feet braced against the body of the fish above him, his six stout legs thrusting upward with quick alternate motions, as he lifted the upper

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part of the fish slowly until the head was more than an inch from the ground, and only the tail touched the earth.

The bug then stopped as if to take breath, and I could n't blame him, for he must have been lifting at least twenty times his own weight. But the busy feet quickly began to ply again, and it was evident that he was trying to move his burden from its place. He edged it around slowly until its head was at right angles to the path. Then he made a strong effort to thrust it forward, in the intensity of his zeal lifting the lower part of his body entirely from the ground, so that he stood upon his head. It was in vain, however. The friction at the other end was too great. There was not even a hair's breadth of progress. At length the overstrained muscles began to relax. The head of the fish came slowly down. The effort had failed. Again and again it was renewed, each time with a slight change of posture, but all in vain. The fish did not stir. What should the beetle do?

Well, like a prudent workman, he took time to think. Our Atlas, who had failed to carry the world on his shoulders, came out and walked around his burden as if to inspect it, and while he was doing so I had a good opportunity to inspect him.

One good look, and I knew who he was, for he has been fully described in Jaeger's "Life of North American Insects." Jaeger says: "A large black head, with antennæ terminating in orange-colored knobs; a round black thorax, and orange-colored, truncated wing covers, with undulating black bands crossing the middle of both wings."

By this time I knew what he intended to do. He is a professional undertaker, as his two scientific names indicate. In the cabinets of naturalists he is sometimes labeled *Necrophorus*, which is compounded of two Greek words, and means a bearer of the dead, and sometimes *Vespillo*, a Latin word, said to mean one who carried out the poor at evening time for burial.

His office, then, is to bury the dead. He does not wait to be sent for. He does not work for hire. Wherever he finds the body of a dead bird, or mouse, or fish, or frog, or other small animal, he sets himself to the task of giving it a decent burial. For this service he has been noted since the days of Aristotle, who makes honorable mention of him; and though he has never attained to the celebrity of his first cousin, the sacred beetle of Egypt, who was for many ages an object of worship, he has always maintained a good reputation, and been in high respect with the naturalists — which is far more than can be said of the *Dermestidæ*, another set of beetles, his cousins, who make such havoc among the preserved insects and stuffed animals in our museums.

There are some very interesting stories told of these undertakers, or "sexton beetles," as they are also called.

The author of that very entertaining work, "Population of an Old Pear Tree," says, "One of these beetles has been known to bury an animal forty times its own size without any assistance." Mr. Wood, in his "Illustrated Natural History," says, "Two of these beetles have been known to cover up a sparrow within a few hours, and so unwearied are they that if several are placed in a vessel filled with earth, and kept constantly supplied with dead frogs, mice, etc., they will continue to bury them as long as the supply is kept up." M. Figuier, in his "Insect World," tells us: "In fifty days four beetles had buried in a small space of earth four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides part of a fish and two morsels of the lungs of an ox."

So you see these grave-diggers are not only stalwart but industrious. I had reason to expect great things of my workman.

He was in trouble. The ground in the path was too hard to dig with such tools as he had. The fish must be moved at least two feet to find proper soil. How could it be done? That evidently was perplexing his little brain, for he seemed to stop and think. At length a bright idea struck him. He would do what every sensible man ought to do when he gets into business trouble. He would go home and consult his wife. At least I supposed that to be his conclusion, for he flew away and returned after a brief interval accompanied by another beetle, a little smaller and more delicate of organization than himself. It was certainly good of her to leave her domestic duties and come to help him. And, while the old adage, "Two

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heads are better than one," is always true, it was especially so in a case like this, where each head had to serve as a fulcrum.

The two were soon at their post. They first ran around the body, until they met. Then they seemed to be conferring for a moment. Next they passed under the body at opposite sides and began to lift. The head rose slowly again, and then both the toilers could be distinctly seen at work. Our original friend was lying on his back, as at first, with feet in the air, lifting the upper part of the fish from the ground. His mate was just behind him, standing upon her hind feet, her fore feet, antennæ and mandibles wedged between the scales of the fish above her while she was thrusting forward with all her might to push along the fish as her mate lifted. All in vain! There was still no advance. Again there seemed to be a conference. Then the head rose again, lifted as before; but when it had reached its utmost height, she reared herself upon her hind feet, braced herself so as to receive upon her head the whole weight, and thus set free the other beetle, who ran around behind the fish, turned his back to it, worked himself backward under the fan of the tail until he was almost concealed from view, then buried his orange-colored antennæ in the earth, humped his back, gave one resolute thrust, and away went red-throat, "little wife, and all." The movement had been so sudden that his companion was taken quite unawares, but though she was thrown some distance with the weight of the whole fish upon her, she did not seem at all discomfited, but was out and up on her feet again, evidently delighted that more than an inch of progress had been made.

Thus, inch by inch, these two patient toilers carried their load, sometimes lifting as I have described, sometimes tugging with their horny forceps, sometimes pushing and thrusting with every posture and method. In a half-hour they had made less than a foot of progress.

Two hours later, when I returned from a fishing jaunt along the stream, they had reached the edge of the path, where there is a steep decline for eighteen inches toward the stream, and below it a soft bed of sandy loam. As it was the hour appointed for luncheon, and my comrades had not yet come, I waited to witness the burial, or at least the steps toward it.

In a few minutes the edge of the steep declivity had been reached. One beetle was on his back under the fish, pushing with all his might. The other was in front tugging with her teeth. Suddenly, as the verge was reached, the fish toppled; a miniature avalanche was set in motion, and down to the bottom went the three, the fish on top, the two sextons underneath. Thus they came to the grave, preparation for which had been made in my absence by clearing away leaves and small sticks, and by probing to see that there were no roots or large stones.

The body being now in place, excavations for its burial were immediately begun. Each of the beetles passing under began to dig away the soil and to thrust it backward with the feet. Soon, all around the body, at the distance of an inch or so from it, reminding one of the hasty intrenchment about some military camp, rose a little embankment of finely pulverized earth, which had been dug with the strong forceps that served as picks, and thrown back with the six horny feet that supplied the place of shovels. The body gradually sank as the embankment slowly rose, the head lingering longest above the original level.

I returned from time to time to watch the progress of the burial. When the shadows of evening were falling, and I returned for the last time, a portion of the head was still visible, all the rest being under the earth. In a few hours more the little red-throat was lying three or four inches under the ground, as neatly and carefully buried as if some man had done the work.

"What noble, unselfish fellows they must be!" I think I hear you say.

Not so unselfish, though, after all; for when the little fish has finally been laid at rest many small white eggs will be deposited in the body. In about a fortnight the eggs will hatch. The larva proceeding from each egg will find its proper food in the body of the fish; and after feeding upon it for a month, until fully grown, will leave the dead body and go several inches deeper in the ground, where it will form a cocoon. There it will sleep for four weeks more, and then come forth a fully equipped beetle.

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HOW THE GREAT PLAN WORKED.

By Victor Mapes.

How Bobby could do such a thing, I 'm sure I don't know. For Bobby was n't the least bit of a bad boy; indeed, that very morning, Aunt Sarah had given him a piece of jelly-cake because he was such a good boy to find her glasses for her. Perhaps he did n't think about its being good or bad at all; but just thought it would be fun and did it. Of course he had to be punished; but he seemed so sorry, when he found out that he ought not to have done it, that his father made the punishment very easy—Bobby could n't go roller-skating in the park next day—that was all. And Aunt Sarah gave him another piece of cake for acting like a little man; so, you see, it did n't have any very serious consequences. The way it happened was just this:

Bobby's two big brothers, Frank and Henry, were both athletes at Harvard College,—one was a runner, the other a jumper,—and together they had won a great many prizes. Mrs. Vane, Bobby's mother, like most other mothers, thought her sons were the finest athletes and the finest boys in the world; and she was so proud of the prizes they had won that she did n't know how to make enough of them. She bought a beautiful old "antique" cabinet to put them in, and had it placed right in the corner of the reception-room, where everybody that came to the house might see it. And the prizes were all beautifully arranged in it—the medals in pretty little plush cases, and the cups and pitchers and other kinds of silverware all set out in the most beautiful manner on a velvet cloth of the richest dark crimson. She kept the key of the cabinet safely in her jewel-box, and when anybody admired the prizes very much through the glass doors of the cabinet, she would send Bobby up for the key, or run up and get it herself, and then take out all the different prizes and tell about them individually—how beautiful they all were, and how gloriously Frank had run or Henry had jumped to win them.

Bobby, too, of course was proud of his brothers, and he had long ago made up his mind that he was going to be a great athlete himself, and win prizes just like Frank and Henry. Indeed, he had already run some great races round the circle in the park with Tommy White and Fred Vail, and all the other boys he played with. He had been many times to see his brothers run and jump, and he knew all about the regular games—all about the referee (the man who decided who won the race), and the time-keepers, and the handicaps (the starts that the good runners gave the poorer ones, so as to make the race exciting), and the starter (the

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man who fired the pistol for the race to start), and the tape at the finish (that the referee looked along with his eye to tell exactly which runner won) — and all the different features of real athletic games.

Well, one day — the day it all happened — a great idea came into Bobby's head. Why could n't he and Tom White get up a regular set of races in the park, just like the real ones? He could be referee, and Tom White starter; and they would have a tape at the finish, and handicaps, and make the different boys wear numbers when they ran, and do everything as in a real race. And they would make each boy that wanted to run give a "pure agate" as an entrance-fee.

He told Tommy White about his plan before school-time, and Tommy White thought it was magnificent — only what could they have for prizes to make a boy willing to give up a pure agate to try for them? And what do you think Bobby answered? Why, "All those medals and things in the cabinet, home." He knew where the key was, and they would set them out on a table in the park, just as they did in the real games. Tommy White fairly jumped for joy at the idea.

All the morning in school they could n't do anything else but think about it. They kept passing notes to each other full of all the different particulars about their big plan — how many races they would have, and how long each was to be, and how much handicap boys thirteen years old would have to give boys under thirteen, and ever so many other things. And long before recess came, every boy in the room had got news of it all; and there was so much excitement in school that poor Miss Love, the teacher, did n't know what in the world to make of it. She scolded and fretted and stood Tommy White up in the corner for talking; but even then she could n't keep things quiet. And when recess came, all the boys rushed around Bobby and Tommy, and there was the greatest kind of a hubbub till Miss Love made them sit down and try to eat their luncheons quietly.

Just as soon as school was out, the news spread like wildfire. In half an hour there was a perfect swarm of boys in the park, crowding around a table whereon were all the prizes — which big Bert Smith had charge of and would n't let anybody touch. Boys came from all over, boys whom Bobby had never seen in the park before, nor Tommy White either. Boys from other schools and other streets all heard about the races in some marvelous way, and came to find out if it were true, and to have a chance at the prizes.

Never before in his life had Bobby felt half so big. He stood there, up on one of the benches, feeling like a great man of some sort, holding in one hand his marble-bag almost full of pure agates, and telling rules and explaining things

"HE TOLD TOMMY WHITE ABOUT HIS PLAN BEFORE SCHOOL-TIME."

to all the boys who were crowding around and asking questions. Tommy White was sitting on the bench, right at Bobby's feet, with a book and pencil in his hand, taking down the names of the boys who were going to run. As each boy came up with his pure agate, Bobby examined it to see if it was a real one and did n't have too much quartz in it, or too many nicks; and just as soon as he said it was all right and put it in his marble-bag, Tommy White spelled down in the book the boy's name and his age and address, just like the regular official at the games. So many boys came up — boys of all sizes and ages — and there were getting to be so many names in the book, and so much noise and

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excitement to have the races begin, that pretty soon Bobby announced that he was going to "close the entries" for the first race. That was the regular expression he had heard his brothers speak of, and he was almost sure that he knew what it meant.

"Any other boys," he said, "who want to run will have to give in their names after the first race."

Then he got down from the bench, and he and Tommy White went off to another bench to decide about the first race. They would n't let anybody come near them, and all the boys stood around in a great state of excitement, looking at the prizes with open mouths, and talking about them, and looking at Bobby and Tommy as they deliberated with their heads together. And each boy who was going to run kept casting glances at all the others who had given in pure agates — the little boys saying to one another how unfair it was that such big boys were to be allowed to run in the race against them, and the big boys wondering how much start the little fellows were likely to get. And little clumps were whispering together about which boys were the fastest runners, and whether they were going to stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths, or take off their coats — in fact, everybody was very nervous and excited, and the boys were doing and saying all sorts of things.

Then Bobby and Tommy came back, and everybody stopped talking, and, in great suspense, they all crowded around Bobby, as he got up on the bench again to tell about the first race. Tommy White, at the same time, ran over to the table where the medals were and brought back a fine large gold medal, in a case, and a great big silver cup. He climbed up on the bench and stood there, alongside of Bobby, holding the two prizes in his hands. All the boys crowded closer and murmured and listened.

"The first race," said Bobby, "is going to be once around the circle, and these are the two prizes for it — the medal 's first prize, and the cup 's second. And only those boys who are thirteen years old can go in the first race, and there won't be any handicaps at all. The other boys who have given me pure agates will have to wait for the next race."

Some of the big boys were disappointed at this announcement, because they could n't have a chance at that particular medal; others were glad because they thought some of the prizes on the table were prettier. But the talk lasted for only a minute; for Bobby and Tommy White got down and went over to the chalk-line where the start was going to be, and called for all the boys thirteen years old who had their names down, to come and stand on the line. All the thirteen-year-old boys hurried up and crowded for places on the line.

Then Tommy White opened the book, just as the man does at the regular games, and called out the names, and told the boys to answer when their names were called. While that was going on, Bobby took out a ball of red yarn from his trousers pocket, and told two boys to stand on opposite sides of the path and stretch it across as a finishing-tape. Then, when the tape was ready and Bobby had run his eye along it to see that it was all right, and all the names had been called, Tommy White took out his cap-pistol and a box of caps from his pocket, and got it ready to start the race with. The crowd of boys and girls all moved back, in order to give the runners full room, and everybody waited for the start.

Bobby got in position so he could run his eye along the tape, and Tommy White stood behind the line of thirteen-year-old boys, all standing with one foot forward, ready to start.

"Now," said Tommy White, "you all understand that I 'm going to say: 'Are you ready? On your marks,' and then, when I fire the pistol, you go."

None of the boys knew exactly what the words meant; but they bent farther forward, and every one understood that the pistol was the signal to go.

"Now," said Tommy White, raising the pistol up above his head, "is everything right?" Everything was right. "Are — you — ready?" The line stood trembling, all bent forward. "On your marks." The line bent a little farther forward, and the suspense was awful. "Snap!" went the pistol, and the runners plunged forward.

"Hey!" "Go on, Billy!" "Go it, Frank!" shouted the crowd, as it flooded over the path behind the runners, eager with excitement.

"Hey!" "Tot!" "Tot!" "Tot!" "Tot!!"

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and even Bobby forgot for a moment that he was referee, and shouted too, as little Tot Leonard, with his handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, his long hair sailing out in the breeze, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, suddenly pushed forward ahead of the other runners and kept gaining on them.

"LITTLE TOT, WITH BIG HARRY RIGHT AT HIS SHOULDER, STRUGGLED OVER THE LINE A WINNER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Harry!" "Harry!" "Go on, Tot! Tot!" "Oh, he's tired — hey!" "Harry! Harry!" They were half-way round by this time, and big Harry Kane forged ahead of the straggling bunch and was racing nip-and-tuck with little Tot for first place. The crowd, carried away by excitement, ran toward them, and yelled and jumped for Harry or for Tot.

"Harry!" "Harry!" "Don't let him pass you, Tot!" "Keep on, Tot!" Tot's head was away up in the air, and the handkerchief was fluttering out of his mouth, but he would n't let Harry by him. His legs were tired, and he could hardly get his breath, and he thought he should never get to the finish; but he kept his teeth set on the handkerchief, and he *would n't* let Harry by him — not till he dropped, anyway. And he pushed along pluckily, looking up to the sky and feeling a sort of wild agony for the finish.

"Harry!" "Harry!" yelled the crowd,

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as Harry made a terrible effort at the last curve to get the lead.

"Hey!" "Tot!" "Look at Tot!" "T-o-t!!" Yes, and little Tot it was, too! He was bound Harry should n't pass him, and Harry never did pass him. His big head hung far back almost on his shoulders, and his eyes were shut, but he kept the inside track, and he knew the tape was just ahead. And as the crowd jammed back, shrieking frantically, little Tot, with big Harry right at his shoulder, struggled over the line a winner.

Then he stumbled and pitched down all in a heap. And when they ran and picked him up tears were running down his cheeks, and he was sobbing quietly to himself.

But just at that very minute, while the race was finishing and the crowd was screaming with excitement, and Bobby, the referee, was squinting along the tape, a new spectator had appeared on the scene — none other than Muggins, the butler, whom Mrs. Vane, in alarm, had sent out to see where Bobby was, and to find out what awful thing had happened to all her prizes. And that great, big, mean man of a Muggins put an end to the whole thing! He would n't let Tot or Harry have the prizes they had won, but jammed all the medal-boxes into his pockets, and took the cups on his arm, and made Bobby walk straight home with him without even giving the "referee" time to return the pure agates. And he told two boys to carry along the table.

Then the whole crowd marched, in a sort of a procession, over to Bobby's house. Muggins led the way with the cups in his arm, dragging Bobby by the hand. Tommy White, Lew Vail, and the table, with two or three other boys around it, followed next; and then came the straggling crowd of boys, girls, nurses, and babies, following along, most of them laughing at Muggins and Bobby, but every one of them disappointed that the great races had been spoiled. And away back, near the rear of the procession, was poor little Tot, with a few boys around him, wiping his eyes and hot face, still trembling a little and somewhat bewildered by it all.

Bobby's mother from her window saw them coming and went rushing down to the door. "Oh, Bobby, how could you?" was all she said to her sheepish darling, and Bobby, who now realized for the first time that he had been a very bad boy, felt too sorry to say anything.

"Have you got them all, Muggins?"

Yes, they were all there; not one was lost.

Muggins went out and took the table from Tommy White and Lew Vail, and Tommy asked Muggins to get the marble-bag from Bobby.

In a few minutes Muggins brought it out, and Tommy told all the boys to come over to the park with him and he 'd give them back their pure agates. And so the crowd moved back to the park.

Bobby went upstairs with his mother and tried to tell her how it was; but he soon broke down and had a good cry. His mother felt sorry for him and told him not to cry; she knew he did n't mean any wrong by it. And when Bobby's father came home that night, Mrs. Vane told him all about it; and, as I have said, he did n't punish Bobby very seriously. He only told Bobby not to go in the park next day; which punishment Bobby did n't mind very much, because, to tell the truth, he was just a little afraid that the boys would laugh at him. So he stayed in the house all day Saturday and read two whole stories from the "Arabian Nights," and Aunt Sarah gave him a piece of jelly-cake. And that was the end of it.

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CHOOSING A BOAT.

By F. W. Pangborn.

When a boy has learned to sail a boat and has discovered how very delightful sailing is, he is sure to wish for a yacht of his own; nor is he likely to be content until the desire for ownership shall have been satisfied by actual possession. The chief obstacle with which he has to contend, of course, is the cost, for yachts are expensive toys, and not every one can afford to purchase them. But a careful and patient person may, nevertheless, possess himself of a small yacht, if he will buy with discretion and at the right season of the year, which is the autumn. Yachtsmen are droll fellows; they build costly boats, use them a year or two, and then sell them for any price they can secure, often less than a quarter of their original cost. Therefore I say that the ownership of a nice little yacht is not beyond the possibilities, if a boy loves a boat, and is determined to own one; for pluck, luck, and patience accomplish wonders.

You can get an idea of the prices which second-hand boats bring from the following table, which I think you will find interesting:

STYLE OF YACHT.	LENGTH.	COST.	PRICE.
Cat	14	$250	$40
Cat	17	300	175
Cutter	22	800	200
Sloop	26	900	200
Yawl	23	450	250
Cat	22	700	200
Cat	33	750	350
Sloop	23	750	250
Sharpie	20	150	25
Cat	18	275	100
Cat	18	350	175
Sloop	31	1600	1000
Cat	17	300	75
Cat	26	650	225
Sloop	33	2100	450
Cat	26	1100	500

These figures are given me by owners who have sold their boats, and should be a fair indication of what your fathers would call "the state of the market."

You will probably be somewhat perplexed when I tell you that, in selecting a small sailboat, you have no less than five kinds of boats from which to choose, and that each may be better than all the others, in view of the use which you intend to make of it. The catboat has already been described in St. Nicholas, and possibly you have decided that nothing but a "cat" will suit you; but it is nevertheless a fact that sloops, cutters, yawls, and sharpies all have points of superiority over the catboat; and, when one intends to buy, it is better not to jump to conclusions but to make a careful and intelligent selection.

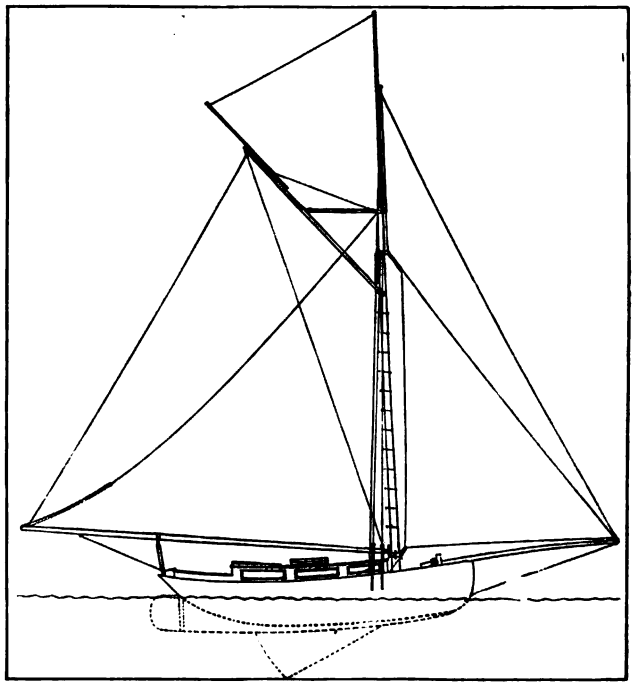

FIG. 1. SLOOP.

The sloop (Fig. 1) differs from the "cat"

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essentially. A catboat is propelled by driving-sail only; the sloop has both driving-sail and pulling-sail, for she carries, in addition to the mainsail of the catboat, a head-sail called the "jib." The mainsail, as you know, tends to "luff" the boat's nose into the wind, but the jib has the reverse effect and tends to force the bow off and away from the wind. These sails, if properly proportioned, cause the yacht to keep a straight course, to steer easily, and to sail without burying her head; for the jib lifts the bow, and the mainsail, being set back near the middle of the boat, does not drive her "down by the eyes," as does the sail of a catboat. In sailing a sloop, however, great care must be exercised; for this little jib is a treacherous sail and will lead you into trouble if you do not understand its wayward tricks. The rules for sloop-sailing are, briefly, these: Before "going about," cast off the jib; before coming to anchor or rounding-up to a mooring, lower the jib; when a squall strikes, cast off the jib. In fine, get rid of the jib first and work your boat with mainsail alone in all emergencies that occur when sailing to windward. In running before a strong wind, a reefed mainsail and a full jib give the best results; and sloops are better than catboats when running free, because the jib counteracts the tendency to luff, to steer hard, and to roll, all of which traits are ever present in the frisky catboat. Observe one rule at all times when sailing a sloop: Never fasten the jib so that it cannot be instantly cast off. Fastened jib-sheets cause nearly all the capsizes which occur in sloop-sailing.

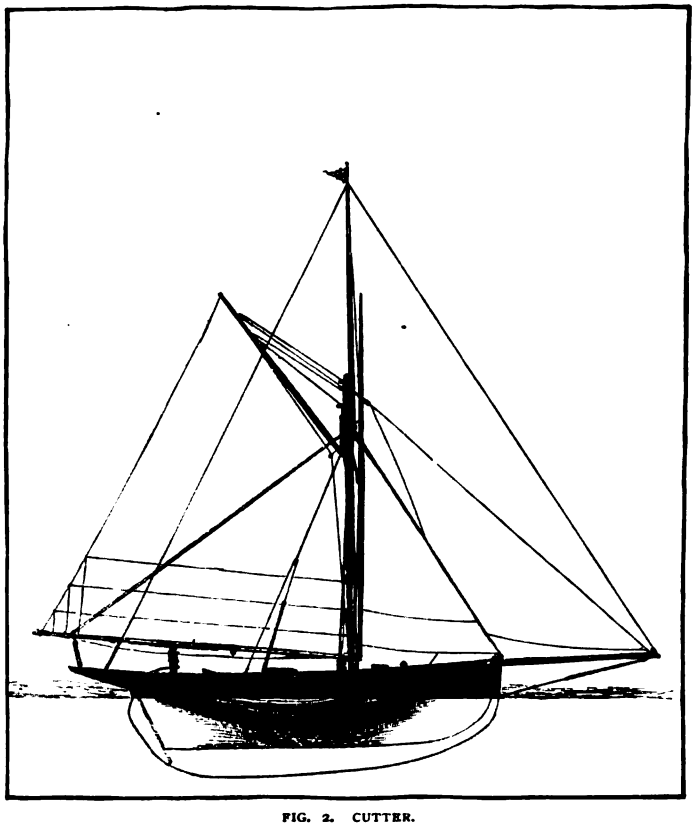

FIG. 2. CUTTER.

The cutter (Fig. 2) is a sloop with an extra head-sail. This is set from the bow to the masthead, is cut like a jib, and is called the stay-foresail. This rig is generally used with deep keel boats, which has led to a belief that a cutter is a deep, narrow keel yacht. Such, however, is not the case; the term applies only to the rig.

The centerboard sloop is by most thought the fastest kind of yacht; and very many successful racers, from the big "Volunteer" to the little twenty-footer winners in yacht-club regattas, have no doubt

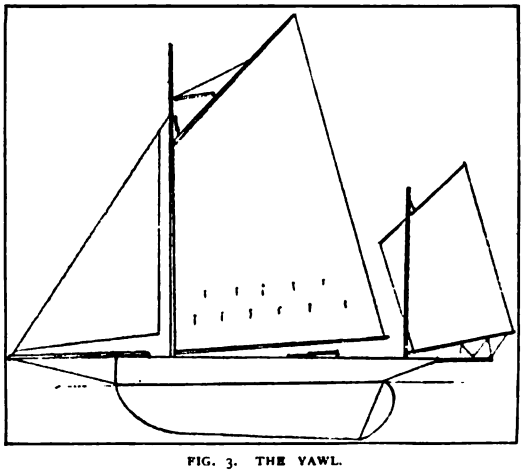

FIG. 3. THE YAWL.

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been sloops. But the sloop-rig is not by any means the safest and handiest for comfortable cruising. The yawl and sharpie are much safer and handier than the catboat and sloop, as you can see from the drawings.

You will notice that the yawl (Fig. 3) has an extra sail set at the stern. This is called a "driver," "mizzen," "jigger," or "dandy"; and it is a veritable friend in need at all times, requiring no care, and being always ready to

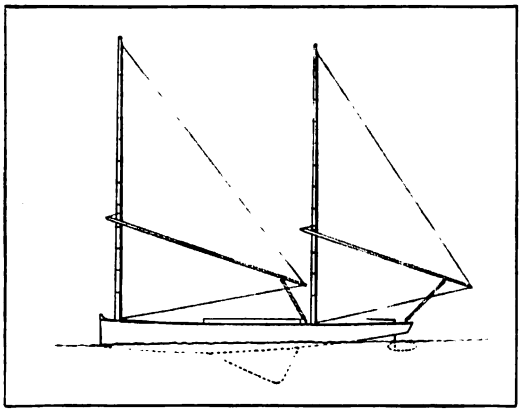
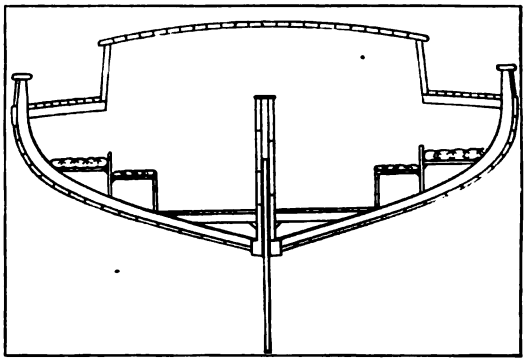


FIG. 4. A SHARPIE.

save you from a capsize and to help you in every manœuver. Its position is such that it always tends to luff the boat. If a squall strikes a yawl, she may right herself because of the pressure on this little driver; if a severe blow comes on, you can sail in safety with jib and driver alone, the mainsail being furled; in fact the yawl, with her mainsail down, is perfectly manageable, and as safe as safe can be. No reefing is necessary; just lower the mainsail and your yawl is "reefed" at once for the worst kind of weather. There is always plenty of driving-sail behind, and with the jib in front to balance this your boat is under full control. No sloop or catboat possesses such attributes of handiness and safety.

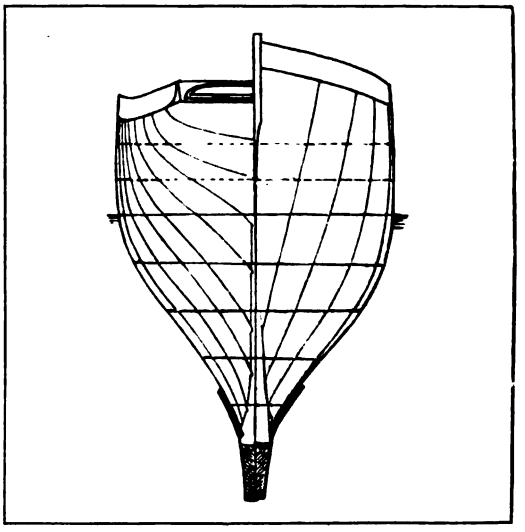
The sharpie (Fig. 4) is a yawl without a jib, and with a different cut of canvas. This rig is common on Long Island Sound, and is generally used for flat-bottomed boats. A sharpie is the best boat for very shallow inland waters, but not well adapted to a rough sea. Some very large sharpies carry jibs; but they are then really yawls, not sharpies; and some yawls are rigged without jibs, in which case they are called catyawls and are safer than the single-sail catboat. The flat-bottomed sharpie is the cheapest boat to build, costing not half so much as a round-modeled hull.

A word as to centerboard and keel. In buying



MIDSHIP SECTION OF TYPICAL CENTERBOARD SLOOP-YACHT.

a small cruising yacht, first decide whether you are to use her in deep or in shallow waters. If your sailing is to be done in shoal places, the keel is out of the question, because a keel boat will be aground in such waters half the time; but if you have plenty of deep water, use a keel boat. Such a boat is safer than the centerboarder because she has her ballast lower down. In fact, a very deep keel boat is uncapsizable; you can not upset her if you try. And then, there is more room inside of such a boat, because she has no centerboard-trunk to take up valuable space, and because of her depth. If



BODY PLAN OF TYPICAL ENGLISH CUTTER.

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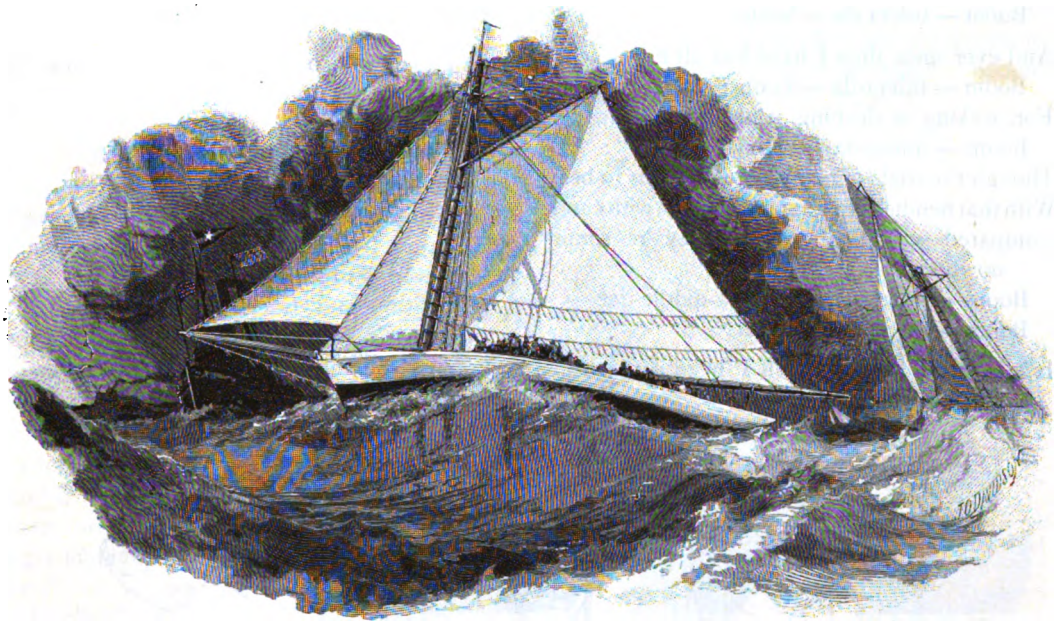
you prefer a light-draft centerboard boat, get one that is wide, for the stability of a shoal boat depends very much upon her beam.

In buying a boat, make sure that the bottom is thoroughly sound. Better a plain rig and a good hull than a fancy top and a rotten bottom, is a good motto in boat-buying. Select your boat with care, do not be in a hurry, know what you want, examine everything about her, and you are not likely to make a bad choice.



ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT.

TO MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

By Amy S. Bridgman.

A very bright man made a droll little rhyme;
  Boom — boom — boom!
I 've wished that he had n't full many a time;
  Boom — boom — boom!
I said, "Now, this book may be hidden away,
This rhyme is *so* funny, I 'll learn it to say,
Some child will be wanting a story some day."
  Boom — boom — boom!

To learn it was only a brief moment's task,
  Boom — tidera-da — boom!
(Now, once to forget it, is all that I ask!)
  Boom — tidera-da — boom!

Then quickly I tried it on two little boys
Who reveled in games that made plenty of noise,
But this pleased them better than all of their toys—
  Boom — tidera-da — boom!

And, hearing me say it, the little boys, too,
  Boom — tidera-da — boom!
With very slight practice could say it all through —
  Boom — tidera-da — boom!
And over and over, and over once more,

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We 'd say it while marching and pounding the floor,
Till some wicked people — well, really, they *swore*
At our boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —
Boom — tidera-da — boom!

And ever since then I have lost all my peace;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!
For, waking or sleeping, it never will cease;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!
Though the trials of many were grievous to bear,
With that fiendish old jingle of "Punch with care,"
Compared with this torment, they 're simply nowhere!
Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —
Boom — tidera-da — boom!

It 's worn on my nerves till I 'm ready to drop;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!
But, horror of horrors, it never will stop!
Boom — tidera-da — boom!
'Gainst reading or preaching it still holds its own,
And even when into my parlor were shown
Some strangers, my greeting, in solemnest tone,
Was, "Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee-
Boom — tidera-da — boom!"

It would seem the bright man must be worse off still;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!
I should like to inquire if he 's really ill;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!
But the mischief has gone to my head like wine,
And, just as I 'm going to say something fine,
I can't even get to the end of the line
Without boom — tidera-da — boom —
Boom — tidera-da — boom —
Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —
Boom — Boom — BOOM!

A FORMAL CALL.

(*A True Story.*)

A knock comes at my door as I sit alone in my room, sewing; and before I can say, "Come in!" a little voice says warningly, "I 'm not Barbara, mama; I 'm 'Mrs. Martin.'"

Whereupon I say, "Oh! Well, come in, Mrs. Martin." And "Mrs. Martin" (as little Barbara often calls herself) enters.

She wears over her night-gown a white blanket coat with blue stripes, and upon her bare feet are blue worsted slippers.

She shakes hands with me very demurely, and, seating herself in her little chair at my feet, remarks that "it is a very rainy day."

I express my fear that she may be wet; but

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she says "No," with a shake of her yellow curls — that she wore her "weather coat"!

"Won't you move closer to the fire, Mrs. Martin, and get warm?" I ask hospitably.

"Yes," says Mrs. Martin, with a sudden return to realism, "but I don't see any fire here!"

"We 'll pretend my sewing-table is the fire," I suggest.

"Oh, yes; so we will," answers Mrs. Martin, holding her feet very near the imaginary blaze.

"Well, Mrs. Martin," I say briskly, "what's the news at your house?"

"The news is — is—, I 've been reading a book."

"Indeed? — and what is the name of the book?"

"The name is — 'Cloris Chander,' and it tells about a man who dances jig-a-maree for roast beef!"

This bold stroke of fancy is too much for even Mrs. Martin's stilted gravity, and she laughs merrily.

"That must be a very strange story, Mrs. Martin. Have you read any others?" I ask her.

"No-o; you know I have no time. I have such hard work to do."

"I 'm sorry for that, Mrs. Martin. How does it happen?"

"Well, I have no cook; so I have to *cook* and *cook* all day! My cook has gone away."

"I hope she will come back soon, Mrs. Martin," I say feelingly.

"No, she will not come till Thanksgiving. I make bread too — but not the way cook does!"

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Martin. And how do you make your bread?"

"I put it in a bowl, and *roll* and *roll* it around."

"Yes, but what do you put in it?"

"Well," says Mrs. Martin, "I put some — some — water, and — and — *not* sugar; sugar is not good for my children," she adds severely; "but I put in spinach —"

This is so unexpected that I cannot help laughing; and this vexes Mrs. Martin, who suddenly changes back into Barbara to reprove me.

"No, mama, you *must not* laugh. Spinach makes good bread — very good!"

I hasten to make my peace: "Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Martin; you see I never heard of that way before, that 's all." Then, changing the subject, "How hard it rains! I fear the roads are very bad for walking."

"Yes," said Mrs. Martin; "but I will send for my horse and carriage to take me home. I have *three* strong horses, and they can take me home as well as not."

Just then a faint clatter of china is heard in the next room, the nursery tea is announced by the little sister, and "Mrs. Martin" leaves without the formality of saying good-by to her hostess.

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THIS month, my dear going-back-to-school friends, we will lead off with a few striking bits of information from various quarters, and end with a very curious American race and one in which a clerical plant like myself cannot help feeling mildly interested.

Meantime Deacon Green desires me to announce that letters to the dear Little Schoolma'am and himself concerning Our National Hymn * are steadily coming in, but that they would be glad to receive many more, by way of taking up, so to speak, a collection of ideas on the subject from this entire congregation.

And now let us consider the following serious charge:

TELEGRAPH-POLES FOOLING BEARS AND WOODPECKERS.

NOW you will say that this is a thing that no well-behaved, self-respecting telegraph-pole ought to do. But the fact is, they cannot help it. They simply do the buzzing (as any one can learn by applying an ear to the poles), and listening bears and woodpeckers are deceived by their own hasty conclusions. At least, so I am told by the dear Little Schoolma'am, who got the facts straight from nature and a trusty newspaper or two. With the little lady's permission, I now will submit these facts to you:

It appears that one Monsieur Pasteur, who is Inspector of Telegraphic Service at Java, reports that the woodpeckers in that island, hearing a buzzing sound, apparently coming from the inside of telegraph-poles, make up their bright little minds that there are insects gnawing the wood. So they dig great holes in the poles with their bills in the hope of securing the insects or grubs. The same incident has been observed in Norway; and the journal *Nature* says that, in some regions, the large stones piled against telegraph-poles to keep them in place have been removed by bears. These creatures evidently take the buzzing sounds for a sign that bees are about. So Bruin thinks there must be honey concealed somewhere beneath the pile of stones.

The birds and animals have not yet learned much about vibrating wires or electricity, you see.

ENTERPRISING BEGONIAS.

EVERYBODY who raises flowers knows that certain kinds of begonias may be started by cutting off a leaf and laying it in the ground; but does everybody know that they sometimes try to start themselves? Last winter we had one so anxious to establish its family in the world that some of its leaves began to sprout while still fast to the plant. Almost covering the top of these leaves were little tube-like stems not a half inch in length, on which were tiny leaves, shaped just like the large ones below.

Of course as the leaves became old these dried up and withered too, but there is no doubt that they would have grown into perfect plants if they had been put in the ground. Now was this just a freak of nature, or does every one of that kind of begonias do the same? Who among the young botanists can tell? Yours very truly, L. F.

ABOUT THE FARTHING.

A LADY sends to this pulpit some information concerning the English penny, ha'penny, and farthing, which may interest you. None of these things grow in my meadow, but the English clover is quite at home there nowadays, and I like it exceedingly.

Here is the letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors.

At the time of Ethelred, in 866, it was equal in value to the present threepence, and until the days of Edward First, it was so deeply indented that it might easily be broken and parted, when occasion demanded, into two parts — these were called half-pence; or into four parts — these were called *four things*, or farthings.

The farthing is now a small copper coin of Great Britain equal to the fourth of a penny in value.

The American cent, though sometimes called a penny, is of different value from the English penny, and we have no such coin as the farthing.

The word farthing, as used by the Saxons, was spelled *feorthung*. Yours truly, VIRGINIA FARLEY.

QUEENS' NEEDLES.

NO doubt many of you have seen "Cleopatra's Needle," sometimes called the Egyptian obelisk, in Central Park. It must have been difficult to sew with it, and in spite of the saying, "Kings have long arms," I doubt whether any queen ever had hands large enough or strong enough to use such an enormous needle as that. Besides, there is no eye in Cleopatra's needle. It would have been easy to bore an eye through the obelisk, for here is a letter that tells of an achievement far more surprising:

DEAR JACK: While reading an old copy of the New York *Tribune* recently, I happened upon this item, which I think will interest your little hearers:

"The Queen of Roumania, during her recent sojourn in England, say foreign papers, visited a needle factory.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1891, page 723.

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While watching the work one of the men asked Her Majesty for a single hair from her head. The queen granted his request, with a smile. The man, who was engaged in cutting the eyes in the needles, placed the hair under the needle of his machine, bored a hole in it, drew a fine silk thread through the hole, and then presented the threaded hair to the astonished queen."

Yours very truly, L. M.

A TRAVELING PLANT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was sitting in a passenger-car looking out over a stretch of prairie land in the great Arkansas valley. The day was windy; indeed, a ship captain who sat next me said it was "half a gale," though, judging from the way the wind shrieked past us, I should not have thought of using a fraction in describing it. Suddenly a number of elegantly shaped, slightly built animals appeared in the distance and rushed toward the moving train. The wind, the antelopes,—for such they proved to be,—and the train engaged in a race, in which the antelopes, for a short time, held their own; but what most astonished me was that the antelopes were pursued by great gray balls, some of which were from four to five feet in diameter.

ANTELOPES FLEEING FROM THE TRAVELING PLANT.

Not one of our party could imagine what these were, never having heard of anything of the kind. We watched the curious sight until the locomotive and the wind left the antelopes and the pursuing balls far behind us. To increase our interest, however, many more such balls could be seen on the windward side of the track, piled up against the wire fences, and in ravines and gulleys along our onward route.

I afterwards learned that what our party saw were known to the plainsmen as "tumble-weeds," and to botanists as the *Cycloloma plalyphylium*. It belongs to a genus of plants that grow into a thick, globe-shaped mass of twigs and small branches, attached to their roots each by a small stem that in the fall becomes dry and brittle; and, as the autumn winds sweep over the prairie, these stems break off, and the tumble-weeds go bounding away, scattering their seeds as they go.

Antelopes and jack-rabbits, grouse, and prairie-dogs are put to flight, cattle are stampeded, and the road-beds clogged by these flying masses of brush-wood.

I sent you, dear Mr. Jack, a photograph, which I hope will be copied for your crowd of young folk. It was taken from life, and by comparing the size of the tumble-weed ball with that of the man beside it, one can form a general idea of the proportions often attained by these traveling wonders. Yours very truly,

J. C. BEARD.

A TUMBLE-WEED BALL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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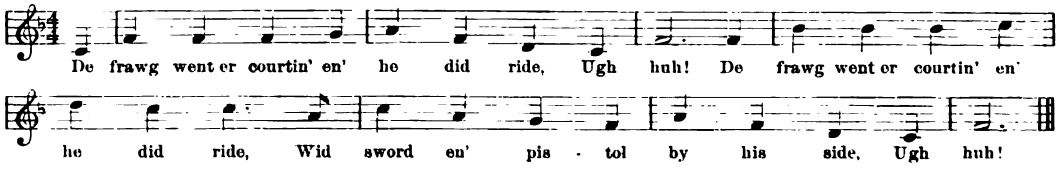
MAMMY'S BED-TIME SONG.

By Edward A. Oldham.

WHAT, ernudder story, chilluns? Waal, I nebber hyah de beat!
Yer pesters me so 'tinually dat I dun't hab time ter eat,
But ef yo' 'll shet dem peepers, den, en go right straight off ter sleep,
I 'll sing er little song I knows dat 'll meck yo' laff er heap.

Hit 's erbout de cur'ous weddin' ob de bull-frawg en de mouse,
En how he rode de w'ite rabbit ter his sweet jularky's house,
En erbout de weddin' doin's, en de music — ebbryting!
Now yo' all lay still en listen ter de song dat Mammy 'll sing: *

* Mammy's song is an old negro bed-time melody in the South and is sung to a tune the notes of which we print herewith.



Er frawg went er-courtin', en he did ride,
Ugh-huh!
Er frawg went er-courtin', en he did ride,
Wid sword en pistol by his side.
Ugh-huh!

He rode twell he cum'd ter de gre't w'ite hall,
Ugh-huh!

He rode twell he cum'd ter de gre't w'ite hall,
En dar he done bof rap en call.
Ugh-huh!

"Oh, purty Miss Mousie, is yo' within?"
Ugh-huh!
"Oh, purty Miss Mousie, is yo' within?"
"Oh, yas, sah. Hyah I sets en spin."
Ugh-huh!

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"Oh, purty Miss Mousie, I 's come hyah ter woo,"
Ugh-huh!
"Oh, purty Miss Mousie, I 's come hyah ter woo,
Ef yo' 'll wed me, den I 'll wed yo'."
Ugh-huh!

"As fer marriage, sah, I mus' tell yer nay,"
Ugh-huh!
"As fer marriage, sah, I mus' tell yer nay,
Bekase mer Uncle Rat 's erway."
Ugh-huh!

Den de ole Uncle Rat cum'd home dat night,
Ugh-huh!
Den de ole Uncle Rat cum'd home dat night,
En axed whar wuz his damsel bright.
Ugh-huh!

"Oh, who 's come er-courtin' sence I 's ben gone?"
Ugh-huh!
"Oh, who 's come er-courtin' sence I 's ben gone?"
"Er handsome lad as e'er was bawn."
Ugh-huh!

"Den teck his w'ite hoss en put 'im erway,"
Ugh-huh!
"Den teck his w'ite hoss en put 'im erway,
En feed him good on cawn en hay."
Ugh-huh!

"Den draw de 'simmon beer en fotch de wine,"
Ugh-huh!
"Den draw de 'simmon beer en fotch de wine,
So me en him kin set en dine."
Ugh-huh!

Den come er-walkin' in de mole so black,
Ugh-huh!
Den come er-walkin' in de mole so black,
Wid fiddle tied upon his back.
Ugh-huh!

Dar come er-friskin' in de dancin' flea,
Ugh-huh!
Dar come er-friskin' in de dancin' flea,
En he did dance out-rageous-lee.
Ugh-huh!

Den de jay-bird come wid er solemn look,
Ugh-huh!
Den de jay-bird come wid 'er solemn look,
En fotch de parson wid his book.
Ugh-huh!

Den come er-sneakin' in er cat so black,
Ugh-huh!
Den come er-sneakin' in er cat so black,
En grabbed Miss Mousie by de back.
Ugh-huh!

Den ole Uncle Rat he run up de wall,
Ugh-huh!
Den old Uncle Rat he run up de wall,
En in er dark hole he did crawl.
Ugh-huh!

Young Mister Frawg he jumped in de brook,
Ugh-huh!
Young Mister Frawg he jumped in de brook,
En dar he met er 'scovy duck
Ugh-huh!

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En de duck she gobbled him right erlong,
Ugh-huh!
En de duck she gobbled him right erlong,
En dat 's de een' of Mammy's song.
Ugh-huh!

"Dar now, chilluns, shet yer eyes, *shet* yer eyes! Dey 's wider open den dey wuz berfo'. I ain't gwine ter tell yer nary nudder story, er sing yer ernudder song, ef yer dun't go right straight ter sleep."

A voice from below: "Mandy, have n't those children gone to sleep yet?"

"Lor! no, missus, dat dey hain't — dey ain't er-stud'in' sleep, en I 's plum wore out wid em!"

At this announcement there is a precipitate diving of little heads beneath the cover, followed by a period of silence, and a few moments later the sound of gentle breathing indicates that the youngsters have at last entered into the land of pleasant dreams.

Old Mammy, with a chuckle of satisfaction, tiptoes noiselessly from the chamber, looking cautiously back as she passes through the door, and disappears down the stairway.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CHAMA, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a little town in the northern part of New Mexico, located in a beautiful valley, surrounded by the grand old Rocky Mountains, whose snowy peaks appear, like giant sentinels, to keep watch over the quiet valley at their feet.

Of these mountains, Chama Peak is the highest, and its summit is often covered with snow as late as July.

The summers here are cool and delightful, and the winters are not extremely cold, though we usually have heavy falls of snow, which blockade the railroads, and shut us out from the rest of the world, sometimes for weeks.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, a few miles above here, passes over the top of the Conejos range (pronounced Conăhos) at a place called Cumbres. There the snow is frequently thirty or forty feet feet deep, and people walk about on snow-shoes over the roofs of the houses. They dig tunnels from the street to the doorways, to go in and out. The far-famed Toltec gorge is only about twenty miles from here. The gorge is three times the height of Trinity Church steeple, in New York.

Fifteen miles south of Chama is the little Mexican town of Los Ojos (Hot Springs). The carriage drive from Chama to Los Ojos is a beautiful one; the road is overshadowed by magnificent forest trees, and the sparkling waters of the Chama River dance merrily along beside it, and finally empty into the Rio Grande. The drive along this river road — through the moonlight, watching the flitting shadows that throng the hillsides, listening to the shrill bark of a coyote that now and then pierces the silence — is one which possesses a peculiar fascination for me.

At Los Ojos there is a band of Penitentes, who yearly

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parade the streets, flogging themselves with the thorny cactus, carrying heavy wooden crosses, etc. They also suspend a man upon the cross. Several years ago a man died upon the cross at that place. There are only two American families residing at Los Ojos; the rest of the people are Mexicans. They live in one-story, flat-roofed adobe houses, most of which have mud floors and no carpets. The people live chiefly on mutton, with chilli sauce. Nearly every house is ornamented with a string of red peppers, thus adding a picturesque bit of color to the dusty gray tints which prevail in the mud houses and the treeless plains surrounding them.

The attire of the Mexican ladies may be described briefly as "a happy family of the most quarrelsome colors," which is somewhat toned down by the black reboza which is the universal head-covering.

The Mexicans have many queer customs which I should like to describe for the benefit of your readers, but I must not exhaust your patience at the outset, or you will never care to hear from me again.

Very sincerely your devoted reader,

KATHRYN W——.

THE WATERFALL.

ALWAYS falling, always falling,
Always falling fast.
Are you tired of always falling?
Will you stop at last?

Birds are singing all around you,
And quite near you squirrels play.
Will you stop your constant going,
Just to listen for a day?

Will you tell me where you came from?
From some mountain far away,
Or some noisy, distant streamlet,
Where you merrily did play?

But the water answers nothing,
Only keeps on falling fast,
As it has been ever falling,
From the long, long ages past.

MAMIE G. O.
A young contributor.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you will enjoy hearing something of the interesting things I have seen since I have been in Europe. Last summer mama and I went up to a little village in the Apennine mountains called Castagno (chestnut). It was a very picturesque little place. It is the same village that Andréa del Castagno (the painter) came from. About six hundred years ago there was a landslide which swept away the village, and the inhabitants were obliged to leave their homes and go to seek shelter in some other village. After some years they began to sigh for their homes on the mountain-side; so some of them went back. Those that went back took the name of Ringressi (returned). The peasants with whom we stayed were descendants of those that returned. Near-by the house there was a very lovely little brook; I liked very much to go out and sit by it and listen to its babbling as it went rushing down the mountain-side. The house where we were was very interesting. The kitchen was the most frequented of all the rooms. In it there was a very large fireplace, where all the cooking was done. Projecting from the chimney was a hood made to keep the smoke from coming out into the room. Up under this hood on one side of the fire was an armchair and on the other a bench large enough for three people to sit on. I was very glad on cold nights to sit up in the armchair by the fire. On the way up to this village you have to ride donkey-back for about five miles. I got on a donkey for the first time in my life, expecting to ride just a little way, but I did not get off till we got to the peasant's house. Mama rode in a little cart drawn by a mule. When the mule got to the first hill he began to back; mama jumped out of the cart just in time to save herself from being thrown out, for as soon as she was out one wheel came off and went rolling down the road. After that mama said she would not ride any more, so she began to walk; after a while the men came up to her with the cart all nicely mended and asked her if she would not get in. So she got in, and the way they got the mule to go up hills was this: when he began to back the men would push the cart on to him. While I was up in the mountains I rode on donkey-back up the highest mountain in this part of Italy. From the top I could see water on both sides of Italy, on one the Mediterranean Sea, and on the other the Adriatic, and I could also see the city of Venice, which is a hundred and forty miles away. We took our lunch on the summit of the mountain, and while my donkey nibbled grass I ate two slices of black bread and drank two cups of delicious goat's milk. We were obliged to go in little goat-paths that went along the mountain-side and were sometimes hardly big enough for our donkeys to walk in. I felt sorry when the time came to go away from the quaint little village. On our way home I rode donkey-back to San Godenso, and from there we took a mountain coach to Ponte Sieve; from there we went on the railroad and back to Florence.

I am eleven years old, and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about four years. Papa sends you to me every month from Boston, and I am always glad to see you.

Yours affectionately, FLORENCE R. H——.

SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, U. S. S. "MARION."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am living on board a man-of war, and I find it very amusing. My papa is the captain, and we are making him a visit. I enjoy watching the sailors drill at quarters morning and evening. I like to see the colors lowered at sundown when the officers and crew salute the flag by taking off their hats.

There are about twenty apprentice boys, and I often talk to them and lend them the ST. NICHOLAS. This ship expects to go to Japan, and mama, my sister, and a friend of ours, and I think of going by steamer to Yokahama. I wonder how we shall like living among the Japanese for a time.

I have a little dog whose name is Fritz; he has been blind for nearly two years, but I love him all the same. He crossed the continent with me, and he has been my constant companion all through our travels. He seemed to enjoy living on board the "Marion" very much; all the sailors loved and petted him a great deal. My sister has taken the ST. NICHOLAS since 1880, and I have always enjoyed reading the shorter stories.

Your affectionate little reader,

ELEANOR B——.

KEARSARGE, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time ago I read a letter in your magazine from an army girl; soon after there was one from an army boy, so I feel it is the girls' turn again, and as I am an army girl, too, I think I will write one.

My papa is stationed in the far West, but we spent last summer in a New England village. Soon after we reached there, papa and I, with some friends, climbed Mt. Kearsarge. It is 3200 feet high, very rugged and

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difficult to climb. The view from the top is perfectly magnificent; I counted ten or twelve little lakes nestled here and there among the trees. One small one particularly attracted my attention; it looked as if some giant in putting his cane down had made a deep dent and then Dame Nature had caused one of her numerous little springs to come gurgling up and form this beautiful little lake, like a mirror among the dark pines. On the way down we picked eight quarts of blueberries, and half a peck of mountain cranberries. I had a lovely time there. Papa and I went off on long tramps, and always came home laden with berries, beautiful autumn leaves, ferns, and many curiosities.

Where I was staying there was a dear old lady; she was very old, almost eighty-nine years, and yet was very fond of children, and though my papa says I am always brimful of fun and mischief, I didn't seem to worry her at all. She made silk quilts, and was quite as much interested in the news of the day as many younger people. Right near our house there was a lovely brook which rushed and leaped over the rocks, sparkling like a thousand beautiful gems. I have spent many happy hours there, reading and playing, but the happiest of all was when I went in wading. Like most of your readers I have some pets — a lovely black pony, a dog named James Blaine, and a canary bird; at my papa's last station, I had four rabbits, three ducks, a donkey, and a pair of bantam chickens, besides the three already mentioned. Papa has taken ST. NICHOLAS for me ever since I was three years old (I am twelve now), and I am sure I shall never be too old to enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and *everything* in it.

From your loving reader,
LOUISE M. S.——

STOCKHOLM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if many of your readers have been in Sweden. Half the year here it is all gloom and the other half all daylight. I like the Swedes very much, though I cannot understand all they say. It looks very funny to see over a café or a hotel door "Bad Rum"; one would think they were advertising bad rum, but it means a bath-room; and they call everything *affär* (affair), "hat affär," "sko affär" (shoe affair), which looks very funny, instead of shoe-shop. They have very queer things to eat, too. What would you say to slices of *pâté de foie gras* with cold raw oysters picked out of their shells and laid around as ornament? A great delicacy is *grav lax* — that is, a salmon buried raw in the ground with some bay-leaves and then dug up after two days, served, and *eaten!* Before dinner they pass a tray about with sardines, bread and butter, radishes, cheese, and hard eggs to the *invités*, and a glass of brandy-wine. It looks so peculiar to see ladies eating all this with their gloves on just before going in to a big dinner; they call it *smörgaas*. In all the hotels or cafés they have spread out a "*smörgaas bord*," which I translate as bread and butter table, where you pay a *krone* (twenty-seven cents) and eat your fill of everything on the table, and there are sometimes twenty different things and no one to look at what you eat. They had a gymnastic fête that lasted five days. The women and men from Finland did the best as gymnasts. Then came the Danes, but the Englishmen got the prizes for running and jumping. I wish there had been some Americans; I am sure they would have won everything. We saw four hundred soldiers do the gymnastics all at once. It was very pretty; they do it so regularly that it looked as if they were moved by machinery. Then some soldiers with all their traps on, headed by their officers, ran over ditches, hedges, fences, and walls. When they got to a great high wall, how do you think they got over? They climbed in each other's hands and stood on each other's shoulders, then jumped down, till there was only one left, so they let him over a rope and pulled him over.

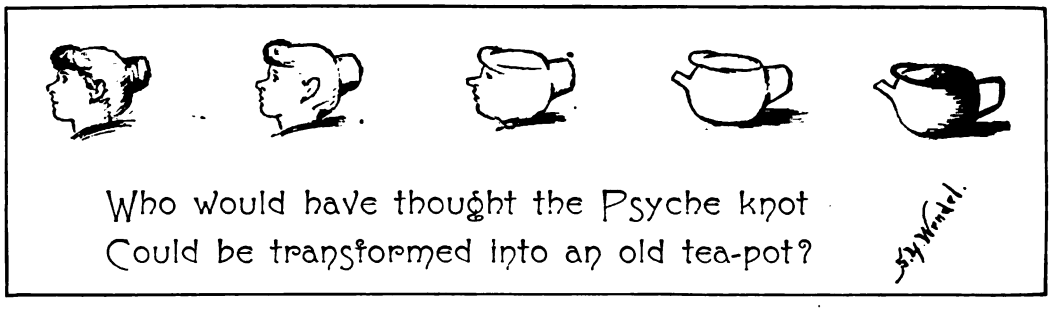
I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for two years, and I am always so interested in it; I think it is the nicest book in the world.

I am your little reader,
FREDERIKKE H. L——.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Of course we take you or I would not write. I am an American girl, thirteen years old, but not very little. Three years ago we went to Arizona. Some people think Arizona is a dreadful place, but I like it very much. We were in the Mule Pass Mountains. We lived in an adobe house with four rooms in it — parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms. It was a mining town called Bisbee. The principal mine was the "Copper Queen." Your reader,
BELLE H——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for the pleasant letters received from them: Lulu S. G., S. C. and L. C., Belle S., L. B., A. I. R., Ethel F., Alice J., E. M. B., Marian G. B., Alfred F. E., E. W. P., Agnes B. B., Agnes G., Thomas F. H., N. L. G., Caroline C., Wentworth N. C., Robbie H. L., Zoe S., M. T. A., Maud, Clara and Bessie, M. P. H., May W., Belle C., H. C. T., Louise Z. G., Belle H., A. F. G., Muriel E. M. P., Huntington W. J.



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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Morass. 2. Orient. 3. Ridder. 4. Ædile. 5. Snells. 6. Stress. II. 1. Turbot. 2. Usurer. 3. Rubini. 4. Briton. 5. Œnone. 6. Trines.

PI. The scarlet poppies cluster by the road,
The sweeping scythes flash in the falling grass,
And lumbering wagons, with their heavy load,
Along the dusty highway, lingering, pass
In harvest time.

Oh, bounteous season, rich through every hour
In gifts that make our souls with joy a-tune;
The fruitful earth is lavish of her dower,
From morning's flush till glows the yellow moon,
In harvest time.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Curlew. 2. Union. 3. Riot. 4. Lot. 5. En. 6. W.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Third row, nightingale. Cross-words: 1. Bangkok. 2. Bridgeport. 3. England. 4. Bahia. 5. Little Rock. 6. China. 7. Nan-Ling. 8. Afghanistan. 9. Black. 10. Kalahari. 11. Spencer Gulf.

BEHEADINGS. I. Milton. Cross-words: 1. M-ark. 2. I-deal. 3. L-ash. 4. T-angle. 5. O-range. 6. N-one. II. Dryden. Cross-words: 1. D-river. 2. R-ear. 3. Y-earn. 4. D-rake. 5. E-vent. 6. N-ought.

DROPPED LETTERS. 1. Shoot *folly* as it flies. 2. *Spare* the rod and spoil the child. 3. Death *comes* without calling. 4. *Human* blood is of one color. 5. It is very hard to *share* an egg. 6. Haste makes *waste*. 7. Lying *rides* on debt's back. 8. Dependence is a poor *trade*. 9. Out of pocket is out of *style*. "LAMMAS DAY."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Mark Twain; finals, Tom Sawyer. Cross-words: 1. MounT. 2. AtelO. 3. RealM. 4. KillS. 5. TibiA. 6. WidoW. 7. ApplY. 8. IrenE. 9. NadiR.

STAR PUZZLE. From 7 to 8, niche; 8 to 9, essay; 9 to 10, yacht; 10 to 11, traps; 11 to 12, swear; 12 to 13, remit; 13 to 14, trace; 14 to 15, easel; 15 to 16, leper; 16 to 17, rabid; 17 to 18, demur; 18 to 7, redan; 7 to 1, Nemesis; 2 to 9, alchemy; 3 to 11, trowels; 4 to 13, upright; 15 to 5, lacquer; 17 to 6, discern; 1 to 6, Saturn.

DIAMOND. 1. A. 2. Art. 3. Antic. 4. Artemis. 5. Timid. 6. Cid. 7. S.

CHARADE. I-van-hoe.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Tapir. 2. Aware. 3. Pagan. 4. Irate. 5. Renew. II. 1. Usage. 2. Sleep. 3. Ælio. 4. Gelid. 5. Epode.

A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

MYTHOLOGICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Niobe; 2 to 4, Erato; 4 to 7, Orion; 1 to 3, Naiad; 3 to 6, Diana; 6 to 7, Arion; 2 to 5, Epeus; 3 to 5, Delos; 5 to 7, Siren.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — "The McG.'s" — "Infantry" — Lillie O. Estabrook — Jo and I — "Charles Beaufort" — "Uncle Mung" — "Wee 3" — Alice M. Blanke — E. M. G. — Hubert L. Bingay — "Hawkeye" — Ida Carleton Thallon — "King Anso IV." — "A Family Affair."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "Wisteria, Forget-me-not, and Heliotrope," 1 — Helen H., 1 — Carlotta W. Morgan, 1 — Louise Wells, 1 — H. G. W., 1 — E. L. Derby, 5 — Pearl F. Stevens, 10 — Arthur Adams, 1 — No name, New York, 1 — Genevieve P. Mattingly, 1 — John J. Lawrence, 7 — Clara B. Orwig, 7 — Ailie and Lily, 1 — "Kittens," 1 — Nellie L. Howes, 9 — Florence and Frances Cummings, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Elaine S., 3 — Bonnie Banks, 5 — Lottie Avery, 1 — Ruth A. Hobby, 3 — David W. Jayne, 8 — Julia M. Hoyt, 1 — Elma Smith, 1 — Madge H. Lyons, 1 — Agnes C. Leaycraft, 1 — "Ipse Dixit and Major," 5 — "Mr. Toots," 9 — Annie Kerr and Grace Harris, 1 — "May and '79," 8 — H. M. C. and Co., 9 — J. A. F. and J. H. C., 7 — Wilfred W. Linsley, 3 — Ida and Alice, 10 — "Nifesca," 1 — Clara and Emma, 2 — Carrie K. Thacher, 9 — Nellie Archer, 1 — C., Estelle, and Clarendon Ions, 1 — Blanche and Fred, 10 — "Five M's," 4 — "Papa and Ed," 8 — No name, San Francisco, 8 — Georgina G. Rundle, 7 — "Harry and Mama," 4 — "Nemo," 1 — Mama, Marion, and Adeline, 7 — "Only I," 1 — Freddie Sutro, 4.

THE RIDDLE BOX

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the handle of a printing-press, and leave a carnivorous animal. 2. Behead a mountain nymph, and leave to peruse. 3. Behead a place where provisions are kept, and leave certain coins. 4. Behead a South American rodent, and leave pertaining to an ailment which attacks epicures. 5. Behead a bracelet, and leave a corner. 6. Behead elaborate discourses, and leave allowances. 7. Behead circumscribed, and leave a weapon. 8. Behead to lift, and leave a newt. 9. Behead condition, and leave to narrate. 10. Behead one who joins, and leave saltpeter. 11. Behead to twist together, and leave corrupt.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous painter. ELDRED JUNGERICH.

WORD-SQUARE.

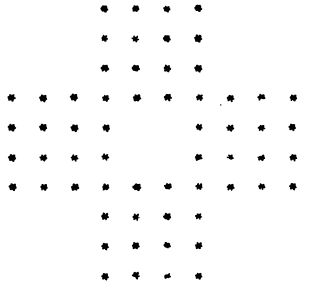
1. A MASCULINE name. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A tenement. 4. Extremity. B. C. G.

ZIGZAGS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a man who was known as the "Father of the Marshalsea."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small stick. 2. To eat sparingly. 3. To baffle. 4. To select. 5. A beautiful lady of King Arthur's court. 6. An American arctic explorer. 7. Metheglin. 8. To prepare for publication. 9. To push into. 10. To pass lightly. 11. To encircle. 12. A tropical fruit. 13. A water-fowl. C. H. T.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A companion. 2. Anticipation. 3. A tropical tree. 4. A set of officers who eat at the same table together.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To wander. 2. One time. 3. The highest point. 4. To converge.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Auction. 2. A word meaning "verily." 3. To bestow temporarily. 4. Completes.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Gentle. 2. To assert. 3. Stables. 4. Formerly. F. L. NORTON.

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NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and am a quotation from Auerbach.

My 62-12 is a conjunction. My 28-37-48-34 is one of a pair much resembling one another. My 22-57-14-44 is custom. My 41-25-59-8 is the fleecy coat of the sheep. My 4-10-39-19 is a small and harmless animal. My 6-49-15-32-55 is a mineral substance. My 1-35-30-46-26 is entwined. My 43-52-11-58 is an astringent substance which crystallizes easily. My 16-2-27-17-21 is complete. My 36-61-23-3-13 is to inflict. My 63-47-5-20-45-56 is an artificer. My 50-38-18-53-33 is an edible mollusk. My 24-31-9-51-54-42-60-7-40-29 is slow. C. B.

PI.

Ew mewcodel yam twih lal ehr inchgang siske,
Dan hadlíe wiht yoj eht yenquel thomn fo sworfel,
Cointung meso sebsling no ache glefnite yad,
Glenlit hemt no a rasroy fo roush.
Mose lied stare stum allf boave het stap
Rof lal eht twese, dade sayd hatt ew breemrem;
Tub, hwit het rengrade surersate ni rou sparg,
Ew kirdn het lendog wien fo thrigb trepmeseb.

ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Add a small ball to a preposition, and make a brief statement. Answer: Bullet-in.

1. Add warmth to a domestic fowl, and make a pagan. 2. Add to equip to a feminine name, and make a fleet of armed ships. 3. Add an instrument of torture to a hole, and make an annual rental raised to the utmost. 4. Add an official indorsement on a passport to force, and make face to face. 5. Add existence to a fish, and make to seel, as a hawk. 6. Add to slide to covered the feet, and make very careless. 7. Add a sailor to a color, and make a kind of cloth worn in Scotland. 8. Add leads to a voter, and make an executioner. 9. Add a short poem to a preposition, and make an ancient Grecian theater. 10. Add vapor to ancient, and make related wrongly. 11. Add part of the head to a cosy nook, and make intent.

When rightly added, and placed one below another in the order here given, the initials of the first row of words will spell the time of reaping, and the initials of the second row will spell one of the most beautiful sights of autumn. GILBERT FORREST.

DIAMOND.

1. IN scandalous. 2. Furious with anger. 3. Souls of the departed. 4. Things we often make light of. 5. The space between two mouths of a river. 6. A body of water. 7. In scandalous. S. B. B.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell to own; the third row, to fasten; connected, a garment named after an English general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A time devoted to amusement. 2. Sums. 3. A king's substitute. 4. A river of Nebraska. CAROLINE L.

HOUR-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Constructed. 2. Rage. 3. A tree valued for its timber. 4. In diamond. 5. A small snake. 6. To conceal. 7. An endowed chapel.

Central letters, reading downward, a color.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. An English comedian born in London in 1830. 2. May be found on every hand. 3. A spirit distilled from molasses. 4. The third month of the Jewish year. 5. Appellations.

DOWNWARD: 1. In parts. 2. A preposition. 3. A kind of grain. 4. A kind of limestone. 5. Relating to elves. 6. A Hindoo divinity. 7. A Dutch measure for liquids. 8. An old word meaning "never." 9. In parts.

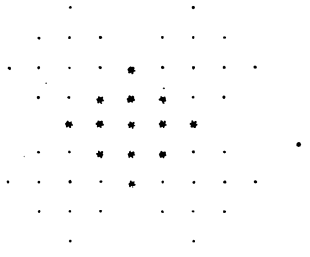
"THE WISE FIVE."

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Base. 2. To accomplish. 3. The hero of a play by Shakespeare. 4. Preserved in sugar. 5. A period of a thousand years. 6. A near relative. 7. To flag.

The diagonals beginning at the upper left-hand letter will spell a royal motto. C. B.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. To sever. 3. A stream of water. 4. To caress. 5. In Harrison.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A metal. 3. Drives. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In Harrison.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A weight. 3. Certain flowers. 4. A snare. 5. In Harrison.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A heavenly body. 3. Orders. 4. Fresh. 5. In Harrison.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A sailor. 3. Auctions. 4. A color. 5. In Harrison.

J. F. S. N.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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"YOU MAKE SO MUCH NOISE I CAN'T SLEEP!"

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. H. DOLPH.

[SEE PAGE 901.]

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER, 1891. NO. 12.

AN ARTIST WHO LOVES CATS AND DOGS, AND PAINTS THEM.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

IT was a beautiful bright morning. The June sun cast curious shadows from the storm-twisted cedars whose roots, despite the coming of the city people and the building of hotels and summer cottages, managed to keep their hold upon the sand of the village street. The rich, full, salty air of the Atlantic, borne landward by a fresh southwest breeze, was filled with the song of birds, mingled with the talk of the boatmen down on the shore, busy calking and mending their boats — getting them ready for the use of the summer visitors.

Beyond this group of boats and boatmen the sun brightened with its gleams the ripples of the shallow waters of the great bay, and further out made spots of burnished gold out of the windows of the Life-Saving Station on the great South Beach. The vacant lots between the cottages were whiling away the time, until the real-estate agent found a buyer for them, by looking as pretty as they could in their decking-out of daisies and buttercups, and good-naturedly afforded paths which made a short cut from street to street. Across one of these lots, and on one of these paths, a bright yellow spot was made by a new straw hat worn by a little girl dressed in lilac cotton. Her feet were bare. She was much interested in a basket carried by a sunburnt boy who walked beside her.

"What a dreadful noise they make! I guess they are crying for their mother; they don't like going away from her. Just let me move the cover a little and see what they are doing," said the girl.

"What 's the use?" asked the boy. "They 're all right. I guess they 're hungry, and if you lift the cover some of them 'll get out."

"Oh, no, jest a little, *little* way. I believe that great, strong, yellow one is just treading on my dear Whitey; he 's a great, strong, horrid thing! Jest let me open it a little way."

"Now, you jest leave them alone. Kittens are always squalling. There 's nothing the matter with them, I tell you."

"But, jest a little way. I don't believe they can breathe in that nasty basket, Will. I don't believe you would care if they all died."

"Oh, would n't I, though! Where would I get the money from to buy the cloth for my new sail that ma has promised to make me, unless we can sell these kittens to Mr. Dolph?"

This seemed to be convincing for the mo-

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ment, and the little tot was quiet. But if she was quiet, the contrary was the case with the kittens; for there were kittens in that basket, and I may as well tell you at once that they were being taken to the summer studio of Mr. Dolph, the celebrated artist, whose very clever pictures of cats and dogs are known to every one who goes to picture exhibitions.

At the mention of the name I remembered to have heard that Mr. Dolph owned a house and studio out on Long Island somewhere, and here was I, it seemed, settled for the summer in the identical village. I remembered well his beautiful rooms in a studio-building in New York City, where I had seen not only his life-like pictures of cats and dogs, but some excellent portraits and other paintings.

And before we follow the children to the summer studio and tell you about it and the kittens, perhaps you would like to know about his city studio also. It is in one of those great, ugly houses called studio-buildings, ever so many stories high, which rich men build for artists to live in, if they can pay a good high rent. If you were to see one you would know without being told that it is not an ordinary house, for it has great, high windows, each one as large as three or four of the windows in your house.

But the difference between a studio-building and an ordinary house is still greater when you go inside one, for you find wide, straight, bare passages and an elevator. The floors of these hallways have no carpets; and, in fact, you might suppose, unless somebody told you otherwise, that you had walked into an asylum by mistake, it 's all so plain and cold and comfortless. There are rows of doors, and on some of them are visiting-cards, and on others curious brass knockers and queer knobs which make you think that it is a funny place altogether.

But when Mr. Dolph's door is opened to you you think of some fairy tale you have read; perhaps of some kindly spirit who takes the unfortunate princess through gloomy, dark passages, and then at the "Open Sesame!" brings her suddenly into a beautiful palace; for here, once in the studio, you think that you are in one of the rooms of some old palace away in Europe. Here are beautiful eastern carpets in the soft, rich colors which artists love; great, high-backed chairs all carved, brought from Italy, chairs on which knights and ladies have sat hundreds of years ago; old, curious musical instruments which make you wonder what they would sound like and how they were played; a carved chest which some old Venetian noble gave to his daughter, filled with brocaded dresses and dresses of cloth-of-gold, and silver, table linen, and so on, not forgetting the little silver casket fitted with money and jewels, her wedding dower when she was married, perhaps four hundred years ago; guns, swords, daggers, pistols, from Arabia, Persia, and other far-away countries, of curious shape and so wonderfully wrought and inlaid with gold and silver and precious stones as to make you wonder why tools for killing people were made so beautiful. But the funniest things are behind an old Spanish screen of many folds, where you might think the artist's wife keeps her gowns — for skirts and robes hang there, so many that she might change her dress three times a day for a month. But should Mr. Dolph give you permission to take them down and examine them you would know that she does not wear them, and that anybody who should, nowadays, would be well laughed at, for they were all made for people who died before your great-great-grandmother was born, and a number of them are not unlike the dresses worn by the people whom Mr. Birch draws for St. Nicholas. I fancy that some of you think this must be a museum. Well, yes; in one way it is, because the things are all curious and interesting and out-of-the-way. But a museum is a place where people go to look at things, and this is a place where every thing you see is made of use. "Why," you say, "Mr. Dolph does not dress up in these funny dresses, and wear armor, and carry these odd-shaped guns and pistols?" Oh, no,—but he paints them in his pictures. They are his patterns — that is, they are the things he works from, just as the plans and sketches and photographs in an architect's workroom are the architect's models. This is the reason why in France a studio is called an *atelier*, which is French for workshop.

I will give you an example of how he uses these things. A picture of his, one of his most celebrated and beautiful paintings,—it has

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been sought for by the managers of I don't know how many exhibitions, and very many people of whom you have read as noted artists have praised it,—represents a carved chest, on which a great handsome Angora cat dozes. In front of the chest is a rich-colored Persian rug; behind the cat, resting against the wall, is a large beaten brass plate, and in front of the plate is a pewter tankard. The picture represents the favorite cat of the family of an old-time baron. Now the cat in the picture was painted from a real cat since dead, a pet of whom Mr. Dolph will tell you later on. The chest on which she dozes is the wedding-chest which I have described. The rug is one of those now on the floor; the brass plate hangs in the studio, and the tankard is on the shelf opposite. For you see most artists do not make up things out of their heads, but must have the things to look at when they draw them.

Now having told you about the city studio, I think it is about time to go back to the little village by the sea, the girl, the boy, and the kittens — don't you?—and follow them to their market, for with them —strangely enough—it is market-day for kittens. They turn out of the vacant lot, brushing through the great handsome daisies which seem to grow thicker on the edge of the street than elsewhere, as if they wished to show their best to the passer-by. Once more the high little voice speaks from under the straw hat.

"Willy, what do you think these kitties would say, if they knew they would have their pictures made by a truly artist, and put into a real, real gold frame?"

"Oh, stop now; you don't suppose the frames are real gold, do you?" replies the boy with all a boy's delight in his superior knowledge.

"Why, of course they are. Did n't Mr. Dolph tell me so, and then did n't I see two of them at Mr. Dolph's studio? They were all crinkles and things, and my! they glittered like the piece of money that ma showed us once, and that she said was gold."

J. H. DOLPH.

"Well, that 's all that girls know! I tell you the frames are made of wood, and there 's just a little gold on the outside."

"Well, I don't care, it 's gold, is n't it?"

"Yes, it 's gold, but it is n't all gold." Then, after a pause, "Kittens are n't worth much. I mean you can't sell them—well, not to most people. Why, the Grahams *drown* theirs! They 're not worth much, but when Mr. Dolph

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puts them into a picture I heard a gentleman down at the hotel say he could sell one picture for more money than Pa paid for our house."

This statement was received with wide-mouthed astonishment by the little girl. In her surprise the brand-new straw hat was slowly lifted from her head, her feet came to a standstill, and she looked for some explanation inside the hat. Evidently she found it there, for her face brightened, and she replied slowly but with emphasis, "It 's the real gold frames; I told you they were real gold."

"Oh, you come along. I 've got to go to school, and I can't stand waiting for you all day," gruffly replied the boy; and together they turned off the street and through a gate into a dooryard, behind which stood a low-roofed, rambling cottage, whose great window, facing northward, showed it the home of an artist. Tall beautiful orchard-grass grew everywhere, save on the path which led from the street gate. Cherry- and peach-trees showed promise of good things later on. A trellis covered with roses in full bloom sheltered the side of the house which faced seaward, and a beautiful *Jacqueminot* rose, trained against the front of the house, scattered sweet perfume on the morning air. A few torn and weather-beaten red cedars across the street displayed their deep, rich, somber foliage, relieved by their red sun-lighted stems; beyond these was a wide sweep of yellow plowed field, relieved by the tender green of the young corn-shoots, and in the extreme distance a glimpse of the sea.

The children had come to a halt in front of the cottage; they seemed to hesitate for a moment. Then said the little girl, in a low tone:

"Say, Willy, don't let us go around to the back door. Let me lift that thing up and make a loud knock," pointing to a big, old-fashioned knocker, evidently the spoil of some bric-à-brac hunt of the artist's. "You lift me up."

"Oh, you 're too heavy; besides, Mr. Dolph would n't like it, it makes so much noise."

"Oh, Willy, do. I want to so much."

"Don't you know the kittens will get out if I put the basket down? Don't you hear how they are squealing now?"

Just at this time a pleasant gentleman with a thoughtful face came through the rose-covered trellis. On the thumb of his left hand he carried an artist's palette with colors set, and in his right hand a rest or mahl-stick. His face broke into a smile as he saw the children.

"Hallo, Mabel and Will, how do you do this morning? Brought me the kittens, eh? Well, how are they? And you want to try my knocker, do you, Mabel? Well, all right; here goes!" And lifting the child up, the two little, brown, chubby hands clasped the old man's face which formed the lower part of the knocker, and with some effort raised it and let it fall.

"Well done!" said the artist. "Now, I 'll go round and open the door."

In a moment the door was opened—the door of the studio, as it proved to be.

"Now come in, and let us see the kittens. How 's the mother cat, Mabel? A little lonesome? Does n't like to part with her babies. Well, tell her we 'll take good care of them." So saying he opened the basket. "My, but they *are* young ones!"

"Yes," said Willy, "but mother said I 'd better bring them round because there was an old tomcat prowling about, and he might kill them."

"Quite right. Tomcats do kill them. They are bad fellows, are tomcats. They will not only kill them, but eat them too."

This statement seemed to shock little Mabel very much, but she only muttered, "Naughty tomcats!"

They formed such a pretty picture as they stood there, that although I was but just outside the door, and Mr. Dolph had not seen me, I hesitated for a moment to break it up. The June sunlight fell through the open door like a flood on the floor of the studio. The little girl, Mabel, had taken off her hat, and was twirling it by its blue ribbon in a shame-faced manner. A mass of blue-black hair fell round her pretty oval face, and the toes of her plump brown feet moved nervously. The boy, more assured, held in his hand the "great, horrid, yellow one," which he had taken from the basket; while the artist, who had laid down his palette, was fondling the "dear little Whitey." Another moment he looked up and saw me.

"Why, how do you do? Do come in—come in! When did you come and where are

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you staying? At the hotel? Well, that 's good. And going to stay all summer? Well, that 's better still." And then, denoting the children by a wave of his hand:

"Some of my little friends who provide me with models. This is the first family which has been brought me this summer. Sit down and make yourself comfortable; it 's a warm morning." And then to the children: "Well, now, you had better leave the basket; I 'll carry it over this evening. And tell your uncle that I will buy that Angora kitten, and not to sell it to any one else. But you can tell him I think twenty dollars a pretty high price for it." And, drawing out his purse, and handing the boy some money, "That 's the price, Will, and a little more than I think I was to pay, is n't it? And now go around and see Mrs. Dolph." Again turning to me, "Well, I am glad to see you in my summer camp. We have only just come down—have not got things in shape yet. It 's so hard to get anything done in the country. Excuse me for a few minutes, I must attend to my newly arrived family; but perhaps you would n't mind coming with me? I have out here a little way from the house what I call my workshop. I like to use carpenter's tools, and in my workshop I keep my cats."

Preceding me with the basket in his hand, he led the way through the studio and out on a raised floor covered by a grapevine trellis, which connected the out-buildings with the cottage.

"This is where most of my sketching is done," said he, pausing. "You see I can get the cats and dogs out here on this platform in the sunlight, while I sit here to the left in the shadow of the house and draw. Do you see this little square hole here in the floor? What do you suppose it 's for? Why, when my kittens are out here sprawling in the sun, sometimes a stray dog happens along, and then you should see them make for this hole! You see it 's just large enough to let a kitten through and no larger. Great scheme, is it not? But like many other great schemes, I suppose, it is the result of necessity and experience. But these kittens must be attended to; they are probably both cold and hungry." Opening a door which led from the platform he placed the basket on the carpenter's work-bench.

"Now let 's see just what we have here," said he, removing the cover from the basket, and disclosing four very young kittens snuggled down together. "Did you ever notice how, when there are several kittens together, they will be constantly struggling to see which shall get to the bottom of the heap? They will keep nosing and nosing each other. They are always in motion, for no sooner does one get nicely stowed away under the rest, than another noses and squirms and gets him out of his place to squirm into it. I think, perhaps, this is seen oftener among Angora kittens than any others, but if you watch these you will see what I mean, although these are searching for food just now and not for heat. The nosing and fighting I have spoken of is to keep warm."

Reaching his hand into the basket, he lifted the little, soft kittens one by one, and placed them on the bench beside him. He did not lift them as some of you would have lifted them, by their legs or by their bodies, but by the skin of the back of the neck, whence they hung limp and lifeless without complaint. Upon my remarking this, he said:

"Why, yes; you can lift not only a kitten but a full-grown cat in this way, and it will not struggle. You see it 's the natural method. When the mother cat carries her kittens, she seizes them by the skin of the back of the neck with her mouth. I have seen a cat do this with a kitten so large that she could not lift it, but had to drag it, and that for a long distance. Here is a fine kitten," said he, holding up the tortoise-shell. "You see how full and round its head is. He is, you see, larger and stronger than the others. He will probably grow up a very smart and handsome cat. I have always found it so with the round-headed kittens. This white one, you notice, has a flat head, a good deal like a snake; just notice how long and flat his head is, how far back the eyes are set. This cat will probably be stupid and vicious, but intelligent or stupid, I must get them something to eat."

"But," said I, "kittens of that age cannot feed themselves, can they?"

"Oh, no," he replied; "I have to be a mother to them; I will get some milk, and you will see how I manage. Excuse me for a minute."

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He quickly returned, bearing in one hand a cup full of milk, and in the other a large paint-brush, such as is used by artists in making water-color pictures.

"Now for luncheon," said he; and, dipping the brush into the milk, he touched it to the mouth of one of the kittens. At once its little red tongue came out, surrounding the point of the brush, and drawing the wet brush into its mouth the kitten sucked the milk out.

"That 's the way I play mother to them; it takes some time to feed a family in this way, but I must have my models, and so I must work for them. It 's much easier to feed them than it is to keep them clean. Have you ever noticed how the mother cat is always washing her babies, constantly licking them here and there, seeming to take a pride in keeping them always looking clean and nice, and how they seem to like the attention? Well, I have to imitate the mother as well as I can, else they would sicken and die. I take a soft sponge and some warm water, and wash their little mouths and faces after each meal, and once a day or so I wash them all over."

"Do they like it?" I asked.

"Well, not very well, at first, but they get used to it, and after a time seem to take to it as a matter of course."

"I should suppose they would not like it. A cat's dislike to water is proverbial."

"Yes, and we say a cat-and-dog life when two people are constantly disagreeing. Yet I often bring up puppies and kittens together, and they have few quarrels. I think there are a good many things said about cats that are not quite true. You have read, of course, of Lord Russell's cat which swam the moat of the Tower of London to find him. Do you know that I think that unless a kitten is taught by its mother while quite young, it will not eat a mouse? It will catch it and play with it, but will let it go when it grows tired of the play. If you notice a cat with young kittens you will see that as soon as she catches a mouse she will bring it to her children. She will let it run, and then spring upon it, carry it around in her mouth without harming it, drop it in front of a kitten, spring upon it again, and will keep this up for a long time; and not until she thinks her children have thoroughly learned their lesson will she eat the mouse. One might think she was playing with it. I

A PILLOW FIGHT.

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"WHY DOES N'T MAMA COME HOME?"
(SEE PAGE 900.)

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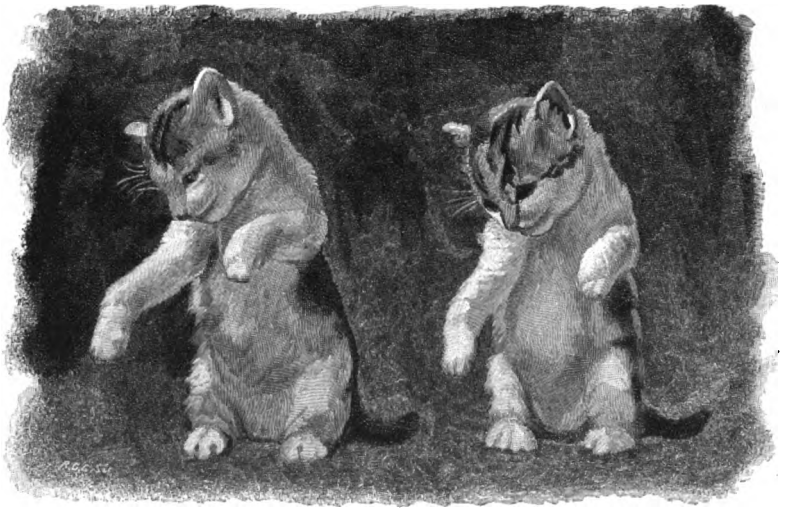
think she is educating her children — teaching them how to get a living.

"This is the first family this summer. You see I have been here so many summers that all the country folks know me, and the children bring me the kittens; sometimes a good many more than I know what to do with, but I try to make them all comfortable. I call this my cats' dormitory.

"As the kittens grow up they often show strange fancies and whims. When we go back to the studio I will show you a sketch of a kitten who would sleep nowhere but on the top of my cabinets, and every night I had to take down my old Venetian glass and other curiosities to make a place for pussy. I had another whose color and whose markings were very beautiful. I sold a number of pictures of her, and naturally she came to be a pet. Well, she got into the habit of taking a place on my knee at meal-times, and after a while would only feed from my fingers or eat bits put on the table especially for her. After a time it grew to be a custom with us to put a chair at table for "Princess," as we called her, and thus she always made one at our meals; and the funniest thing was, she would never eat elsewhere, and, I believe, would rather have starved to death than eat as a common cat. Yes, cats are easily spoiled if you pet them much, and quickly become your master."



THE DANCERS.

"I suppose that is the reason that one rarely sees trained cats in shows as one sees dogs, monkeys, birds, and even pigs," said I.

"Well, yes, I suppose that is the reason; for cats can be trained to do tricks. I had one once which I afterward gave to one of the city clubs. I had trained her to do some clever things, and by what means do you suppose? Well, I ought to tell you before I go on that you must never beat a cat nor wound her pride. A cat never forgives an injury, as a dog will, and her pride once wounded she never forgives you. I tell you this because the animal-trainers use the whip a good deal; but you see you cannot whip a cat. I found out that this one disliked to have her nose touched and was fond of sugar. So when she did what I wished I gave her sugar, and when she was obstinate I touched her nose gently with the tip of my finger. Then she would make a wry face and do as I told her, or else run under the chest, where I knew too much of cat nature to disturb her."

"Do cats often grow fond of persons?"

"Oh, yes, very often. I suppose many people have had cats which would follow them as well as a dog. A very popular author has a beautiful black Tom who will follow him wherever he goes. If the walk is a little too far for Tom, he 'll hide himself in the bushes until his master comes back, and then jump out, rub himself against his legs, and follow him home again. The author uses a large roomy Portuguese chair of rushes, and when he sits to write he must always leave a place behind him for Tom, who will sit nowhere else. But now these kittens are sleepy; let us go into the studio. You see there is little to the house but the studio. When the public began to buy my cat pictures, and I found that I must have many cats for models, I tried to keep them in my city studio. But some kittens are very mischievous; they would tear my rugs and destroy my bric-à-brac, and besides that, the concerts they would organize at night were a trifle dis-

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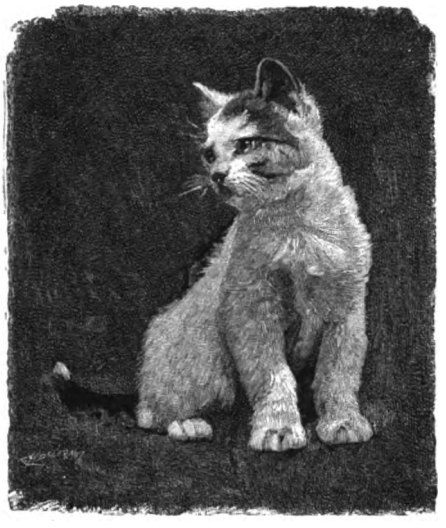
tracting to my neighbors. So I bought this place—the village was not fashionable then. That was many years ago, soon after I came back from Europe the first time, after I had



INTERESTED FOR A MOMENT.

been studying in Antwerp with the celebrated horse-painter, Louis van Kuyck. I have always had a desire to paint horses; I think I painted them fairly well, but while artists pronounced my pictures of these subjects good, I met with little recognition from the public. It was not long after my return (I had been abroad studying five years, during which time it had been all spending and no earning) before I found myself in need of money. I had a little frame in the studio which had cost me about twelve dollars, and the idea occurred to me that I would paint something for it, send it to an auction room, and perhaps get a few dollars out of it. So I painted the portrait of a little kitten I had in my room—expecting no great result. You may judge of my surprise when I received from the auctioneer about one hundred dollars for this picture. Naturally I tried another cat picture, and another, and another, and the more I painted the more the public seemed to want until the public knew me only as a painter of cats, and the fact that I had painted many important portraits and large and important figure-subjects seemed to be forgotten. But I hear Will talking with my wife, and I want to impress on his mind not to forget the message to his uncle. Pray excuse me for a few minutes and make yourself comfortable—I fear there is not much to look at."

So saying he left me. While he is gone I will try to describe his country studio. It is a great square room open to the roof—not unlike a church. The walls are of a soft gray color, and when you examine them closely you find they are covered with burlaps-canvas. There is a dado of prettily grained chestnut which runs all around the room, neither stained nor varnished. On the north side of the room is a great high studio window, and near this window a large fireplace to burn wood, for sometimes heavy sea-fogs roll in even in summer, and then a wood fire is agreeable. Over about one half of the studio is a gallery open on the front with the exception of a railing or balustrade. The artist jokingly calls this his "minstrel gallery," for it is not very unlike some of the galleries found in the banqueting-halls of the old palaces of Europe, where the musicians sat to play or sing while the guests ate. In fact I don't think this studio would have been built as it is if Mr. Dolph had not seen abroad some of these same banqueting-halls.

The whole room reminds you of them—the high walls, the pointed roof, the gallery, and the great fireplace. Artists are more fortu-

"KEEP OFF!"

nate than most folks in that they not only go about the world considerably, but as they are always looking for things to put into their pictures, they see many beautiful things which ordinary travelers do not, and they remember them better, and make them a part of their

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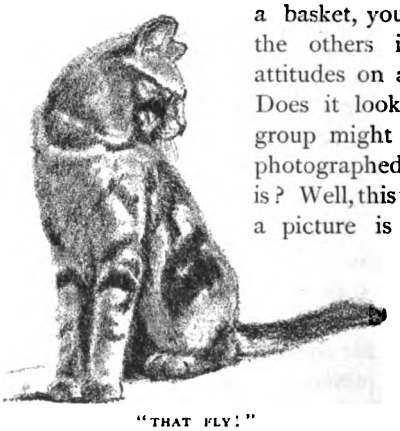
lives. There is very little furniture in this great room: the old carved cabinet on top of which pussy used to sleep, a few plain, comfortable chairs, some easels, and one or two tables. For the intention of the artist is to have this a direct contrast to his city studio; to have this one as simple as the other is rich—for here he does not paint pictures, but makes sketches to work up in the city into pictures. And the puppies and kittens may roll about and play as much as they please, and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Tacked upon the burlap-covered walls are some of these sketches: a great Flemish horse, painted with a vigor which would surprise those who know Mr. Dolph's work only by his carefully finished pictures of cats and dogs; a bit of sea-shore with breaking waves and the figures of a Breton fish-wife and her husband in the foreground,—a note of real sunshine and light,—and several clever landscape studies in which the somber-toned, twisted cedars of the neighborhood seem to have been the reason for their being painted. But the kittens and the puppies are in the majority here. They are in all sorts of odd positions and doing I don't know how many queer things. Here are two in the position of dancers, and comical enough they are. Here is another, a charcoal sketch of a mother cat watching a fly which has been tormenting her and which she has tried so many times to catch that she has given up in despair. A sleepy, contented old cat with one eye open, watching her three well-grown babies, who are having a good time playing on a cushion. A very quick and rough sketch of a kitten on her back, all alive and full of nervous action, as you have often seen a little pussy when you have dangled the end of a string for her to catch. A nearly finished picture of five beagle puppies, two in a basket and three which have slopped over—such limp, hopeless, helpless little puppies that one feels sorry that their mother is not at home to look after them. Such a variety of cats and puppies and horses and beautiful setter dogs, and all so true to nature that one wonders at the talent and industry of the artist. But the door has opened once more, and the artist says, "Looking at my sketches? There is not much for you to see here. All these things are, as you see, unfinished. Like the puppies, do you? They belong to a neighbor of mine. It is not often that one gets such young puppies to paint, but they are much easier to do than kittens, they keep much stiller. I think it will make a good thing when finished. I shall call it 'Why does n't mother come home?' How did I get those dancing kittens to keep in that position long enough to sketch them? Oh, that 's one of the tricks of the trade. I got my wife to dangle a piece of bread soaked in milk just high enough above their heads to make them stretch out for it. I had a notion of painting a picture which I should call 'When the mice are away the cats will play,' just ringing a change on the old proverb. Oh, my wife and I have to resort to all sorts of tricks to pose the kittens as I want them, and kittens can't be photographed. They are too quick in their motions. One must watch and study them closely, and draw largely from memory. Now here is a group of fine kittens, one on the edge of a basket, you see, and the others in different attitudes on an old rug. Does it look as if the group might have been photographed just as it is? Well, this is how such a picture is made. I first sketch in all the group from pure imagination, composing them, as artists say, making many rough pencil-sketches until I get a group that looks real and life-like. Then each kitten is drawn singly. The one on the edge of the basket I got by putting a caterpillar in front of her on the floor, and sketching

"THAT FLY!"



"THAT FLY!"

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her as she watched it crawl. The one with a good deal of white on her was watching a toad which I had caught for the purpose, and trying to make up her mind not to be too much scared at it.

"The one next to her, my wife was amusing with one of those toy dogs they were selling about the street last winter, which jump when you press a rubber ball held in your hand. And the one nearest her is the kitten of which I made many sketches while she was playing with a ball of yarn. I think I shall get a title for this picture by letting the kitten in the basket say: 'You make so much noise I can't sleep.' I find it a little more difficult, I think, to find satisfactory names for my pictures than to paint them.

"You are surprised that you don't see any sketches of Angoras? Ah, they are the noblest and the most beautiful of all cats, but they are hard to get and expensive. I brought two from Paris the last time I went abroad. One was shot, I think, by some one who mistook him in the bushes for a skunk; and the other, 'Josephine' we called her, grew so tyrannical and overbearing that it was hard to do anything with her. She would eat only such delicacies as were hard to get in a country place like this, and would not be kept in o' nights. She was the most intrepid huntress, would come home at times lugging after her a rabbit as large almost as herself, and would make almost as much noise at night as a brass band at a circus.

"The neighbors complained so much of her that we decided to keep her indoors, but she soon discovered our intention, and when shutting-up time came she could not be found, and a fruitless search would be made. Not a sign of her could be seen, not a sound from her could be heard until the lamps were put out, when her yells made night hideous.

"One night she was in—a damp, foggy, cold night—lying on the rug by the wood fire, apparently asleep. I had been reading. Said my wife, 'Well, it 's about time for bed. Had you not better shut up the house?' Like a flash Josephine was on her feet, and made a dash for the door. My wife laughingly ran to her and lifted her from the floor, saying, 'Oh, Mademoiselle, we have you this evening!' when Josephine struck her on both cheeks with her fore paws, digging the claws deep in the flesh.

"Mrs. Dolph knew too much of cat-nature to struggle or resist, and bravely, despite the pain, spoke soothingly to the cat, gently scolding her, and gradually the claws relaxed their hold. Had she moved, her face would have been badly torn. You may be sure we had no further desire to keep the ugly-tempered Josephine at home that night.

"A month or so later poor Josephine had a domestic tragedy of her own. She had a little family out there in my cat-house, the carpenter-shop, beautiful kittens, although not pure Angora. Well, some of the children at the hotel got to know of them and would come to see them, Angora kittens being something of a rarity. I did not object to the children seeing them, but knowing something of cat-nature, I would not allow them to be touched on any account.

"But in an evil moment, one day when I was away, some boys came, and of course were not content with simply seeing—they must lift them from the basket and play with them. The consequence was that when I returned the nest was empty—not a kitten was to be seen. Josephine, fearing harm to her babies, had carried them off to some safe hiding-place. In vain I tried to find her harbor of refuge. She would come to the house for her breakfast, dinner, and supper, but when I followed her she would lead me a chase across the fields, and if she could not give me the slip she would return to the house and calmly lie down and pretend to sleep.

"Well, this went on for more than a week, when one day as I was sitting outside on the platform, painting a study of a frog which I intended to put in a picture, I saw Josephine coming toward me carrying something in her mouth. She came to me and placed at my feet a kitten, dead, cold, and stark. She looked at me beseechingly out of her large, lovely eyes, and licked the kitten all over, looking at me again with an expression so human that I felt my eyes moisten. When I picked up the kitten I discovered a little cut on the side of its neck. Of course I could do nothing for the poor mother, who, while I held her baby, rubbed herself against my legs, all the time look-

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ing up with her great grief-filled eyes. When I put the poor kitten down again, she seemed to realize that the case was hopeless, for she took it up and carried it to the root of a tree in the orchard, where she left it. The next morning while at breakfast Josephine brought another dead kitten, and the next day another, each with the same fatal cut on the neck; and then, and only then, did she allow me to follow her to where she had carried her kittens under the barn, and where each night a weasel had visited them and left her but one baby out of four to bring up.

"What, you must be going? Well, come again soon, and don't believe what people tell you of my lack of hospitality. In a place like this, where hundreds of people make vacation, an artist's studio is apt to become a show; but I come here to work, not to show pictures. The city studio and the exhibitions are the places for that. I won't say good-by, but *au revoir*."

CUCKOO CLOCKS.

By Malcolm Douglas.

She said that she 'd be the little man's wife,
And there came the happiest day of his life,
While the neighbors with gifts prepared to flock—
"I 'd like most," she told him, "a cuckoo clock."

A roguish twinkle was in his eyes,
Pleasantly hinting of some surprise,
And, while they were talking, they heard a knock,
And a little boy brought in a cuckoo clock.

Then a package came which had been expressed
By a dear acquaintance who lived out west,
While from it there sounded a faint "tick-tock,"—
And blest if it was n't a cuckoo clock!

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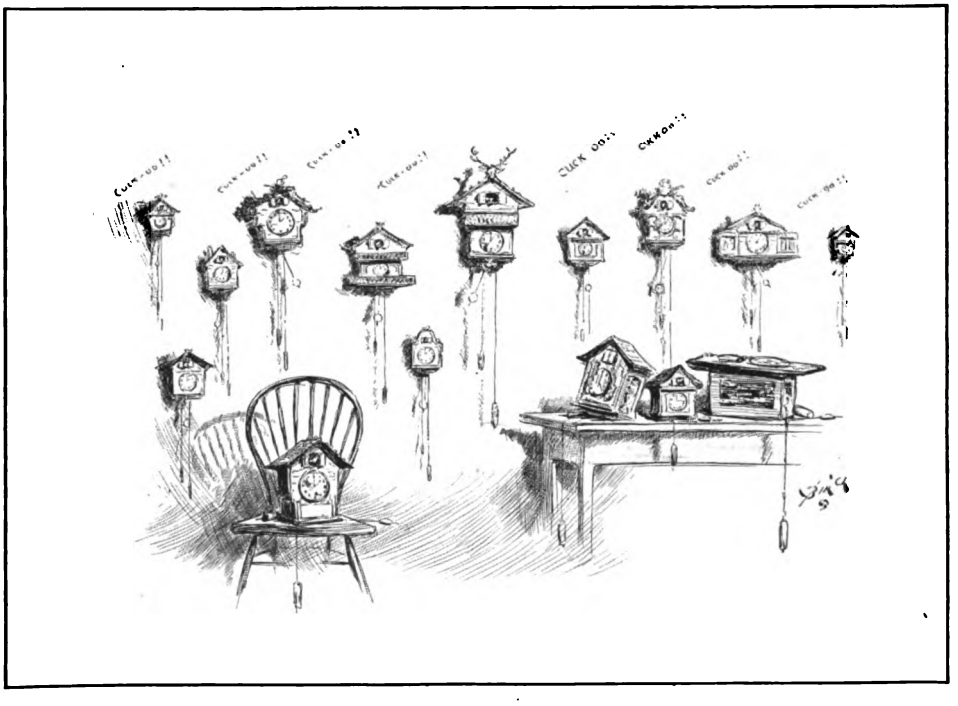
Mrs. Smith appeared with her friend, Miss Jones,
And said the latter, in laughing tones,
"I 've asked Mrs. Smith what 's in her box,
And I find that we 've both brought cuckoo clocks."

The little jeweler followed them.
"Best wishes!" he said.
"Ahem! ahem!
I 've just been looking over my stock,
And I thought I 'd give you a cuckoo clock."

And was that the last one? Oh, dear, no!
They 'd found out the gift that she 'd most prize, so
All of the neighbors for blocks and blocks
Kept on coming with cuckoo clocks.

"Oo-hoo!" "Oo-hoo!" "Oo-hoo!" "Oo-hoo!"
'T would have set me frantic, would n't it you?
No plate, nor pictures, nor glass, nor crocks—
All cuckoo clocks! All cuckoo clocks!



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THE pine-tree grew in the wood,
Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak-tree stood in the field.
Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
It gave a home to the birds.
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple-tree grew by the wall,
Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
Come, live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins around.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning-stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and a wind-swept hill."

And the apple-tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the Harvest heard.
And he said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their master's will."

So a ship of the oak was sent
Far over the ocean blue,
And the pine was the mast that bent
As over the waves it flew,
And the ruddy fruit of the apple-tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now the farmer grows like the oak,
And the townsman is proud and tall,
And city and field are full of folk —
But the Lord has need of all.
And who will be like the apple-tree
That fed the starving over the sea?

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THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XLVIII.

"THAT BEATS ME!"

Lick Stevens jeered and said he "did n't care" when he heard that Toby had been fully paid for the burning of the wharf; but it was a humiliating blow to Tom. The two accused Yellow Jacket — unjustly, as we know — of giving information that led to the exposure, and branded Bob and Butter Ball as cowards.

This broke up the band of Toby's enemies; and he felt that he had won the fight.

"Don't be too sure of that," Mr. Allerton warned him. "A railroad company is n't going to own itself beaten by a boy. Even if it does, your struggles are not over. Life is a continual striving. We overcome one obstacle only to encounter another. Then there will always remain ourselves to conquer. That is the one brave fight; that is the true victory."

Toby had little time to give to books during the busy season. Nor did he reënter school in the fall. But under Mr. Allerton's direction he pursued a course of studies, designed to make up for his neglected opportunities. He improved his penmanship, studied arithmetic, bookkeeping, and composition, and read American history.

This brought Mr. Allerton very often to the house on winter evenings. Gossip said he went there to see Milly. There was a little truth in this. She found relief from her household duties in his conversation, and in reading with him works of English literature.

Toby had his boats stored in the barn, and early in spring he began repainting them. Then there was his wharf that needed repairs, after the winter storms. He meant to be prepared for the coming campaign.

So, evidently, did the railroad company. Rumors of some important move on the part of the management reached his ears; and in May he witnessed an ominous sight.

Five men, one of whom was Tazwell, walked past the house and down the street to the lake, where they stopped. They examined the wharf, at the end of which one who carried a surveyor's rod thrust it down into the water, as if measuring the depth. Then they made short measurements across the foot of the street, along the shore; sometimes beginning at the edge of the wharf, and sometimes including a part of the wharf itself, which seemed the subject of considerable discussion. They remained some time in consultation, and then went away.

Toby watched and wondered, burning with jealousy. He could not doubt that two or three of the men, besides Tazwell, were directors of the company, and that they had designs against his wharf.

A week later something still more astounding occurred. A heavy truck, bearing a small steam-engine and a narrow upright frame, passed the house, followed by another, with a load of immensely thick poles.

"It is a pile-driver!" said Toby, turning pale.

Presently the door-bell rang with a loud, ominous jangle. Toby himself went to answer it. A stout man, whom he recognized as one of the visiting group of the week before, stood on the doorstep.

"I believe your name is Trafford?"

"Yes, sir," said Toby, with resolute calmness.

"You own the little wharf at the foot of the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry to say," continued the stout man, "it is a little in our way."

"In whose way?" said Toby, bristling with fear and fury.

"In the way of the railroad management which proposes to build a pier there."

"The railroad management can't do anything of the sort!" cried Toby, in tones quivering

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with passion. "It can build as many piers as it pleases anywhere else, but not *there!*"

"I don't exactly see why not," replied the stout man, mildly.

"You will see it. My wharf occupies the ground. Nobody has a right to touch it. Nobody shall touch it. I 've fought the company, and I 'll fight it again."

"I don't know anything about your fights with the company, Mr. Trafford. I have no interest in the matter; I am only a contractor. But I have engaged to build the pier, and I suppose I must go on and build it. Will you remove as much of your wharf as is necessary, or shall I remove it for you?"

"I shall not remove it," said Toby, "and you will do it at your peril! What right has a railroad company to come here and order my wharf away and put another in its place?"

"The right of the stronger, I suppose," the man answered, with good-natured candor.

"And is n't it a pretty thing," cried Toby, all ablaze with indignation, "for a great company, because it happens to be the stronger, to drive me to the wall in this way?"

"You can sue it for damages," suggested the stout man, with exasperating gentleness.

"Yes, and have a lawsuit that would ruin a rich man, let alone a poor boy! I shan't sue anybody for damages. I can do better. If my wharf goes, the next wharf goes too. Tell the company that. Then they can sue *me* for damages!" said Toby, with savage sarcasm.

"Oh, Toby, Toby!" His mother and sister stood in the doorway behind him, pale and excited; it was his mother who made the appeal. "Don't use any foolish threats. They will be remembered against you."

"They are not foolish threats," said Toby. "I mean what I say, and I 'll do it. And I won't sneak about it neither, as the fellows did who burned my property. If the company takes the law into its own hands, why should n't I?"

"You speak of the law," said the contractor; "and I see there is something you don't understand. The company may be acting tyrannically. I can't say. Very likely, if I was to take sides, my sympathies would be with you. I like your pluck."

"You *do* take sides. You take sides *against* me," said Toby. "You sell yourself to the company; for a little profit on a contract you do an act of the meanest injustice. If you have the soul of a man you 'll turn your teams about, and say to your employers, 'I am not going to help you do a wicked and lawless thing, for any money!'"

The man remained imperturbable; but his manner was not unkind.

"That might be a fine thing to do, but it would n't be business. I don't lend myself to a lawless thing, though; and that 's the point I 'm coming at. Your wharf has no right there."

"It has as much right as anybody's."

"Have you a charter?"

"A charter? No."

"There 's where your case is lame," said the contractor. "The company holds a charter from the State, as I supposed you knew. The bill has passed the legislature, and the governor has signed it."

It was a stunning blow. Against a great company and its charter, what could one weak stripling do?

"That beats me!" said Toby.

His voice and countenance changed. But he still bore up bravely, unwilling a stranger should see how deeply he felt his defeat.

"I thought you 'd see it," said the man. "There 's no use trying to shin over a spiked wall. Now, if you have any directions to give, in regard to the part of your structure we 're obliged to move, your wishes shall be heeded. Have you any choice about it?"

"Yes. One."

"What 's that?"

"Leave it where it is," said Toby. "I 've nothing more to say."

"We can't do that," replied the man, with a smile; "but we will be as careful as we can."

The knowledge that his enemies had the law on their side did not lessen the boy's sense of wrong. He felt that he had been crushed by superior force.

He went into the house, determined not to see what was done. But soon the sound of hammers and of cracking and flapping boards overcame his resolution. He looked from the window, and saw his wharf going to pieces, amid a crowd of boys gathered to look on.

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Who cared that his heart was broken with the parting of the timbers?

Toby could restrain himself no longer. Mildred's sympathy, his mother's attempts to console him only increased his passion. He turned from the window, threw himself upon a chair, and covering his face with his hands, shook with convulsive grief.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE QUEEN OF THE LAKE.

THE pile-driver was erected on a staging over the water, and the engine was fired up the next morning. Then came the fitful panting of steam, alternating at intervals with the clatter and thud of the heavy weight released in the upright frame, and falling on the battered pile-head it was driving.

Toby avoided the throng of spectators, among whom he could sometimes see Tom Tazwell and Lick Stevens, laughing and carrying their triumphant heads high. But in the evening, and each evening until the new pier was completed, he went down to the lonely shore, to watch the shape it was taking, and to think over the situation.

"That beats me!" he had said, when he first heard of the company's charter. But he had not given up the fight.

The new structure extended into the lake about twice as far as the poor little thing it had partly displaced. It was about twice as broad, and twice as high.

About half of Toby's wharf was left standing beside it, not seriously injured; the materials of the other half were piled up in orderly fashion on the shore.

"One thing is lucky," he said philosophically; "I had n't done my spring repairing. Now I shall rebuild differently."

Early one morning he was on the spot when the builder arrived.

"You are getting about through," remarked the boy.

"We 'll finish to-day," replied the man.

"I see you left a piece of my wharf," said Toby.

"Did the best I could," answered the contractor, "though one of the directors was for setting the whole thing over your way, and crowding you out entirely."

"I can guess the first letter of his name," said Toby. "Why did n't they do it?"

"Mainly because we found more water on the other side. Besides, the others said, 'No use of being hard upon a boy.'"

"As if what they 've done was n't hard!" Toby suppressed the bitter thoughts that rose, and added, "When you get through with the big job, I 've a little one for you. I want to rebuild the torn-up part of my wharf in this way. Carry it out four feet, close alongside the company's, then at right angles, across the end of the old part, and twelve or fifteen feet beyond, making a little harbor between the new part and the shore. And I want to build the front on piles, instead of stakes, with which the ice plays the mischief in winter. Four or five piles will be enough. And they ought not to cost much."

"Not so much as they would if I had to team 'em here along with my apparatus. I 've the piles left over, and the engine and driver are on the spot; so you 'll make that much out of the railroad company," said the builder, with a smile.

"No great loss without some small gain," replied Toby, cheerfully.

"I wonder what they 'll say when they see it," said the contractor, after some further discussion of the plan.

"I don't care what they 'll say when they see it," replied Toby.

"If they find it in their way it may have to go," said the man.

"That will be the third time," said the boy.

"It 's nothing to me," was the reply. "I build what I 'm paid for. Business is business."

Toby was not so confident at heart as he seemed. What sort of boats would the company run? How could he compete with them? Why was the new wharf built so high?

The company kept its designs a profound secret until — this is what happened one pleasant afternoon.

Something extraordinary had arrived by an upward-bound freight-train, and had been side-tracked at the station. Small boys whooped and yelled and ran; and soon a group of spectators surrounded the wonderful object.

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Toby likewise drew near, saw, and turned sick with despair and envy. It was a beautiful little steamboat supported upon platform cars, sharp at the bows, trim as a bird about the breast, gaily painted and polished from stem to stern. On another car, covered by a canvas, which the boys lifted and peeped under, were the boiler, engine, and machinery of a screw propeller.

"Is n't she a daisy?" "No rowboats nor sailboats can hold a candle to her!" "It 's all up with *you*, Toby!" Such were some of the comments that greeted Toby's approach.

He had feared that the company might put on a steamer, but he had not dreamed of such a little QUEEN OF THE LAKE as this. "Queen of the Lake" was the name, and he had to acknowledge that it was a good one. Queen she was, and queen she would remain for all that he or any one now could do.

If anybody was jubilant it was Tom Tazwell. He walked haughtily in front of Toby, ordered boys to keep their hands off and to stand back, and bragged of the boat's beauty and strength and speed as if it had been the Minerva of his own creative brain.

"I 'd like to be the cap'n of that craft!" said Yellow Jacket, admiringly.

"Oh, would n't you?" sneered Lick Stevens.

And all began to wonder who was to be that proud and happy being — the commander of the Queen of the Lake!

CHAPTER L.

TOM'S GLORY IS QUENCHED.

TOM went home to tell of his triumph and of Toby's humiliation. "You never saw a fellow so cut up! You could have knocked him over with a soap-bubble!"

"And I say it is too bad!" exclaimed Bertha, vehemently. "How you do treat Toby — all of you!" she added, as her father at that moment entered the room. "You burned up his wharf. Then, when he had rebuilt it, the company tore it up, and he has had to rebuild it again. And now you crow because a steamboat has come to kill his business. I don't care!" she said, as her mother shook her head and pointed at Mr. Tazwell; "it is shameful, and I will say so! What has Toby Trafford ever done to you that you spite him so?"

"What has he done for you that you always take his part?" demanded Tom, impatiently.

As he spoke, he cast an anxious glance at his father. The merchant had just come in from the street, and he appeared to be in his worst mood. The terrible shrug was in his crooked shoulders. His lips were silent and set. Tom had his own reasons for regarding him with apprehension — so gloomy at a time when the father should have been as jubilant as the son.

Bertha believed it was what she had just said that displeased him; but she spoke up again fearlessly as he crossed the room to his study door:

"What has he done for me? I 'll tell you, Tom Tazwell, if you want to be reminded! He nearly lost his life to save mine, when you were so frightened you thought only of yourself. That is n't quite true, though; you did think of your dear dog and your precious gun. While you were throwing them overboard, and jumping after them, and screaming for help, instead of trying to help me — while you left me to burn up in the fire you had set, Toby Trafford went through the fire to find me at the other end of the load — burning his own hands and feet; I never knew till long afterward how badly he burned them, for *he* never told me."

"Hold your tongue!" Tom interrupted her angrily. "You don't know what you are talking about."

"Hold your own tongue, and let your sister speak!" said a dreadful voice behind him.

He turned and saw his father standing in the study door.

"Go on, Bertha!"

And Bertha did go on, impetuously, passionately, her long pent-up feelings bursting forth. She saw herself, she made her parents see her, clinging to the verge of the load, with the fire raging close upon her, flame and smoke rolling over her, and no escape from them but to drop into the lake and drown under the bows of the drifting scow; then came Toby's thrilling voice and Toby's rescuing hands almost at the last moment of horror and despair.

All this was not new to Mrs. Tazwell, but the father listened as if it were occurring before his

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very eyes. Tom durst no longer interrupt, even when Bertha went back to the very origin of the fire, and explained minutely how it came to be started.

"It was Tom and his pipe! Can anybody blame Toby for not letting him light it, with me right there on the hay? But Tom has thrown all the blame on Toby from the first!"

"Why, my child," said the father, strangely affected, "why have you never told me this before?"

"You would never listen to me nor believe me," replied Bertha; "you would hear only Tom's story."

"I have often wished you *would* hear Bertha without prejudice," said the mother, wiping her eyes; "though Thomas is our dear son."

"Our son, of whom I hoped to be proud!"

Never before had the too indulgent parent given his son such a look. His voice, ordinarily so level and restrained, shook with violent emotion, as he went on:

"But he is an unnatural son; and I have found him out."

"Why, what has happened?" the terrified mother inquired.

"You know how money has been taken from the desk lately, and how he declared his innocence and ignorance of the theft. I suspected one of the other clerks, and put a detective on the case. To-day two of the bills I marked have come back to me with overwhelming evidence that Thomas — our Thomas there — took them and lost them at games of cards to a tramp who has been fleecing the village boys, particularly the Stevens boy and ours."

Tom sat in his chair pale and shriveling with fear. Having once looked up at his father, he raised his guilty eyes no more, but bowed his head to the storm.

"And this, after all my care and love for him! It was not for my own sake that I wished to build up a fortune, but for him; not so much for you, Bertha, I shame to say it, as for your ungrateful brother. For him I have toiled and planned all these years. I have even allowed Tom's interests to turn me against the son of my old partner — a boy whose industry and steadiness, and love of his mother and sister, shine like the morning light beside my son's shameful record. And what do I get from my child in return? The loss of money was nothing; he has robbed me of my confidence in him; he has ended my hopes. Since he basely allowed others to be suspected, the disgrace is public; he has dishonored, he has shamed us all. I would disown him if I could."

"Oh, no, no!"

It was Bertha's voice that spoke. While the mother sat stunned and speechless with distress, the sister, forgetting her own griefs, seeing only the culprit's fear and anguish, and remembering only that he was her brother, threw one arm about his neck, as he sat bowed and trembling in his chair, and lifted the other hand, with an appealing and tearful look at their father. "Don't say that!" she cried. "Tom is n't so bad, only he does n't always think. He is our own Tom after all!"

Chapter LI.

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE QUEEN.

If Toby Trafford had not felt some degree of satisfaction when he heard of Tom's disgrace, he would not have been human, and a boy. But he had too much trouble of his own in those days, to think of much besides.

He saw the Queen of the Lake moved down the street, in a sort of triumphal procession, and launched upon the waters it was thenceforth to rule. The engine and boilers were hoisted aboard; a roof was raised over all, supported by slender pillars, and curtains were adjusted, that could be rolled up or let down, making a close shelter of the space above the deck, or leaving it open to the breeze.

Toby could not attend to his own affairs without seeing all this, and often passing the little steamer lashed to the company's wharf. He had begun to get his own boats into the water; but how poor and insignificant they appeared! He had planned to have one new barge, with a canopy and cushioned seats; but what would even that avail, in running opposition to the Queen of the Lake?

Perhaps nothing would be left to him but the business of letting boats; and how did he know that somebody would n't crowd in and deprive him of that? He was thinking these things over

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rather ruefully one afternoon, while putting up his signs at the corners of his reconstructed wharf, "Boats to Let," and "Boats for Three Springs," when he was aware of unusual preparations on board the Queen.

It was getting up steam. The first puffs of smoke that issued from the low, raking funnel seemed a signal to every idler in the village, and soon the usual crowd collected. Only a few favored ones, however, were permitted to step on board.

Toby kept at his work, talking a little with friends who came over to his wharf, and pretending not to notice what was doing on the pier, when a voice called to him: "Trafford! here 's a gentleman who wishes to see you."

Toby was minded to answer sullenly, "Well, here I am; he can see me!" But it was not in his nature to be so uncivil to a stranger, even to one of those who had done all that lay in their power to ruin his business.

He stepped to the edge of the higher wharf, where a prosperous-looking gentleman met him with a businesslike air.

"Trafford," somebody remarked, "this is Mr. Kendall, president of the railroad."

The boy looked up sullenly from the little low wharf. The man looked down smilingly from the fine new pier.

"You 've got your platform in good shape again," said Mr. Kendall, pleasantly. "I don't think it will be in our way."

"I hope not," replied Toby. "If it is," he went on, impulsively, "I suppose it will have to be torn up again. A private person's rights are nothing where a railroad company's interests are concerned."

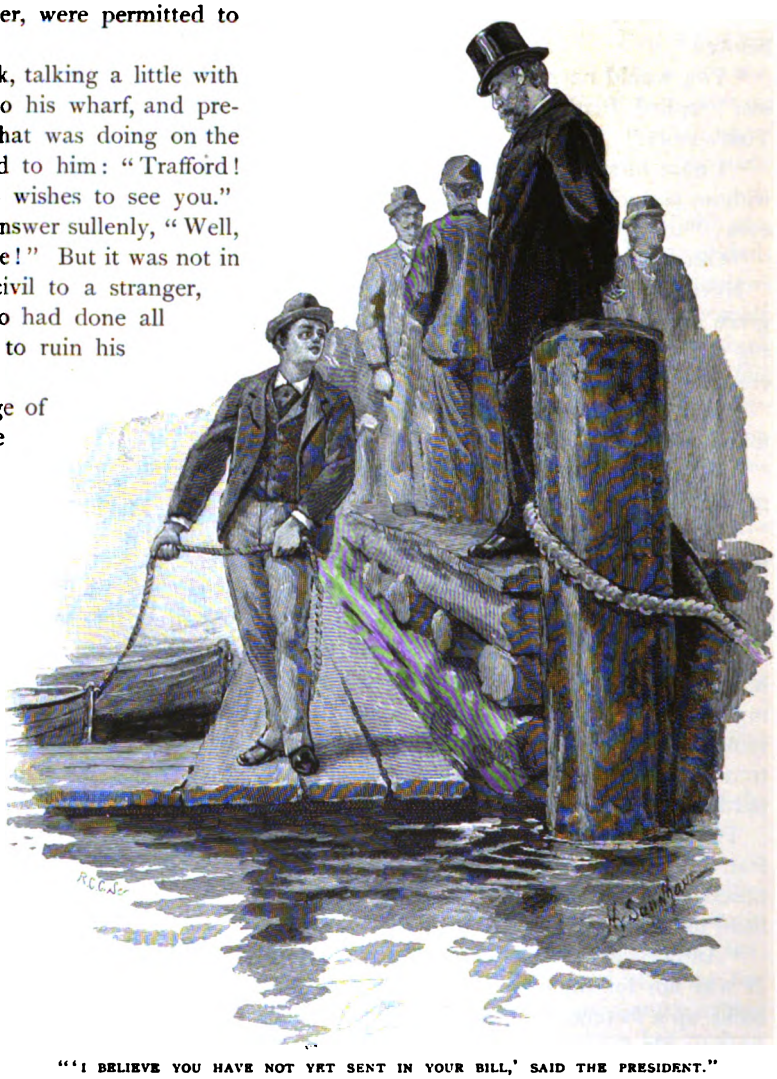
"I am sorry you feel in that way," said the president, from above him.

"I am sorry I have reason to," said the boy, from below.

By this time most of the spectators had turned from admiring the pretty Queen of the Lake, to listen to the conversation between these two.

"I believe you have not yet sent in your bill," said the president.

"What bill?" asked Toby.



"'I BELIEVE YOU HAVE NOT YET SENT IN YOUR BILL,' SAID THE PRESIDENT."

"The bill for damages," replied the president. "I requested one of our directors, who looks after the local business here, to speak to you about it. Of course, we don't destroy property without paying for it."

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"This is the first I have heard of it!" exclaimed Toby in some surprise.

"Come up here, and we 'll talk it over," said the president, graciously.

Surprised, bewildered, still suspicious of the company's designs upon him, and conscious of being gazed upon by many curious eyes, Toby stepped hesitatingly upon the pier.

"There 's another thing I wish to speak to you about," Mr. Kendall resumed, leading the way through the crowd that parted respectfully before him. "That mineral spring on your mother's lot. Will you show it to us?"

"This is what he is soft-soaping me for!" thought Toby, resolving not to allow himself to be imposed upon, while he answered aloud:

"I am always glad to show it to anybody interested in such things."

"Our company naturally is," said the president. "If your spring is what it is represented to be, we might like to develop it, merely to bring additional patronage to the railroad — and the steamer," he added with a smile; "though that is a minor consideration. Have you been aboard the Queen of the Lake?"

Toby was ashamed to confess that he had yielded to his curiosity in that particular, when nobody was there to see him.

"Let me show her to you," said the president. "There 's a fine little horizontal engine, with just room enough, between it and the boiler, for the engineer. Here 's the wheel, and the place for the pilot"— leading the way to the bow. "Sit down here on the shady side; the sun is warm to-day"— removing his hat when they were beneath the pillared roof, and wiping his brow. "We are going to start her on a trial trip, in about ten minutes. Will you come?"

Flattered by these attentions, but flushing and embarrassed, with so many wondering and curious eyes upon him, Toby still tried to keep his heart and his features hard, though with indifferent success. In his working-clothes, he sat by the well-dressed great man near the bow, and, eying the pilot's wheel, which he longed to lay hands on, answered as carelessly as he could: "You can't make a landing at our lot; the steamer draws too much water. You might take one of my boats in tow."

"That we 'll do," said the president, and he gave directions accordingly. "You must n't feel hard against the company, Trafford," he added, genially. "I have n't known much about your grievances, having left our affairs here for the most part in the hands of a director who is on the spot."

That gave Toby another opportunity.

"My wharf has been burnt once, and torn up once; and the company, or at least, some of its agents, have done everything they possibly could to injure me."

"The burning was a great outrage," said the president; "but you must n't think the company had anything to do with that. The partial destruction afterward was a necessity which, as I said, we expect to pay for. I have been rather pleased than otherwise at the fight you have made; though, of course, we could n't sit by and see a part of our business diverted into another channel, without making an effort to retain it. You have helped us, after all, more than you have hurt us; you have really increased our railroad patronage, and prepared the way for this gem of a steamboat."

"It seems hard," answered Toby, "that I should have done so much to benefit a business that is to kill mine!"

"That is the way things sometimes work," said the gracious Mr. Kendall. "Philosophers nowadays talk learnedly about the 'struggle for existence' and the 'survival of the fittest.' As it is in the natural world, so it is in the affairs of life. Those succeed who make the bravest and strongest fight. Weaklings go to the wall."

Toby remembered what Mr. Allerton had said about life being made up of struggles.

"It is hard for the weaklings," he said, feeling himself to be one.

"Yes, but what would the world be without competition? Competition —" Here the railroad president checked himself. "We are off," he said, rising to his feet.

The lines were cast from the pier. The pilot — a strange man who had come to town with the boat — pushed off the bow and stepped quickly to his place at the wheel. The whirling of the spokes under his hands was accompanied by a mysterious rattling of concealed cordage that controlled the rudder. The jerk of a bell-pull caused a sharp tinkle amidships. The engineer,

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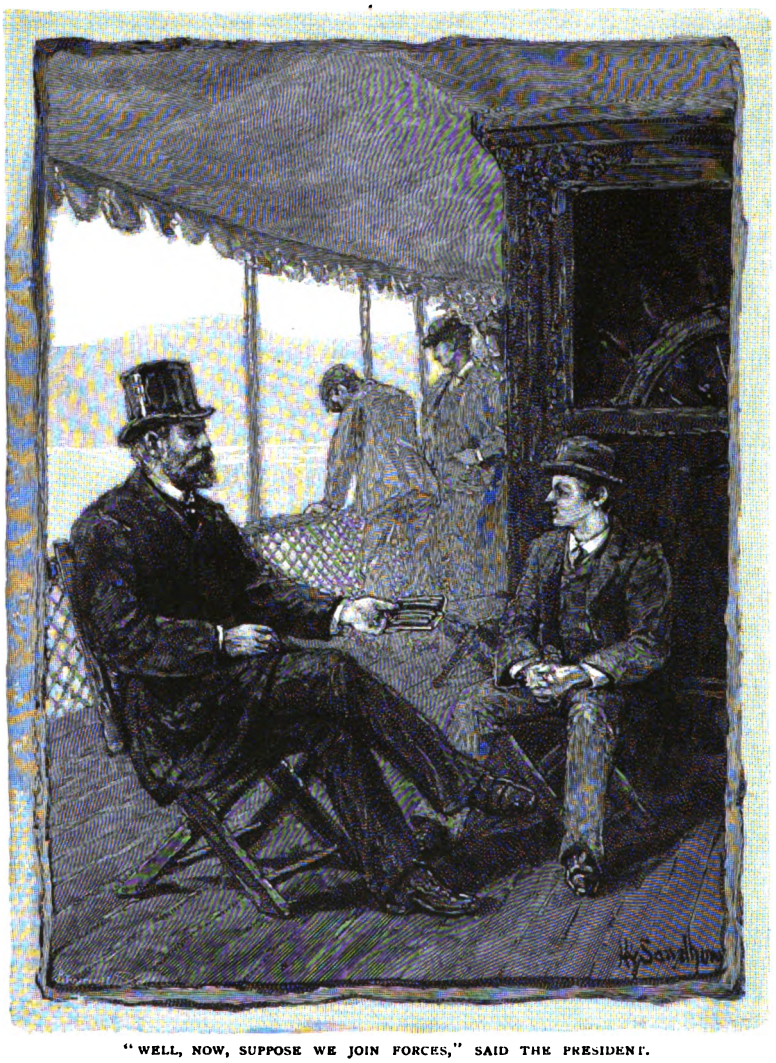
who was fireman likewise, gave the touch which set the piston to working and the screw to revolving. There was a boiling of water at the stern; the steamer moved, describing a graceful curve, and dashed away upon the blue, beautiful lake.

Hats were waved and cheers went up from the shore. The few favored ones on board responded. It was all Toby could do to keep from joining in the applause. His face was radiant; he was in love with the little Queen, and proud of her success!



"WELL, NOW, SUPPOSE WE JOIN FORCES," SAID THE PRESIDENT.

"Now you must show us the attractive points of the lake," the president said to him. "No doubt you know the rocks and shoals as well as anybody, and certainly much better than our helmsman."

"There is n't any part of this lake I don't know," replied Toby.

"Perhaps you can steer," said the president. "It is very simple. Would you like to try?"

"I should n't object," said Toby, with a smile of bashful pleasure.

Chapter LII.

TOBY AT THE WHEEL.

He could hardly believe himself awake when he actually stood up to the wheel, and took control of the Queen, under the pilot's directions. What must Toby's envious fellows think if they could still watch him from the shore? And his mother and sister — he fancied them looking at him through a glass and marveling. He wished that Mr. Allerton had been there!

Lick Stevens had attempted, with smiling effrontery, to come aboard, but had been rebuffed. Yellow Jacket was in his boat, with Bob Brunswick and one or two others; they pulled with all their might after the steamer, but were quickly left behind. How happened it that Tom Tazwell missed the trial trip of the Queen?

Tom did not show his face that day; but Bertha and her father came down the lane to the lake, just in time to see the steamer sweep past them, leaving a broad, curving wake, and to recognize Toby, with the august Mr. Kendall, on the bow of the swift little craft.

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"Oh, papa, I am so glad!" the girl exclaimed. "I thank you so, so much!"

Along by rock-edged shores, by grassy coves and grain-covered slopes, past orchards, fields, and groves, Toby steered as he pleased, astonished at the confidence placed in him by those he had so lately regarded as enemies.

He was left almost to himself. The president was conversing with his friends; the pilot stepped back to speak with the engineer. There was a perilous submerged ledge not far beyond the Three Springs. What was to prevent the boy at the helm from putting the steamer square upon it, in requital of his wrongs, and sinking her in the pride of her trial trip?

He shuddered at the very thought. Had the Queen been in danger he would have risked life and limb to save her. Yet he was the same boy who, not very long ago, had almost wished she might meet with some such disaster or go up suddenly by night, together with the company's new pier, in a roaring column of fire.

He did not know how closely certain eyes were watching him, while they seemed to study the working of the machinery, or to observe the beauty of the lake. He steered up and about, and learned the use of the bell, making the engine as well as the helm obey him. It was all like magic, with himself the magician.

"Are you getting tired of it?" the president asked, coming back to him after a while.

"Oh, no!" replied the boy, his lips curving with pride and pleasure; "I never should get tired of this!"

"We want to inspect the new wharf we have been building at Three Springs. Can you lay her alongside?"

"I can try, sir!"

The practised helmsman was near by, but the manœuver was left entirely to the boy. The Queen did not so much as bump the pier, but lay so close to it, when stopped by the reversed engine, that Toby himself could have stepped off and made the lines fast.

"Bravo!" said the great Mr. Kendall. "You are a born pilot!"

While his associates were inspecting the wharf he resumed the conversation that had been interrupted by the starting of the steamer.

"Competition, as I was saying, is the life of business. But there is one thing better than competition; that is, coöperation. One thing better than war with its enmities; that is, peace, with mutual help and good-will. There seems to be no reason in the world why a boy like you should be at strife with a company like ours."

"I am tired of it," Toby replied, his softened heart glowing with a new, strange hope.

"Well, now, suppose we join forces," said the president, as he absent-mindedly offered Toby a cigar which, of course, was declined with thanks. "How would you like to be the captain of this boat?"

"Oh!" breathed Toby, almost ready to cry with the joy that thrilled his soul.

"We probably can't pay you quite so much by the month as you made with your boats in the busy season last year. But we can pay you a fair salary and give you some congenial employment the year round. Then, while you are running the Queen, I don't see why you can't, with an assistant, let boats at your little wharf, and turn an honest penny that way; but you must n't permit your own business to interfere with ours. How does it strike you?"

"It 's — just — what — I 'd — like!" Toby could hardly speak for happiness.

"I thought of this," Mr. Kendall went on, "even before you were recommended for the place by our local director."

"Not Mr. Tazwell!" exclaimed Toby.

"Certainly, Mr. Tazwell. He wrote me a note just after the Queen arrived, suggesting this solution of the difficulty, and speaking of you in the highest terms."

Toby was too much amazed to speak. It must be a dream, after all!

"And now," said Mr. Kendall, walking to the side of the boat, "we 'll take our friends aboard, and go and look at your spring."

The spring was inspected with satisfactory results. The company soon after purchased the property at a generous price, and there is now a fine hotel on the lake-side lot.

If you visit it and drink of the sparkling water for which it is famed, you will look in vain for the winged inhabitants of the hollow tree. The swallows never returned after that

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summer when reckless boys made war upon them, and the tree itself has long since disappeared.

Toby, as pilot of the Queen of the Lake, was — as everybody said — the right boy in the right place. He certainly was very happy in it,— so happy that he left it with regret, even when, after four or five years, the company advanced him to a more important position.

The boy Burke became engineer of the little steamer. The business of letting boats Toby turned over to another assistant, to whom he owed a certain obligation. An unsteady employment of that sort, which kept him on or about the water, and afforded him leisure for catching wasps and hunting four-leaved clovers, proved just the thing to suit Yellow Jacket.

Tom Tazwell occupies a position in his father's store, dresses well, and carries his head high; but it is the general opinion that he "does n't amount to much." "Bertha is the flower of that family" is a common saying when Tom's name is mentioned.

Mrs. Trafford has a happy home with her children, of whom her son-in-law, Mr. Frank Allerton, must be accounted one.

THE END.

White Marie

by

Virginia Woodward Cloud

Oh, White Marie from the mountain high
Came down, when the world went Maying,
From the snow of the peaks that shine alway,
To the snow of the fields that flowering lay,
Where Shy Suzette and Saucy Dinette
—and Baby Babette — were playing.

Stole White Marie from the mountain high
Like a wandering wind-flower straying;
And oh, the surprise in her soft, dark eyes
At the blossoming ball of wonderful size
With which Suzette and Saucy Dinette
—and Baby Babette — were playing!

Then —
Shy Suzette would not go nigh,
And naughty Dinette drew her face awry,
And frightened Marie turned swift to fly

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Back to her goats, the foot-path by,
When —
Baby Babette in the grasses high—
A Marguerite out-swaying —
Reached her hands with a laugh of delight,
And scattered a shower of sunflakes white,
With nods and smiles and baby wiles,
And baby words soft saying.

Then!
Dinette threw her ball and cried "*Ici!*"
And Suzette looked sorry and said "*O oui!*"
And Marie murmured a sweet "*Merci!*"
And then—and then—
Dear Baby Babette and Shy Suzette and Saucy Dinette,
With White Marie from the mountain high,
In the snow of the fields were playing!

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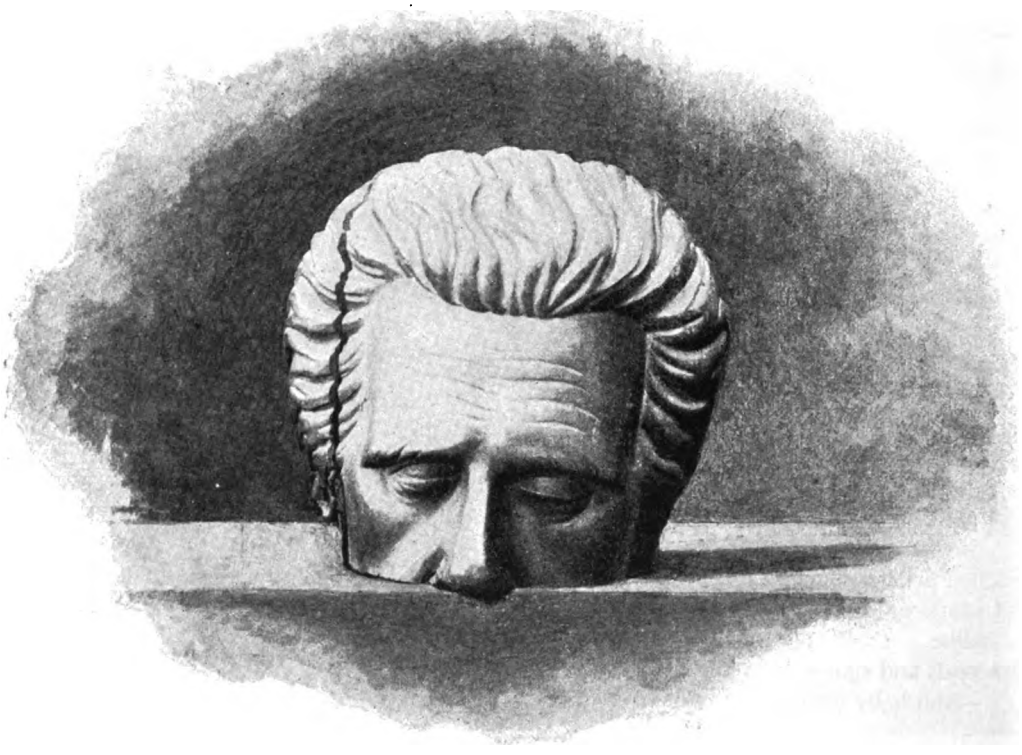
A CURIOUS RELIC.

By Margaret Bisland.



A CURIOUS RELIC. FRONT VIEW.

On a high mantel-shelf in the billiard-room of a handsome New York house stands a strange piece of bric-à-brac, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere in America or Europe. It never fails to arouse both curiosity and interest. At a distance one might think this a big dusty cannon-ball, but on nearer approach the distinct outlines and features of a half head and face appear.

Who is it? where did it come from? what is it made of? are the very natural inquiries frequently put to the most amiable of hosts. But there is no boy nor girl student of American history who will fail to recognize the square, massive forehead, high-combed, straight locks, large, well-molded nose, and prominent cheek-bones, as belonging to — why, let us see — Oh! Andrew Jackson's face, of course.

Quite correct. It is of wood, very close in grain, and darkened to a dull brown, doubtless by some preparation put on to preserve it against the action of salt-water and rain. Now, as to where it came from, and how it happened to find its way into this particular New York house, "you might guess all your lifetime, but you could n't guess that." To this upper half of General Jackson's wooden face belongs a bit of a true story that should not prove entirely uninteresting in the telling, for it throws light on an incident in American history doubtless unfamiliar to many young students.

Fifty-seven years ago Andrew Jackson was enjoying a second turbulent administration in the presidential chair, and boldly wielding such authority and power as none of his predecessors had ever dared to exert. You will remember

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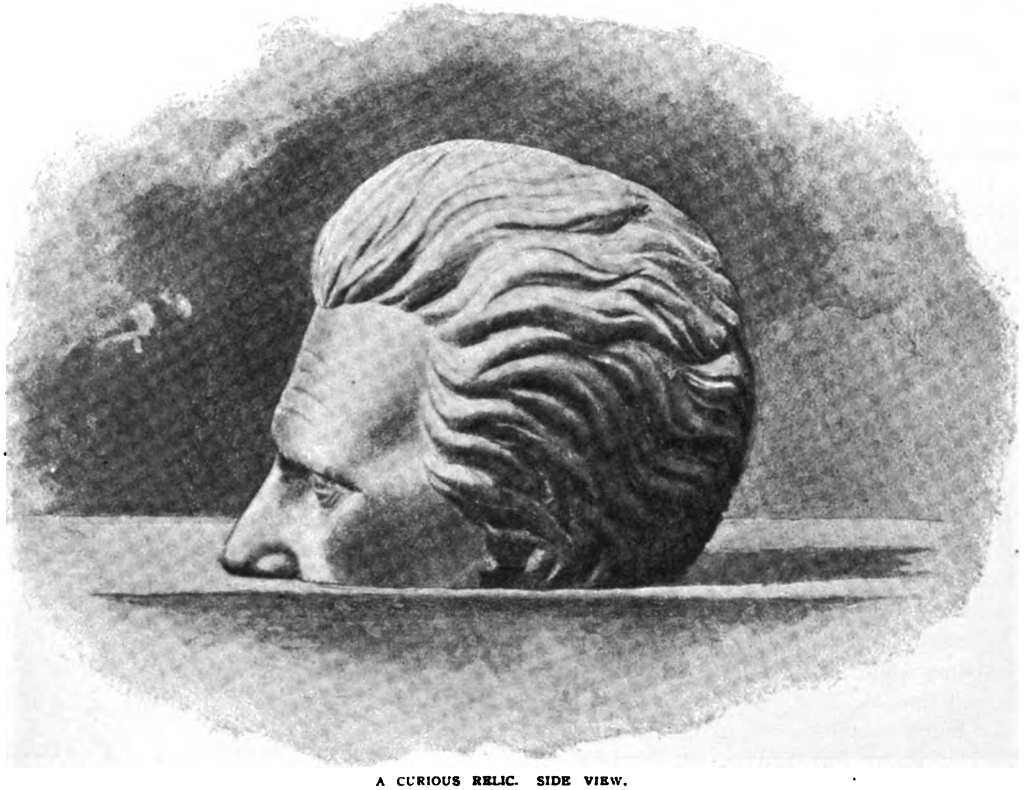
reading in your histories of the famous "bank war" begun during Jackson's first term and carried on with unabated energy in the second—how, in the Senate, no less famous statesmen than Calhoun, Clay, and Webster headed an opposition party against the uneducated, obstinate, but great Andrew Jackson, who, many believed, was about to do away with the Presidency and establish himself as Dictator of our country. Stormy scenes were enacted at Washington, and the flint-faced, iron-hearted warrior of New Orleans and the Indian wars succeeded in stirring up such violent political and financial quarrels as had not been known since the time of the old Continental Congress.

While all this dissension was at its height, in May of the year 1834, the stanch frigate "Constitution" cast anchor in Boston Harbor. She was just home from a wonderful cruise of over fifty thousand miles, and the enthusiasm of the Bostonians over the gallant vessel, her officers and crew, was hearty and sincere. Quite worthy was she of all their admiration and pride, for not only had the Constitution weathered great storms, but after fierce conflicts five foreign men-o'-war had hauled down their colors to the Stars and Stripes floating from her masthead.

In recognition of these valuable services, and also as an honor offered the warlike President, patriotic and grateful Boston placed on the bow of the Constitution a marvelously well-carved life-size figure of General Jackson. The most skilful carver of these wooden statues was employed, and gave the figure a vigor of pose and likeness to the original seldom found in such work.

A long, full cloak fell from the shoulders, one hand was thrust into the breast of the coat, and the other grasped a scroll; while the head was held proudly, and one foot slightly advanced gave the General an energetic and commanding posture, when with befitting ceremonies they firmly fastened the figurehead to the bow of the brave ship.



A CURIOUS RELIC. SIDE VIEW.

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The making and placing of this figurehead was entirely the doing of the President's political supporters and friends, and those opposed to the presidential policy warmly resented the action. Enemies of Jackson insisted on the figure's removal, but the old frigate calmly bobbed up and down in the blue bay, the figure of "Old Hickory" gazed sternly seaward, and for a time nothing at all was done by those who wished the figure removed.

It was in Boston Bay that the mysterious unloading of the tea-ship had taken place many years before; and early one July morning the old town, the Constitution's crew, and her officers discovered to their consternation that a second curious and secret attack had been made over-night.

General Jackson's wooden head had been sawed off just along the upper lip and was not to be found! No specter, but a very human hand had wielded the saw that accomplished the wicked work, and a half-headless figure faced the sea from its place on the Constitution's bow.

The ship's company, as well as officers of the law and reporters of indignant newspapers, went searching and advertising for the clever scamp, who, evading the ship's guards, had under the cover of darkness committed the peculiar crime. A long and careful investigation did not bring the criminals to justice, though Commodore Elliott offered one thousand dollars reward for any information concerning the act.

A year later the Constitution came down to New York Bay, and a second head, made for the purpose, was quietly bolted on in place of the lost one. General Jackson's administration closed not long after, all excitement over political matters abated, and nowadays the famous figurehead can be seen at the Annapolis Naval Academy where there are many others, nearly as well known.

So much for the figure; but now for the lost head of which the pictures on the preceding pages are faithful likenesses.

Three years after the unexplained decapitation in Boston Harbor, a man, Captain Dewey by name, and a native of Cape Cod, asked for an interview with Mahlon Dickerson, the Secretary of the Navy. To the Secretary's surprise, Captain Dewey produced the missing half of General Jackson's head. After receiving the Secretary's assurance that no punishment would be laid upon him, Captain Dewey proudly told his story:

Near midnight, he and a friend rowed out in a small boat to where the big vessel lay, and by the aid of a rope and the hawsers contrived to scale the tall bows. With ever watchful eyes and ears for the not too vigilant guards, Captain Dewey crept out over the water, and, hugging the General close, plied a small, sharp saw. At the first attempt, the saw struck a bolt that fastened the head to the body; but on a second trial he cut his prize entirely off, lowered it to the little boat, slid quietly down, and rowed away, chuckling over his own cleverness and the surprise in store for the crew and town. Patriotism, and a love of exciting and adventurous undertakings, led him to risk his life in the adventure.

Having no further reason to fear Jackson, or to retain what he did not consider his own property, the Captain begged to give the queer trophy into Mr. Dickerson's keeping.

When Van Buren and his cabinet retired from Washington, Mr. Dickerson carefully carried the wooden head to his home in Paterson, New Jersey, and there it held a post of honor in his library till his death.

The curious old relic then passed into the keeping of his nephew, a lawyer, the late E. N. Dickerson, who, building a new house in New York City, removed from the old New Jersey house such articles as he most valued. First among them ranked the wooden head. This was intrusted to no hands but its owner's, and during the short journey from the old to the new home, he placed it on the car-seat under his watchful eye.

A man passing through the coach in which Mr. Dickerson sat, halted at the sight of the head.

"I beg your pardon," said he courteously, in response to the lawyer's inquiring glance, "but don't I recognize there the head of the wooden figure of Andrew Jackson that was set on the Constitution's bows, many years ago?"

"Yes; but how did you know it?" inquired the owner, very much interested.

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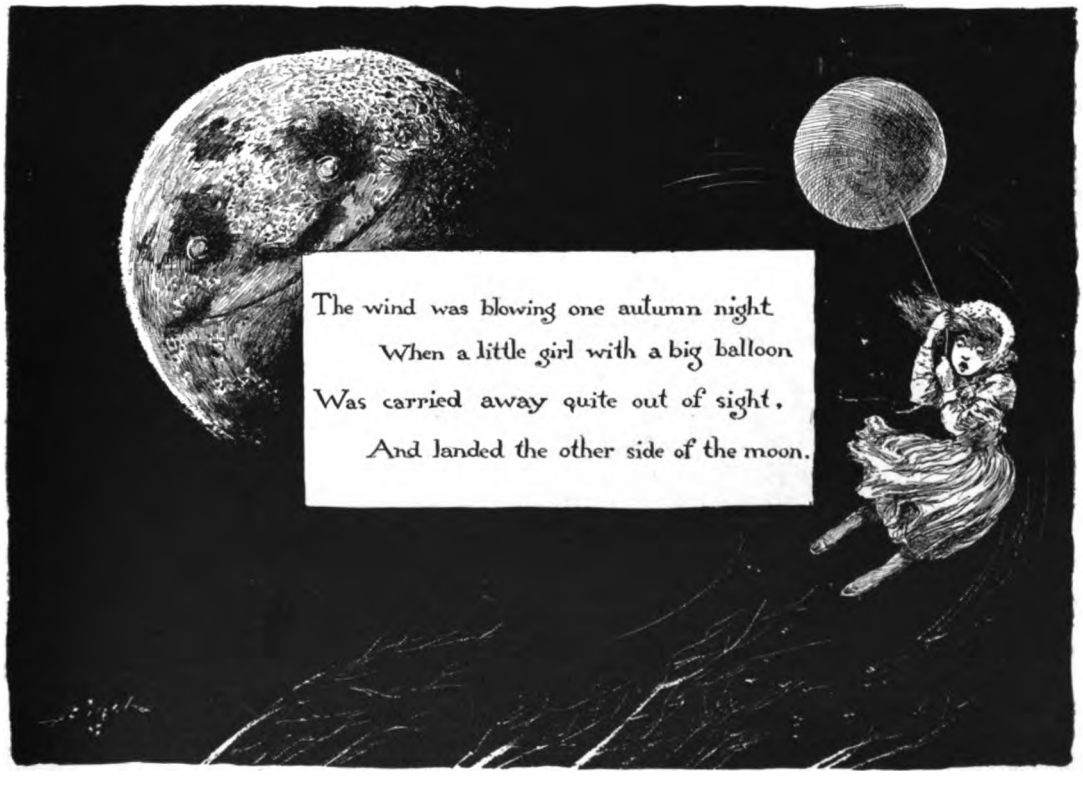
"Because I carved that figure," replied the man, laughing. "My name is Sewell, and during Jackson's administration I was counted the best maker of figureheads in Boston. I took great pride in carving the General, for I admired him and expended much care and thought on the design and cutting of his wooden statue. I was in Boston when the head was sawed off, and helped to hunt for those who did it. Shortly after that time I left my native State, and in the Carolina mines found 'the great, yellow American diamond' and sold it. With the money from my prize I bought a western ranch, and now am a rich man. I am on my first visit to Boston since I left thirty-five years ago, and this head of my own making may perhaps be the only familiar face left to greet me and welcome me back once more to my changed old home."

Just then the train glided into the station, and with a cordial handshake Mr. Dickerson and the man who had carved the head parted never to meet again.

Excepting for a split down one side, the old head is yet quite as firm and solid as when it was made.

JINGLE.



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TO LET

BY MARIONDA C. WATERMAN

A.R.W.

THERE once was a dear little, queer little man,
As quaint as quaint could be,
And he built him a neat little, sweet little house
At the bottom of the sea.

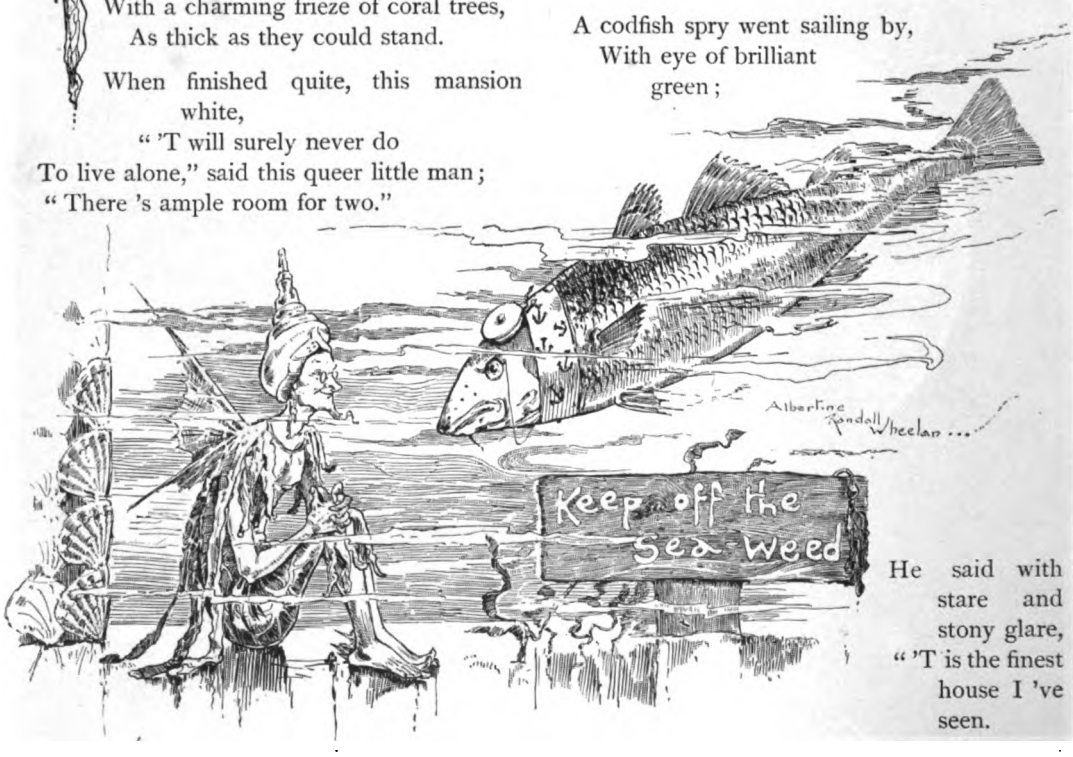
The walls were all of shells so small,
The floors of shining sand,
With a charming frieze of coral trees,
As thick as they could stand.

When finished quite, this mansion white,
"'T will surely never do
To live alone," said this queer little man;
"There 's ample room for two."

So he called a whale with a limber tail,
And said, "Come live with me,
And share my neat little, sweet little house
At the bottom of the sea."

With open smile, quite free from guile,
Said the whale, "I 'm fond of stones,
But I plainly know, to dwell below
Would soften all my bones."

A codfish spry went sailing by,
With eye of brilliant green;



He said with stare and stony glare,
"'T is the finest house I 've seen.

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"But duty, pray, is in the way;
To linger might not do,
For Friday's dish might not be fish,
Should I remain with you."

The small man sighed and nearly cried,
Till he saw a mermaid fair,
Who sat all day, in blinding spray,
Combing her golden hair.

"The rocks are cold, the waves are bold,
The passers-by are few;
Then come, I pray, and do not stay,
There 's plenty of room for two."

The mermaid gay, as she looked that way,
Said, "Lonely it must be
For one to dwell in a house of shell
At the bottom of the sea.

"It 's plainly damp, you have no lamp,
And it 's quite too far away.
'T is best to roam the fleecy foam,
Combing my hair all day."

Alas! for the dear little, queer little man,
As sad as sad could be—
He hid his wail in a leaf of kail,
"I 'll travel abroad," quoth he.

So he packed a bag with a suit of flag,
His stick was a seaweed brown,
And he climbed the stair, to the open air,
In the Bay of Slumbertown.

Then he wrote a sign with a bit of pine,
On the shining sand wrote he,
"To let—a right little, tight little house,
At the bottom of the sea."

But sad to say, he turned away,
And a merry, laughing wave
Washed out the sign and bit of pine,
And none was there to save!

Gone is the dear little, queer little man,
So pray tell all you see
About the sweet little, neat little house,
"To let" at the bottom of the sea.

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CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. Davidson.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter XIII.

THE END OF THE JUNK.

As Frank and Ben were viewing the scene from a forward port, the gong sounded below, the engines started, and, making a graceful turn, the frigate swiftly glided through the opening in the cliffs, just as the sun, rising from its watery bed, cast its first glances on the mountain peak, and then crept lower down to the jutting crag, lighting up the solitary palm-tree on its summit.

An hour later, the frigate was hull-down on the horizon, and the island was but a blue cone on the ocean; but still, tall columns of smoke from the western side, bending slowly seaward, told of the burning settlement and proved that the conflagration had not yet ended.

Where had Chan Ok gone? What would he do with his pirate fleet, now that his den was discovered and destroyed? Would he play some bold game, as was his wont? Would he sail into some coast port, sell his plunder, and leave the ocean—or found some new nest for piracy in other seas? Such were the questions put by many on board; but none could give an answer.

Captain Wyman, however, soon set the men's minds at rest concerning the next destination of their ship; for, being headed northeast, all surmised that their next port would be Singapore. They had not destroyed the pirates themselves, it is true, but they had been so close on their heels as to convince them of the danger of remaining any longer in those parts; and thereby much of the work they had set out to do had been accomplished. The ship's usual routine of life now took the place of the previous excitement, and the "Dictator" proceeded slowly on her way under sail.

One afternoon, shortly after this, they found themselves in a frequented track of commerce; and, meeting a vessel, they told the news of their chase of Chan Ok and its result. Hardly had the officer on watch conveyed the intelligence, when a commotion among the men on the stranger's deck betokened some excitement, and the stranger captain, waving his trumpet, bawled out to "Hold on a minute!" adding that he had something important to communicate. The frigate stopped, and presently the stranger's boat came dancing alongside, and her captain, a fat little man, in a white suit and broad white hat, came up the side and entered the captain's cabin.

He had not remained long when the order was passed, "'Bout ship!"

The fat captain went back to his own vessel, and the frigate started on a new course due south. Before night, it was pretty well known that the stranger had told Captain Wyman of a cluster of a dozen or more junks that he had descried on the southern horizon, which, apparently, were shifting cargo from one to another.

As night fell, the distant water took on a very peculiar hue. Deep crimson streaks lay close to the ocean's rim, behind which the sun set suddenly; above, the sky was of a deep apple-green, changing, toward the zenith, into a blue, and then deepening to a purple.

"We 'll have wind out of that!" said old Ben, as he stood on the forecastle beside the pivot-gun. "I never saw that color in streaks but that we had a heavy blow."

He was right; for in the middle watch Frank was awakened by the trampling of many feet upon deck and the noise of the firemen shoveling coal into the furnaces. Going up on deck, he saw a strange sight. The beautiful lights had faded out of the sky, and a dense blackness without a single star prevailed. A great, white, misty-looking wall was rising out of the horizon, and seemed to be lifting and rushing

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toward them. A low, hoarse moaning could be heard, and blue and green flashes of phosphorescence in the black water beside the ship apparently indicated a troubled condition of the elements below as well as above. On came the gale, and the frigate was headed to meet it. Her yards were brought down, the boats extra-lashed, hatches fastened, and guns made doubly fast, to meet the heavy sea which all knew was upon them. On it came, a great wall of foam! A dense, black mass of pale green water was forced along under it, lighted up by phosphorescence beneath. The booming now became a roar, then a rushing thunderous noise, and a typhoon, in all its fury, burst upon them!

Bravely the stout vessel met it. Head on, with engines at half-speed, her prow was buried in a smother of foam. The wind blew the spoon-drift in transverse sheets as high as the mast-tops, and howled in a score of high notes through the loose rigging, while the taut standing rigging and stays hummed a deep quavering diapason of their own. The watch on deck, in oilskins and sou'westers, huddled behind the guns or under the break of the forecastle, over which poured cataracts of green water.

Presently a wild shout came from one of the lookouts forward:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead!"

Scarcely could the sound of the cry have blown away, when a terrific crash was heard from the waters under the bow. A crushing, grinding noise resounded, as the frigate's bows came down, followed by a rumbling, rolling sound under the frigate's keel. Pieces of boats, and torn mat-sails went flying by, and all was over with the junk!

"We 've run over a junk!" was passed from lip to lip.

"Sail ho!" again came the cry, "off the starboard bow!"

The stranger was close-reefed, her hull was hidden in spray, but her bat-like wings showed clear against the foam.

"Sail ho! Another on the port bow!" called the lookout.

"We 're right in a fleet of them! What fleet can it be, so far off the coast?" shouted Frank to Ben, who stood near and was gazing intently through the storm.

Just at that moment came the lookout's song again:

"Big junk, almost dead ahead!"

Frank scrambled forward, and holding on to a gun peered over the bulwarks; and there, not a hundred yards from him, her decks crowded with men, her sails reefed down to a patch on each mast, her tall spars reeling to and fro as she went plunging over the waves, was the great pirate junk!

Her forward deck was smothered in foam, and the water poured in floods from her scuppers; while the guns, as she rolled, went trunnion-deep in water. 'Way aft, on the high steersman's deck, Frank's quick eye saw the slight form of Chan Ok, standing beside the tiller. Four of his crew, lashed to the tiller by the waist, held the junk off before the wind, the pirate directing with his hand, gesturing now this way and now that, how to steer. There he stood, bare-headed, his coal-black hair streaming out straight over his forehead, his rich silken suit showing only in wet, clinging folds.

Frank had scarcely time to note this, when a hoarse voice reached his ear from the forecastle deck. Hanging by the pivot-gun stood old Ben, clad in an oilskin suit but without the hat. His gray hair and beard were tossed about by the wind, and his long arm reached out with clenched fist.

"There 's that rascal pirate!" he shouted, "I know him! See him grin! But we 'll fetch him soon."

Instantly the frigate's decks were alive with men. It was a dangerous thing they were about to do, but the orders were given unflinchingly by Lieutenant Morris.

"Hard over helm! Stand fast all!"

Slowly the ship came about, heeling over to the wind as her broadside came to it. She lay down on her beam-ends—never to come up again, as some thought. But after a few moments' suspense, she slowly rose and plunged forward with the gale. Great mountains of water roared after her, tossing first her stern and then her bow high in air. The propeller "raced"

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as she lifted and then plunged with a shudder into the solid green water.

"Clear away fore-courses, there!" shouted Lieutenant Morris; and the great sail, though close-reefed, made the ship fairly leap.

"Forward, there! Can you make her out?" called he again, through his trumpet, from the bridge.

"Ay, ay, sir!—and another, a little off to starboard!"

"Never mind the one to starboard! Clear away that pivot-gun, load with shell, and fire as soon as you are ready!" came Morris's orders, quick and sharp.

"He 's a dandy, if he is going to open fire in this gale!" cried Ben gleefully to the old gunner, who was now busy with the gun. "Oh, he means business!" came back the dogged reply. "He 'll sink that fellow, sure!"

The great frigate, under both engines and sail, was now fast closing with the junk; and the old gunner, squinting along the piece, took a good long sight. Then, as the ship remained level for an instant, he pulled the lock-string.

The cloud of smoke and the loud report were borne ahead by the wind; but a faint streak of fire showed just near the junk's mast-head as the shell burst and the enemy's topmast went over the side.

"Well done!" shouted Lieutenant Morris. "Try it again!"

Once more the pivot-gun spoke out; and although the shell burst on the crest of a mountainous wave beyond, splinters and bits of planking were seen to fly from the mast at the stern of the pirate junk.

Then the starboard battery came into play, as the junk on that side came into range. Cloud after cloud of smoke, followed by tongues of flame, lit up the waters; and whirling smoke-wreaths were tossed away by the gale, as the shot and shell went howling into the doomed junk. Shot after shot struck her, till at length, rising high on the crest of a wave, she split open and disappeared beneath the waters.

"THEN, AS THE SHIP REMAINED LEVEL FOR AN INSTANT, HE PULLED THE LOCK-STRING."

"Well done, my men! Now for the one ahead!"

Chan Ok's junk was now directly in the track of the frigate. The old gunner fired once more, and, knowing he could not miss, jumped with his crew to one side to note the effect of the shell. The previous shots had carried away the upper sail at the junk's stern; and ranged along the deck could be seen the pirate crew, armed to the teeth, half-drowned in spray, but evidently massed as if for attack.

Suddenly Chan Ok, seizing the great tiller, aided his steersmen. Throwing the tiller hard over, he brought the junk broadside to, right under the frigate's bows. With masts whipping like cords, her great mat-sails booming in the gale, and her lee side buried in water, her men swarmed like rats over the low bulwarks.

The bow of the frigate being over the junk, as the man-of-war was raised on high the sails and hull screened the junk from the wind for

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an instant. A line of fire, flashed from pistols fired by the pirate crew, lighted up the faces of those who were leaving the pivot-gun. As the bullets drove hard home in the wood, or wounded some of the Dictator's crew, a shout arose; for, with a great *crash!* the frigate's bow came down upon the junk, cutting her in two, and then plunged deep into the sea beyond.

A tangled mass of wreckage swept by the frigate, and a hundred wretches were struggling in the billows. Some of the crew clung to the floating spars and wreckage, and as many as possible were hauled aboard.

"That 's the last," said Ben, as he drew one poor fellow aboard.

"Stand back, all of you!" roared Mr. Morris, as he pushed his way among the men with drawn sword, scattering them right and left.

"I think it 's that villain, Chan Ok. Let the boys finish him, sir!" cried Ben.

"No. The law will settle his fate. Handcuff him and bring him aft," said Mr. Morris, as he rescued the half-drowned pirate.

A score of men sprang to do his bidding, giving their prisoner a sly shake or two, as they dragged him roughly over the deck.

A few minutes later, a gathering of officers was called in the captain's cabin, and there, by the light of a swinging lamp, and surrounded by a group of stern and silent men, stood Chan

"THE FRIGATE'S BOW CAME DOWN UPON THE JUNK, CUTTING HER IN TWO."

But not quite—for as Frank picked himself up, for the shock had thrown him from his feet, he saw a man making desperate efforts to keep his head above water. In an instant a rope was thrown to him, and as they drew the man aboard, he was surrounded by an angry crowd of sailors who struck at him with their fists.

Ok, held by Ben and a sergeant. A piece of paper and ink in a saucer were on the table.

"Are you Chan Ok?" asked the captain.

The pirate was silent.

"Put your thumb signature on that paper," he ordered.

Chan Ok, pale but defiant, drew back.

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"Force him," ordered the captain.

The sergeant seized him by the left arm and shoulder and pushed him forward to the table, while Ben, gripping his right hand as in a vice, dipped Chan Ok's thumb in the ink and pressed it down on the paper for a moment so as to make an imprint.

Mr. Morris drew from his pocket the red receipt furnished by the agent at Hong Kong, and laid it beside Chan's mark.

The officers gathered about and compared the two. They were identical.

Chan Ok had been caught at last.

By the captain's orders the young pirate was at once heavily ironed and conducted to the ship's prison. Then, turning to the executive officer, the captain gave the command:

"Our work is finished. And now, Mr. Morris, about ship, and away for Hong Kong!"

THE END.

There was a little fat man
Who'd eaten so much bread
That a little field of waving wheat
Had sprouted on his head.

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TEE-WAHN FOLK-STORIES.

By Charles F. Lummis.

THE MAGIC HIDE-AND-SEEK.

I FANCY I must have been dozing after that hard ride; for when a far-away, cracked voice that could be none other than Grandfather Ysidro's said, "*Kah-whee-cáme, Lorenso-kai-deh!*" I started up so hastily as to bump my head against the white-washed wall. That may seem a queer sentence to rouse one so sharply; and especially when you know what it means. It meant that old Ysidro had just finished a story, which I had altogether missed, and was now calling upon the old man next him to tell one, by using the customary Pueblo saying:

"There is a tail on you, Father Lorenso!"

Kah-whee-cáme is what a Tee-wahn Indian always says in such a case, instead of "Now *you* tell a story, friend." It is not intended as an impolite remark, but merely refers to the firm belief of these quaint people that if one were to act like a stubborn donkey, and refuse to tell a story when called upon, a donkey's tail would grow upon him!

With such a fate in prospect, you may be sure that the roundabout invitation thus conveyed is never declined.

Grandfather Lorenso bows his head gravely, but seems in no haste. He is, indeed, impressively deliberate as he slowly makes a cigarette from a bit of corn-husk and a pinch of tobacco, lights it upon a coal raked out of the fireplace by his withered fingers, blows a slow puff eastward, then one to the north, another to the west, a fourth to the south, one straight above his head, and one down toward the floor. There is one part of the United States where the compass has *six* cardinal points (those I have just named), and that is among these Indians, and in fact all the natives of the Southwest. The cigarette plays a really important part in many sacred ceremonies of the Pueblos; for, as I have explained, its collective smoke is thought to be what makes the rain-clouds and brings the rain!

Having thus propitiated the divinities who dwell in the directions named, Lorenso looks about the circle to see if all are listening. The glance satisfies him—as well it may. There are no heedless eyes or ears in the audience, of which I am the only white member—and a very lucky one, in that I, an "Americano," am allowed to hear these jealously guarded stories, and to see the silent smoke-prayer which would never be made if a stranger were present. There are seven aged men here, and nine bright-eyed boys—all *Isleteños* (inhabitants of Isleta). We are huddled around the fireplace in the corner of the big, pleasant room, against whose dark rafters and farther white walls the shadows dance and waver.

And now, taking a deep puff, Lorenso exclaims:

"*Nah-t' hóo-ai!*" ("In a house.") It has nothing to do with the story; but is the prologue, to inform the hearers that the story is about to open.

"Ah-h-h!" we all respond, which is as much as to say: "We are listening, go on," and Lorenso begins his story.

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ONCE upon a time there was a Tee-wahn village on the other side of the mountain, and there lived a man and his wife who thought more of the future of their children than did the others. To care better for the children, they moved to a little ranch some distance from the village, and there taught their two little sons all they could. Both boys loved the outdoors, and games, and hunting; and the parents were well pleased, saying to each other:

"Perhaps some day they will be great hunters!"

By the time the elder boy was twelve and the younger ten, they both were very expert with the little bows and arrows their father carefully made them; and already they began to bring home many rabbits when they were allowed to go a little way from home. There was only one command their parents gave about their hunts; and that was that they must never, never go south. They could hunt to the east, north, and west, but not south.

Day after day they went hunting, and more and more rabbits they killed, growing always more expert.

One day when they had hunted eastward, the elder boy said:

"Brother, can you say any reason why we must not go south?"

"I know nothing," replied the younger, "except what I overheard our parents saying one day. They spoke of an old woman who lives in the south, who eats children; and for that they said they would never let us go south."

"Pooh!" said the elder, "I think nothing of *that*. The real reason must be that they wish to save the rabbits in the south, and are afraid we would kill them all. There must be many rabbits in that *bosque* (forest) away down there. Let 's go and see—*they* won't know!"

The younger boy being persuaded, they started off together, and after a long walk came to the bosque. It was full of rabbits, and they were having great sport, when suddenly they heard a motherly voice calling through the woods. In a moment they saw an old woman coming from the south, who said to the boys:

"*Mah-kóo-oon* (grandchildren), what are you doing here, where no one ever thinks to come?"

"We are hunting, Grandmother," they replied. "Our parents would never let us come south; but to-day we came to see if the rabbits are more numerous here than above."

"Oh!" said the old woman, "this game you see here is *nothing*. Come, and I will show you where there is much, and you can carry very large rabbits home to your parents." But she was deceiving them.

She had a big basket upon her back, and stooping for the boys to get into it, she carried them farther and farther into the woods. At last they came to an old, battered house; and setting the basket down, she said:

"Now we have come all the way here, where no one ever came before, and there is no way out. You can find no trail, and you will have to stay here contented, or I will eat you up!"

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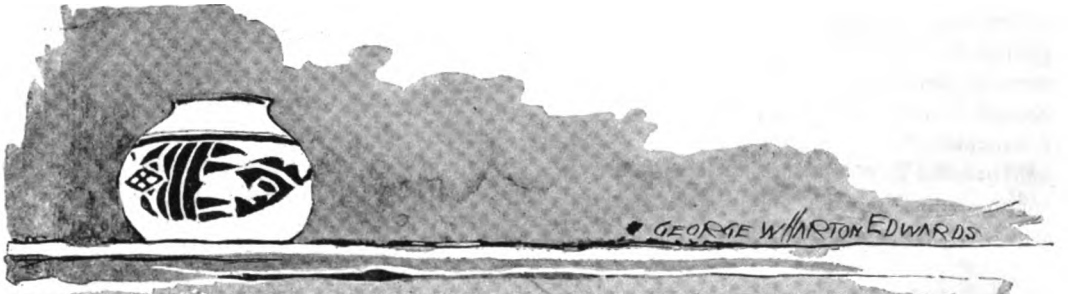

The boys were much afraid, and said they would stay and be contented. But the old woman went into the house and told her husband — who was as wicked as she — to get wood and build a big fire in the *horno* [outdoor bake-oven, made of clay, and shaped like a beehive]. All day long the fire burned, and the oven became hotter than it had ever been. In the evening the old witch-woman raked out the coals, and calling the boys seized them and forced them into the fiery oven.

"*Tahb-koon-náhm?*" (Is that so?) we all exclaimed — that being the proper response whenever the narrator pauses a moment.

"That is so," replied Lorenso, and went on.

Then the old woman put a flat rock over the little door of the oven, and another over the smoke-hole, and sealed them both tight with clay. All that night she and her husband were chuckling to think what a nice breakfast they would have — for both of them were witch-people, and ate all the children they could find.

But in the morning when she unsealed the oven, there were the two boys, laughing and playing together unhurt — for the Trues [as Pueblos call their gods] had come to their aid and protected them from the heat.

Leaving the boys to crawl out, the old woman ran to the house and scolded the old man terribly for not having made the oven hot enough. "Go this minute," she said, "and put in the oven all the wood that it will hold, and keep it burning all day!"

When night came, the old woman cleaned the oven, which was twice as hot as before; and again she put in the boys and sealed it up. But the next morning the boys were unhurt and went to playing.

"THEY HID THEMSELVES, ONE AGAINST EACH OF THE DOOR JAMBS." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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The witch-woman was very angry then; and giving the boys their bows and arrows, told them to go and play. She stayed at home and abused the old witch-man all day for a poor fire-maker.

When the boys returned in the evening, she said:

"To-morrow, grandchildren, we will play *Nah-oo-p'ah-chée* (hide-and-seek), and the one who is found three times by the other shall pay his life."

"THE WITCH MADE HERSELF VERY SMALL, AND WENT BEHIND THE FOOT OF A BIG CRANE."

The boys agreed [for such a challenge, which was once a common one with the Indians, could not possibly be declined], and secretly prayed to the Trues to help them — for by this time they knew that the old man and the old woman "had the bad road" [that is, were witches].

The next day came; and very soon the old woman called them to begin the game. The boys were to hide first; and when the old woman had turned her eyes and vowed not to look, they went to the door and hid one against each of its jambs. There you could look and look, and see the wood through them — for the Trues, to help them, made them invisible. When they were safely hidden they whooped, "*Hee-táh!*" and the old woman began to hunt, singing the hide-and-seek song:

"*Hee-táh yahn hee-choo-ah-kóo mee, mee, mee?*" (Now, now, which way went they, went they, went they?)

After hunting some time she called:

"You little fellows are on the door-posts. Come out!"

So the boys came out and "made blind" [covered their eyes] while the old woman went to hide. There was a pond close by, with many ducks on it; and making herself very little, she went and hid under the left wing of the duck with a blue head. [I should tell you that, being a witch, she could not possibly have gone under the right wing. Everything that is to the left belongs to the witches.] When they heard her "Hee-táh!" the boys went searching and singing; and at last the elder cried out:

"Old woman, you are under the left wing of the whitest duck on the lake — the one with the blue head. Come out!"

This time the boys made themselves small and crawled into the quivers beside their bows and arrows. The old woman had to sing her song over a great many times, as she went hunting all around; but at last she called:

"Come out of the quivers where you are!"

Then the witch made herself very small indeed, and went behind the foot of a big crane that was standing on one leg near the lake. But at last the boys found her even there.

It was their last turn now, and the old woman felt very triumphant as she waited for them to hide. But this time they went up and hid themselves under the right arm of the Sun [who

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is, according to Pueblo belief, the father of everything]. The old witch hunted everywhere, and used all her bad power, but in vain; and when she was tired out she had to cry, "*Hee-táh-ow!*" And then the boys came down from under the Sun's arm rejoicing.

The old witch, taking her last turn, went to the lake and entered into a fish, thinking that there she would be perfectly safe from discovery. It did take the boys a great while to find her; but at last they shouted:

"Old woman, you are in the biggest fish in the lake! Come out!"

As she came walking toward them in her natural shape again, they called: "Remember the agreement!" and with their sharp arrows they killed the old witch-woman and then the old witch-man. Then they took away the two wicked old hearts, and put in place of each a kernel of spotless corn; so that if the witches should ever come to life again they would no longer be witches, but people with pure, good hearts. They never did come to life, however, which was good.

Taking their bows and arrows, the boys — now young men, for the four "days" they had been with the witches were really four years — returned home. At the village they found their anxious parents, who had come to ask the Cacique [head of the village] to order all the people out to search.

When all saw the boys and heard their story, there was great rejoicing, for those two witch-people had been terrors to the village for years. On their account no one had dared go hunting to the south. And to this day the game is thicker there than anywhere else in the country, because it has not been hunted there for so long as in other places. The two young men were forgiven for disobedience [which is a very serious thing at any age, among the Pueblos], and were made heroes. The Cacique gave them his two daughters for wives, and all the people did them honor.

"Is that so?" we responded; and Lorenso replied, "That is so," gathering his blanket and rising to go without "putting a tail" on any one, for it was already late.

I may add that the game of hide-and-seek is still played by my dusky little neighbors, the Pueblo children, and the searching-song is still sung by them, exactly as the boys and the old witch played and sang — but of course without their magical talent at hiding.

(To be continued.)

CONFIDENCE.

By Maud Wyman.

"Come, show me the road to Fame," he said,
"For I must be off to-day!"
His eyes were bright, and his cheeks were red,
While his voice rang fresh and gay.

"I take my volume of verse with me,
To read as I onward go,
And if you await my return," said he,
"I 'll read you a rhyme or so."

"Then show me the road to Fame, I pray.
Make haste, for the day is bright,
And I must be off and upon my way
For I hope to get back to-night."

I showed him a path where the briers grew,
By the mill-pond greenly cool.
But did not add, — what full well I knew —
That it led to the village school.

Then I turned me round and wildly fled —
For I knew, ah, yes! I knew —
Should he come again, I would have to hear
An original rhyme, or two.

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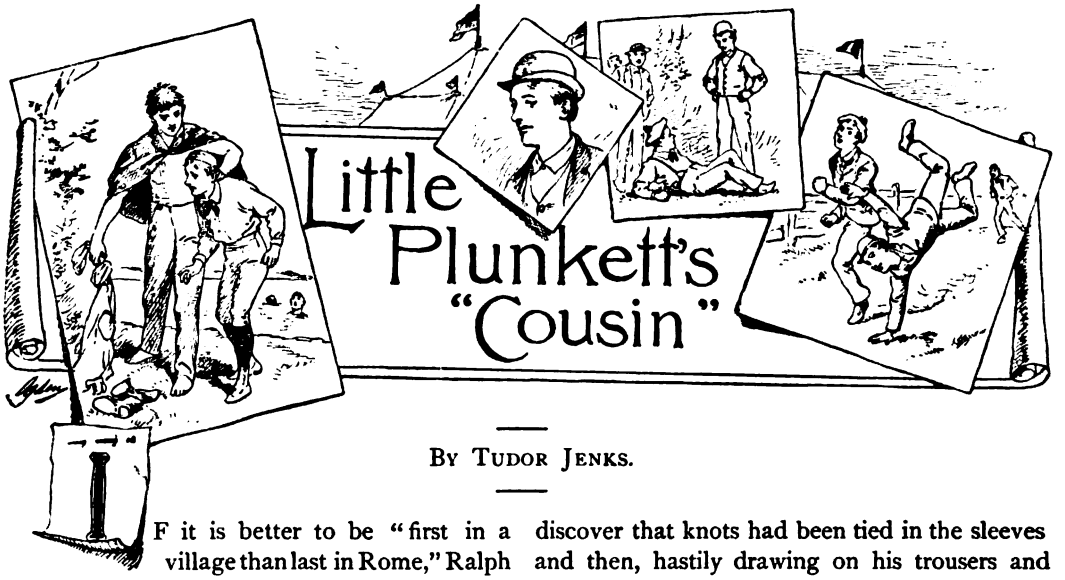

Little Plunkett's "Cousin"

By Tudor Jenks.

If it is better to be "first in a village than last in Rome," Ralph McGregor should have been content. For there was no doubt that he was the first among the village boys in all those pursuits which they most valued. Not only was he thus preëminent, but he was blessed with competitors some of whom were able to threaten his possession of the title of champion.

Ralph, therefore, never failed to realize the sweetness of power,— continual attempts to displace him having thus far only resulted in lengthening the list of his victories.

One Saturday afternoon the boys started for their swimming-beach, which was on a lake not far from the village where they lived. With and without permission, the little group had come, in twos and threes, along the hot and dusty road which led past the village store, between fields and meadows, over the rises and hollows, to the lake shore.

On the way down there had been a race; and, after an exciting struggle, Ralph had won it. He was in high spirits over the victory, and this made him a little boisterous.

When they entered the water, Ralph had "ducked" one of the smaller boys, who had made little resistance or remonstrance at the moment, but bided his time and retaliated, as Ralph discovered when he left the water and began to dress.

Ralph examined his shirt just long enough to discover that knots had been tied in the sleeves and then, hastily drawing on his trousers and throwing his jacket around his shoulders, he started to run along the road after the retreating figure of the sly small boy, who had left the water some little time before.

In spite of the long start secured, Ralph overtook his fleeing prey and grasped him firmly by the nape of the neck. Then, without checking his speed, Ralph turned a long curve, driving his unhappy captive before him, and the two were soon at the swimming-beach again.

"Now," said Ralph, "you can just untie those knots, youngster, and be quick, too!"

"What for?" asked the younger boy, whose name was Plunkett, feigning a bland innocence which was really absurd under the circumstances.

Disdaining other answer, Ralph tightened his grasp upon Plunkett's neck in a most convincing way. Plunkett seemed satisfied with this proof of his crime, and began a reluctant struggle with the knots, regretting perhaps that he had so firmly constructed them.

A few of the older boys had meanwhile come to the conclusion that there was something to be said on the other side of this case which Ralph was deciding so summarily.

"See here, Ralph," said Tom Cromwell, one of the most ambitious of the champion's rivals, "just suppose you let Plunkett go. He 's all right. You ducked him first!"

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"What 's that to you, anyway?" asked Ralph, never relaxing his grip upon the stooping Plunkett.

"Oh, nothing much," said Tom; "only you ought to be fair."

"So I am fair," Ralph replied. "I only ducked him for a joke."

"And I only tied your clothes for a joke," responded the smaller boy with some spirit.

"Well, it 's a different thing," said Ralph, "and you know it." This last clause he added as a clincher, for he was conscious that the distinction between the two acts was far from clear to himself, and was unwilling to argue.

No further remonstrance was made by Cromwell, and little Plunkett soon finished the task imposed upon him, so the subject was dropped, and the boys loitered homeward.

Some flung stones at trees or posts which offered themselves as fair tests of marksmanship, while others plodded along in the rearguard, making constant efforts to thoroughly dry their hair,—a matter to which they seemed to attach much importance.

In throwing stones, as in other boyish accomplishments, Ralph easily proved his supremacy, and was even foolish enough to taunt his companions with their lack of skill.

"You can't throw any better than a lot of girls!" he said, contemptuously. "Look, here is the way you throw!" and he gave a wildly farcical fling of the arm.

The boys laughed, for it was comical, but they did not take any pleasure in being reminded of their inferiority, nor did their chagrin fail to bear fruit.

When they came to Main Street,—which, of course, was the street made by the church, the village store, and the town hall,— Ralph's path diverged from the course of the rest, and he turned away, saying jauntily, "So long, boys!" and went whistling homeward.

The others walked on for a few paces in silence. All felt somewhat ashamed of their subservience to the village bully, and each was too proud to say so, or to become bolder immediately upon his departure. Indeed, they would not have called Ralph a "bully," for to them the word meant only one who fought and thrashed smaller boys, and Ralph was neither quarrelsome nor pugilistic. Yet he was a bully, for he took for himself liberties which he denied to others, and did so by force. He did not fight, it is true; but that was merely because the boys were of a higher grade than those whose fists are their sole arbiters of right and wrong.

Now, Ralph went home entirely unconscious of the impression his conduct had made upon his comrades, and no doubt would have said that they had enjoyed the afternoon quite as much as he had. But not long after his swaying figure was concealed by a turn in the road, young Plunkett said to the rest:

"Fellows, why did n't you stand by me? I had just as much right to fix his shirt as he had to duck me, hadn't I?"

"Well, I said so," replied Tom Cromwell, but in a half-hearted way.

"Oh, yes! You *said* so," answered little Plunkett, "but a lot of good that did me! I had to untie the knots, all the same."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" asked Tom, a little sulkily, for he was far from thoroughly pleased with his own conduct. "Do you want me to pound him over the head, and then to get licked by him? You know he can do it, and there 's no use saying he can't. What good would it do you for me to get rolled in the mud? I 'll do it, if you say it 's the correct style," added Tom, dryly; "but first I 'd like to see the good of it all."

Young Plunkett was one of those big-headed boys who are born to make plans. It was not the first time he had considered the problem of Ralph McGregor, and he had a general idea of what ought to be done; but he was not entirely satisfied with the details of his project. He was glad of this opportunity to foment a conspiracy, and promptly took advantage of it.

"It 's no fun having you rolled around in the mud, Tom," he answered, smiling; "and, as you say, it 's precious little use. But I 've got a notion—" Here the boys all chuckled, for "Plunkett's notions" were a staple joke among them. But he merely paused long enough for the laughter to ebb away, and then continued undisturbed: "I've a notion how we can fix this up all straight." They were just then passing the school-house yard, so he said: "Come

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in here and sit down for a while, and I 'll explain it to you."

The old gate swung open, the boys filed in, it slammed together again; and for an hour or so a group of gleeful conspirators concentered around the intellect of Plunkett, the boy with "a notion how to fix it."

They parted at dusk in the best of humor, each distributing giggles along his homeward path.

During the next week, only a very keen observer would have remarked the fact that the thoughtful brow of Ethan Plunkett was upon two several afternoons missed from its accustomed place in the school-room. The schoolmaster noted the circumstance in his little book, but attached no importance to the absences beyond a mental recognition of the warm interest some of the other scholars seemed to take in this lad, who was one of the younger boys. Indeed, the master thought he observed that looks of inquiry were directed toward the youngster upon his second return to the school, and even that the boy nodded an assent to the questions thus mutely expressed. Still, as a small boy was at that moment endeavoring to convince the teacher, by a positive manner and reiterated assertions, that Kamtchatka was an empire in South America, the master's mind was diverted, and never recurred to the subject.

A week having passed, it easily follows that another Saturday afternoon was entitled to arrive. The season being summer, it also follows that the boys were early on the road to the swimming-beach. In fact, there seemed some concert in their meeting, for quite a squad of the boys — the same who had met at the schoolhouse — came along together. There was also a stranger with them. He was a quiet lad, dressed in a shabby suit and a little derby hat which seemed rather old for him, and he held his head down as he walked. Close beside him walked Ethan Plunkett, and it was noticeable that the stranger was treated with much consideration by Ethan, and indeed by all the boys.

This squad walked quietly to the swimming beach, and, strangely enough, plunged into the river without delay, as if they had come only for a bath, instead of for a frolic as usual. They seemed to be expectant, for they watched the stranger keenly.

The look of relief which was plainly visible when Ralph McGregor appeared upon the shore would indicate that his presence was at least one of the factors necessary to gratify their expectations.

"Hello, fellows," said Ralph, as he threw off his coat, "why did n't you wait for me?"

"Oh, we knew you 'd be along; and Plunkett wanted to take his visitor down to show him the beach," answered Tom Cromwell, who with careless ease was treading water not far from shore.

"That 's all right," said Ralph, good-naturedly.

"Well, I 'm glad you 're not displeased with us," said Plunkett, in rather a mocking tone. Ralph, however, was not thin-skinned, and repeated, "Oh, no; it 's all right!" Then, taking a short run, he plunged into the water, diving under and coming up with a snort and shake of the head not far from the new boy.

"You 're Ralph McGregor?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes," replied Ralph, rather shortly, for he was not entirely pleased to be addressed with so much assurance by a "new" boy. "What's your name?" he asked, in turn.

"Signor Alberto," replied the youngster as quietly as if he had said Thomas Brown.

"*What?*" said Ralph, in his surprise.

"Signor Alberto," replied the boy, in the same matter-of-fact tone.

"What are you? French?" asked Ralph.

"No. Are you Scotch?" inquired the other boy.

"No. Why?"

"Because your name is McGregor," and the boy turned and swam, somewhat awkwardly, away.

Ralph struck out in his wake, and soon overtook him; Ralph's curiosity was excited, and he wanted to ask a few more questions. But just as he came abreast of the other swimmer, the stranger dived, and came up several feet further away. Ralph again swam to him, and the diving was repeated. When he came up Ralph called: "See here, Alberto, or whatever your name is, I want to talk to you."

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"Well," replied the other, "what of it?"

"You keep swimming away," replied Ralph.

"Can't you swim?" asked Alberto, in a dry tone which made the other boys grin.

"Course I can, but I want to talk now."

"Well, talk,— and I 'll swim," replied the cool stranger. The boys chuckled, and Ralph's temper was a little ruffled.

"Come here!" said he, somewhat imperiously.

"I have n't time," replied Alberto; "and I 'm afraid I shall wet my feet." The last part of the reply admitted of but one construction. This irreverent stranger was evidently poking fun at the proud McGregor.

"If you don't come, I 'll come there and duck you," said Ralph; at the same time pretending to laugh as if he were only joking.

But Alberto seemed to have forgotten Ralph's existence, and was swimming, still with apparent awkwardness, near Ethan Plunkett, and conversing quietly with him. This entire ignoring of his threat provoked Ralph more than any reply could have done.

"Do you hear me?" he shouted angrily.

"I do," replied Alberto; "but your voice is powerful weak. You need a tonic." Ralph wasted no more words, but plunged into the water and swam with all his might toward this irritating fellow. At the same time the boy called Signor Alberto seemed to be making tremendous efforts to get away; but Ralph gained upon him and was soon so near that he could almost reach the boy's heels. *Almost*, but not quite. Ralph redoubled his efforts, making frantic plunges, and puffing out water like a Chinese laundryman, but somehow there was still just an inch or two between his hand and Alberto's heels.

The other boys roared with laughter, and it soon became clear, even to Ralph, that he was not going to catch the boy — much less duck him. It was humiliating, but Ralph's breath gave out, and he had to stop.

"You 're a pretty fair swimmer," he said, trying to put a good face on the matter. "Where did you learn to swim?"

"In the Desert of Sahara," replied Alberto, "with the Eskimos."

"Oh, see here, stop fooling!" said Ralph "Who are you, anyway?"

"You can call me an Italian cousin of Ethan Plunkett's," replied the boy, and he swam further out.

Ralph made up his mind that there was not much to be made out of so odd a fish, and swam away. Soon after he waded ashore, and, dressing, waited for the rest to come out. Ralph was somewhat silent, and indeed was for the first time conscious that he had lost rank in the eyes of his companions. He knew no other way to recover what he had lost than by some feat of strength or skill. Since he had been beaten in swimming (for the new-comer had easily outdone Ralph's best efforts in the water) he thought that perhaps his strength might stand him in good stead, though his skill had failed. So, when the others were dressed, Ralph proposed that they should stay awhile by the lake and "have some fun." The other boys well knew what this meant, and little Plunkett, who had hitherto kept strangely in the background, said: "What 'll we do, Ralph?"

"Let 's pull on a stick."

This was Ralph's favorite amusement; he even preferred it to "snap-the-whip," though that, too, was a favorite.

So they found a stout stick, and two of the boys sat on the ground, put the soles of their feet together, and holding the stick near the middle pulled until one or the other was drawn to his feet or pulled over. Several of the boys declined the game — among them Alberto. But after Cromwell had with much difficulty conquered all but Ralph, the latter sat down with a confident smile, and after a short struggle pulled Cromwell over. Indeed it seemed to him he had never conquered Tom so easily.

As he sat upon the ground, beaming with pride and with his good-humor entirely restored, little Plunkett stepped up and said modestly: "My friend Alberto thinks he would like that game — and he 's willing to try with you, if you 'll show him how."

"All right," replied Ralph, very graciously.

So Alberto sat down, and after a little teaching said he thought he understood it.

"Oh, it takes some practice," said Ralph, in a patronizing tone; "I 'll pull against you with one hand, at first." So he did, but strange to say Alberto pulled hard enough to make Ralph

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lose his hold upon the stick, and it slipped from his hand.

"You 'd better take two hands, perhaps," said Alberto, politely. "It pulls more evenly that way."

So Ralph took both hands, braced himself, smiled to think how the little foreigner would come flying through the air, exerted all his strength, and, to his intense surprise, arose gracefully, but most unwillingly, to his feet. He was beaten; and the little foreigner was actually chuckling at him.

"You 're too heavy to be very strong," remarked Alberto, critically.

"Well, I guess you 'd find me all you 'd want to tackle!" said Ralph, for he was unused to this style of criticism, and found it too frank to be agreeable.

"How do you mean?" asked the other.

"Wrestling."

"What kind?" asked Alberto.

"Any kind," said Ralph, recklessly. "Come on, and I 'll show you whether I 'm too fat or not."

"It 's all good-natured, you know?" said Alberto, in a questioning tone.

"Any way you like," said Ralph. Alberto threw off his coat and advanced toward Ralph. "Are you ready?" he asked. "Ready," said Ralph.

. . . . . .

When Ralph got up he looked around him in a dazed way, and then asked curiously, "How did you do that?"

"That's what they call the Græco-Roman style," replied Alberto, who did not seem to have moved at all, so far as Ralph could remember.

"Are your other styles like that?"

"Something like that," replied his cool antagonist.

"Then I don't care to see any more," replied Ralph very frankly, and with much more good-nature than most boys would have shown after having been thrown to the ground like an empty sack. The boys around laughed, and Tom Cromwell said: "That 's a smart cousin of yours, Plunkett!"

"Yes, he 's pretty quick," replied Plunkett, very soberly, and with more modesty than was entirely natural under the circumstances.

"Are you Plunkett's cousin?" asked Ralph, suspiciously.

"I have always called myself so ever since I first knew him," replied Signor Alberto, turning away. Plunkett laughed; he could not help it.

Ralph was much chagrined, but did not even yet completely realize his downfall or have sense enough to stop where he was. He was restless, and proposed a race to the village store. Away they went; little Plunkett first, at the start, for he was great on short distances. Tom Cromwell came next; then Ralph, saving himself for the final spurt; after him, two or three other boys, and, strangely enough, Plunkett's "cousin" was running lightly, the last of all.

Cromwell soon took the lead, but only to lose it to Ralph, and Ralph was just beginning to congratulate himself that he would be the winner when something *rolled* by him. Ralph drew up short.

It was Plunkett's "cousin"—*turning handsprings!*

That was too much. Ralph turned and fled home. He went to his room, sat down in a big armchair, and thought it all over. He did not go to church next day. He said he did not feel just right. He reappeared next day, and things thereafter went just about as usual—but with a difference. It was a very different Ralph McGregor who came to school on Monday—and a much better fellow the new McGregor was.

Now and then some of Ralph's old traits would show themselves for a moment, but when this happened there was likely to be a sudden interest in Plunkett's "cousin" among the boys, and solicitous inquiries about his health, and Ralph never failed to quiet down. Plunkett was reticent; but freely admitted that he did not expect another visit from Signor Alberto for some time to come.

A month or two passed, and Ralph went to the circus, which was at the county-seat near his native village. Among the performers he was surprised to recognize Plunkett's visitor! After seeing Alberto perform some wonderful feats of bareback riding, tumbling, jumping, and conjuring, Ralph said wisely to himself:

"Well, a fellow ought to follow his bent. It

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is n't long since he was here; that youngster was cut out for the business or he never could have learned all that in so short a time!"

THE TUG OF WAR.

He told Plunkett so, when he returned home, and Plunkett said only: "Ho! ho! ho!"

But Ralph did n't see that there was anything to laugh at.

As to the conspirators, they held one more meeting than the two mentioned. It was just before the departure of Plunkett's "cousin," and resulted in the prompt collection of five dollars. This was handed to Plunkett's "cousin," and he thanked the boys and said as he turned away: "I don't like to take money from you, boys, but, after all, you made it a matter of business."

All the boys assured him that they were well satisfied.

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

By Mary E. Bradley.

Papa and his guest sat at table together,
And talked of the tariff, the crops, and the weather,
The Indian outlook, the Woman's Convention,
And other such matters too many to mention.
While poor little Dot, who distinctly preferred,
Like most of her sex, to be seen *and* be heard,—
Whose patience, in fact, neared the end of its tether,—
Was waiting a chance for her own little word.

A pause came at last: at the very first knocking
She seized opportunity — was n't it shocking!
And chattered so fast that her father, astonished,
Concluded his Dot must be sternly admonished.
"My dear little girl,"— was his terrible way,—
"What makes you so noisy, I wonder, to-day?
A bit of your tongue I shall have to be docking."
But Dot answered back, with no sign of dismay,
"*I 's* talkin' betause I 's dot sumpfin' to say."

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A SCHOOL-GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By Fraülein Rosa Schmalz.

On a certain lovely warm spring day, the world looked especially beautiful to me as I stood under the scanty shade of a large apple-tree, which bore here and there a few fragrant blossoms. I gazed wistfully down the mountain-side in expectation of my guests. They were really *mine*, for that day I was quite an important person; one of those enviable mortals to whom nothing can be refused, not only because I was a "Sunday child," but because I was also a birthday child, and on one's birthday all one's wishes must be fulfilled.

It was my sixteenth birthday, and the very woods semed full of sunshine and springtime.

As I lingered on the highroad, watching for the friends and well-wishers who were on their way, I found the time a little long and tedious, and anxious thoughts began to trouble me. "Suppose Jenny had forgotten to tell them that to-day was my birthday! Suppose she should not come herself!"

Soon Mina, one of our neighbors in Bergfeld, came, bringing my cake and all its colored candles in her milk-wagon; and a half-hour later, Jenny and all my friends had come. My favorite cousin was with us, too, and three of his comrades. We played croquet and other games, we laughed, and talked, and danced, and all were happy; but the crowning point of all the day was a letter from the Countess Sorr. She had arranged a great festival in honor of her husband's birthday, and my father was invited, with the ladies of his family.

My sister was only a few years older than I, but she was in eager consultation with my mother about her dress. I heard scraps of their conversation concerning sky-blue silk, pomegranate flowers, and camellia blossoms, but it all interested me but little. I was not yet grown up. I was only a shy, insignificant school-girl, who dared not dream yet of "going out." Suddenly my father turned toward me, and said kindly, "Little one, would you like to go to Sorran?"

I said nothing, but stared at him with great wondering eyes. He laughed a little, and continued lovingly, stroking my hair as he spoke, "But I am in earnest. I had no specially delightful gift for you to-day, so, little mother," and he looked at my mother, "we will take Röschen with us this time."

This important matter being settled, I did not know whether to be very happy or not. I had heard so much about that festival at Sorran from sister Helen—how many, many people would be there, and among them so many celebrated folk—that I decided that I would really like to go. I would like to see again the grand old *schloss*, or castle, with its beautiful park and grotto; and yet my heart began to beat uncomfortably at the thought of myself alone in all that crowd, where certainly I should be the only child.

"Nonsense!" I cried, suddenly springing up; "from to-day I am no more a child—I am a young lady, and I can see that father thinks so too; besides mother, and Helen and Nelly will all be there, too."

It was not until on the way to the station with my departing friends that I confided to Jenny the wonderful news. I told her with an important air, and a face beaming with smiles, that I had been invited to the birthday festival of Count Sorr, that of course my parents and Helen were also invited, and that we expected to see any number of world-renowned people, musicians and poets, sculptors and painters.

"Oh, you lucky girl!" said Jenny, and then I was suddenly quite sure that I was entirely happy and fortunate, for Jenny was my oracle.

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And thus ended my sixteenth birthday, and I fell asleep, to dream of a white muslin dress, and of our journey through the Tiefenthal, or deep valley.

A few days passed by, and then, one afternoon, we were at Sorran. As our large family carriage drew up, the servants from the castle hurried across the garden, in order to relieve us from the packages and wraps with which we were loaded. The great doors of the Sorraner Castle were wide open, and the great hall was adorned with orange- and myrtle-trees, and countless lovely flowers. Gentlemen shining with orders, Saxon, Prussian, and Austrian officers in their gay uniforms, ladies who looked like queens in their diamonds and feathers, all moved here and there about the rooms. Everything glittered and shone like gold and silver. Now a mother with two beautiful daughters came down the steps, and they seemed like the fairies in my book of fairy tales. Flowers lay everywhere, as if they had been shaken out of a horn of plenty. The flowers appeared to me much more beautiful than those in our garden-beds at home.

I went up the long steps behind a splendid lady, who looked like a wandering flower-garden, and who was my especial admiration. Suddenly, in a long pier-glass, I recognized with much dismay a very slender little personage, dressed in white, with a wreath of roses a little crooked on her somewhat disordered curls. I put up my hand hastily to arrange my wreath, for that and a golden girdle were my only ornaments. They looked very pretty in Bergfeld, but here the glass showed me a rather unpresentable little figure, with limp white ribbons, and so out of harmony with all the luxury and beauty around her that I was afraid the lady like a flower-garden had smiled pityingly on me, and as I shyly slipped my hand into my father's kind grasp, I thought sadly that perhaps I had better have stayed at home, with the crocuses and primroses. It was, however, too late then, and we made our way toward our amiable hosts. They stood together in eager conversation with a tall gentleman, who looked curiously at me (too youthful for such an assembly), but seeing me blush, nodded kindly and reassuringly. When, somewhat timidly, I congratulated the dear old Count, and wished him much happiness, he kissed me on the forehead, and said, "I am glad to see you here, Fraülein Röschen. Be a good child, and I will presently find my godchild, our minister's granddaughter. She is about your age, and you will be happy together." I was deeply thankful to Count Sorr for his good intentions, but he had many more important duties to fulfil, and his godchild was not easily found among more than three hundred guests; so it was not until late in the evening that I met Pastor Fritz, and made the acquaintance of his grandchild.

The great dinner was over, and so was the beautiful music of the Life Guard Band, which had been the only thing that had given me much pleasure, as my next neighbor was a clever young professor whose brilliant speeches I only half understood, and who, therefore, naturally turned his attention to my sister Helen, who was at his other side.

Near-by, Countess Sorr sat, beside the tall, kind-faced gentleman with whom she had been talking at our entrance. Once, as I watched them, it was evident that they were talking about me, and, catching my eye and seeing my embarrassment, he nodded pleasantly; and when the usual toast to the "Blooming Wreath of Young Ladies" was proposed, he leaned toward me and said, "And to the Little Buds also, my Fraülein." Deeply pleased and flattered, I found a courageous moment in which to ask my neglectful professor the name of my friendly vis-à-vis.

"That is Professor Andersen," he answered, "the celebrated poet."

"Really," said I, "I have heard his name so often. I am sure Helen and Nelly would be delighted to have his autograph. So that is Professor Andersen!" My neighbor was quite convinced that I appreciated Andersen's celebrity, and as the Countess almost immediately rose from the table, I heard no more about him at that time.

In the next room, the company soon divided into various groups. I went to one of the wide windows, and looked alternately out at the sunny park and at the glittering crowded room.

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A little cluster of young ladies gathered around Andersen and begged him for his autograph for their albums. He was very amiable, and told them to send their books to him, as he would be three or four weeks at Sorran; and then, probably seeing from my eyes the deep interest I took in the scene, he came across the room and said, "Now, little one, do you not want me to write something in your album?" I shook my head sadly, and said timidly and slowly, "No, I thank you." He appeared greatly astonished, but also a little amused, and said, "No? Why not, then?"

"Because I have no album; if you only could have asked me day before yesterday, I could have wished for one, for that was my birthday."

"Indeed! Then day before yesterday was your birthday? You must allow me to congratulate you now. Would you like me to write you a congratulation? Then on your next birthday (for you seem to be certain your wish will be accomplished) you can put it in your album, and keep it in memory of a friend." He held out his hand to me, and as I laid my trembling finger-tips in it, he continued: "Do you know that I have the happiness to be the especial friend of children? Have I been yours, too?" This puzzled me; I did not know what he meant by "Have I been," but I nodded my head, and said, "It is very good of you to be my friend, for it is really quite lonely here among so many strange people," and with the intention of saying something very flattering and agreeable, I went on: "Helen and Nelly admire you so much, and now I will, too."

"Now, only?" said Andersen, much amused. "Then you did not like the fairy tales?"

This remark puzzled me again, but I concluded that he wished me to give him my opinion on the subject of fairy tales, so I replied decidedly, "Oh, I cannot bear them! I want to know how it really looks in the world, and then—" Here I paused, and burst out laughing, a hearty, merry laugh, at the remembrance of a certain sad afternoon when I was a little girl. I was shocked at myself immediately, and fancying that Professor Andersen would consider me only a foolish school-girl, I hastened to add in justification, "I will tell you why I hate fairy tales. Many, many years ago—"

"There lived a queen," interrupted Andersen.

"No, no, Professor, I was it myself. Many years ago I was reading a pretty story about a little princess who had a wicked stepmother, and the story grew sadder and sadder, and at last I cried so hard that I had to stop reading. My brother was at home then, on leave from the cadet school, and he came straight into the room, and said quite rudely, 'Rosa, stop that howling! What is the matter with you?' I showed him my book, and sobbed out, 'Oh the poor princess!' Then Ulrich took the book, and said: 'Oh that will come all right; let me see,' and he sat down and read a little, and then laughed out loud, and showed me that the princess turned into a swan; so of course the story was not true, and all my crying had been for nothing. Then I laughed, too, and I never read any more fairy tales. What was the use? Ulrich said they were none of them true, and since I have grown up, I am astonished that I ever believed such nonsense."

The good Professor listened to my story with great attention; then he stroked my head kindly with his long, slender hand, and said, "You are a little heretic. We must try to convert you. Come up into the library in half an hour, and I will read you one of *my* fairy tales, and perhaps you will pronounce a milder judgment."

I opened my eyes wide, and tried to stammer some excuse, but he was gone. I was oppressed with the thought that I had been saying something dreadful. Astonished and ashamed, I hid behind the heavy curtains. How angry mama would be! I could hear her say, "This comes of taking a child into society." But how could I know that this celebrated poet wrote fairy tales? Suddenly, to complete my confusion, I remembered seeing in great golden letters on the back of one of our story books, "Hans Christian Andersen."

Before dinner a Count Conty, young and fair-haired, had been introduced to me, and we had had a very merry conversation. Now, just as mama and I were going up the steps, he was coming down, and he accosted me with: "Why, little Fraülein, where have you been? I have been looking everywhere for you. Immediately after dinner, I went to look for the photograph of my home, that I promised to show you. May

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I bring it here now?" I gave a little sigh, and said rather mournfully, "No, Count Conty; Professor Andersen is going to read one of his fairy tales, and I have promised to listen to it, and you know I must keep my promise." It must be confessed that I would have preferred to talk to the gay young Count rather than to hear all the fairy tales in the world, and I hastily added, "But I will make a bargain with you; if you will come now to the library, I will go with you afterward to look at the views, and we can see the garden besides." He agreed gladly, and mother and I went under his escort to the library, but it was so full that Conty could hardly find a chair for mother, and I stood alone at the door, looking anxiously about for Professor Andersen. He was not in the room, but I was sure he would not forget to come; he would never let all this crowd of gentlemen and ladies wait in vain; and I also remembered that some time before, in the hall, it had been announced that Professor Andersen would read a fairy tale in the library, and that afterward Herr Henselt would play on the piano in the music-room. As I was keeping down my uneasiness by these considerations, I felt the light touch of an already familiar hand upon my own, and, leading me with him, Andersen took the chair awaiting him before the window, while I sat down upon a little bench beside him, and listened with absorbed attention, and the deepest interest, to the "History of the Snow King."

Andersen held the book open in his hand, but he seldom looked at it, and his habit of closing his eyes gave him a nervous appearance; perhaps he only wished to shut out the world. He gesticulated a good deal and read in a quick, lively manner, though his voice was quiet and gentle and his German was broken and peculiar. The room was very still; only now and then when the reader paused one could hear a soft whisper, or, as Conty afterward said to me "the sighs of the little Fraülein, when the story was too sad."

Now the Professor has finished. Every one rises and crowds round him. They praise him, they thank him, but he turns to me and, taking my hand kindly, says, "Now, I want to know what this little one has to say. You look as if you would like to eat us all up, Kay and Gerda and me. Do you like fairy tales better now?" I look up at him, but suddenly I find a mist before my eyes, and I can only whisper softly, "It was wonderfully beautiful, Herr Professor. How very, very clever you are to make everything sound as if it were really true! Poor little Gerda! You have made me cry again as I did when I was a little girl."

"A little girl," he says with an amused smile; "and what are you now?" And he turns away to his other friends.

Conty was waiting for me in the ante-chamber with a little packet in his hand. "Let us go down these garden steps, or we will never get into the open air, and we must hurry. It looks as if we were going to have a thunderstorm."

We hastened through the shady paths looking for some quiet place furnished with a table on which to lay the views. At last we found one, and Conty spread out the pictures before me,—an old castle with its towers perched on a wooded height, and in the distance the sea.

"This is my home," he said in rather a melancholy voice. "Denmark is beautiful, though it is not a garden, like your little Saxony."

"Then you are a Dane, too," I said in surprise. "You must have known Professor Andersen quite well before you came to Sorran."

"Certainly I did," he answered. "I am his traveling companion, and we are going together first to Switzerland and then to Italy."

But while we chatted, to our astonishment great drops of rain begin to fall. Up we jumped and hastened toward the house, but certainly we must have lost our way, for we were in danger of a thorough drenching before we reached there.

As we passed a rocky grotto, Conty urged me to take refuge in it. "Only wait five minutes, Fraülein," he said. "I will be back again with a shawl and an umbrella."

Obediently I entered, but the damp air of the cavern and its darkness frightened me, and I would gladly have followed my companion even into the rain; but a fearful flash of lightning, followed immediately by a peal of thunder, sent me stumbling back into the black space a

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moment since so fearfully illuminated, trembling in every limb and crying with terror. A moment later I was delighted to hear Andersen's voice calling cheerily:

"Röschen, I have been looking for you." And there he stood, with a great family umbrella over his head and a shawl upon his arm.

He looked at me and said, "Take my arm, child, and I will take you back to your nest. Your mother is very anxious, and it is fortunate that I saw you and Conty go in this direction." He wrapped the shawl carefully around me, and a few minutes later I found myself in the Countess Sorr's boudoir, where she kindly stroked my uncurled locks, and made me put my cold feet in a pair of soft, silken shoes.

"Poor little thing!" she said to me; "the thunderstorm has frightened you. You had better stay with us all night."

As I thought of Andersen and the kindliness he had shown me, I longed to say "yes"; but suddenly it occurred to me that my mother was already wondering where I was, and that my father would be very lonely without me, and I remembered a thousand little duties that awaited me in my home, and so, thanking the good Countess, I was making the most amiable promises for the future, when a familiar voice broke on my ears, and Andersen said gaily:

"Here, Madam, is your little jewel, safe in the care of the Countess," while I sprang up to see my dear mother entering the room. Then farewells were said, and with a kind good-by from Andersen, our visit ended.

Fourteen days had passed since the Sorraner festival, and still I could think of nothing but the various events of that delightful day. Between me and the page of my French grammar continually came the thought of my dear, good, celebrated friend. It was no wonder that Mademoiselle Elise exclaimed loudly that I was much too young to go into society, and that my head was wholly turned.

However, there was no use in my trying to study French verbs, when I had just received an invitation from the Countess to ride over with my father and take tea at the castle, and at Andersen's particular request. I had ordered John to make Saladin, my beautiful black horse, as shining as possible, and in half an hour the horses were led up.

Oh, how enchanting it was to ride in the early summer through the lovely, fresh, sunny world, nowhere so beautiful as on the heights and surroundings of dear Bergfeld! Everything was green and blooming and fragrant; the birds sang in every tree, and from the valley we could hear the wedding bells, as they rang for the marriage of a village girl, whose bridal bouquet I had made with my own hands.

The villagers, on their way to the little town, gave us many a friendly greeting and more than one flattering word for Saladin and his happy young mistress. The beautiful valley was as beautiful as ever, with its little river, its slopes, its fine old trees, in their tender green, but it seemed to me endless as I urged my poor Saladin more than once into a rapid trot, and remembered with impatience a certain long hill up which we would have to climb slowly. At last we reached the castle door, and I made Saladin prance and curvet and throw back his handsome head, while I tried to sit as gracefully and proudly as I could. But alas! there was no one to be seen—all my fine performance was in vain, to the amusement of my father, who said with a smile, "Well, little Miss Vanity, I should think our long ride would have driven away all that pride and foolishness."

The groom who took our horses told us that the company was in the garden, and there we found them, in the rocky grotto. Andersen was standing in the middle of a crowd of ladies, who were all admiring, with little cries of delight, an object which he held in his hand. I knew in a moment that it was one of the bouquets, peculiar to him, made of a number of the smallest flowers, lying in a long, narrow leaf.

Just at this moment Conty saw us at the entrance, and, coming forward, he took my hand and led me to the group. Andersen turned quickly round, and said in his kind, fatherly voice, "Ah, here is my little friend. Take this, dear child, as my welcome," and he extended to me his hand, and on the palm lay a great calla, filled with a whole nosegay of the tiniest and sweetest wild flowers. I looked up surprised and delighted, and could only

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stammer out some stupid words of gratitude for the graceful greeting. After this, Andersen disappeared, and I saw him no more, as we took our coffee and the young people of the castle strolled about the gardens for an hour and a half. I began to be impatient at his absence. I had so many things to tell him; it was chiefly on his account that I had taken a long, fatiguing ride. I wanted to tell him how anxious I was to see the "*Mondgeschichten*," and how I had spent my last pocket-money on a copy of "Only a Violinist," and that I would always think of him when I read it.

It was very provoking that he did not come, and at last I was ready to cry, and going to my father, who was just coming out of the door with Count Sorr, I said in a pleading voice, "Dear papa, do let us have the horses saddled; I am afraid to go home so late, through the dark Tiefenthal"; but papa only patted me on the hand, and said, "No, no, Röschen; we must wait for the moon to rise, and for our tea, as well. What is the matter with my little girl? Is she tired?" I dared not say yes, and I turned away, blushing and confused, just in time to see Andersen coming across the park with his swift, peculiar step, and carrying in his hand a sheet of paper in a roll, bound with a slender branch of evergreen, and fastened with a pale red rose. He stopped before me, and, with a low bow, he presented me the paper, saying with a pleasant look at my delighted face, "This is the fulfilment of my promise; to the Röschen, the Rose, and to the author a charming recollection." Happy and proud I took his offered arm, and together we went into the long dining-room.

All my dissatisfaction had vanished. Andersen sat beside me at tea, and we talked together all the time. I begged him again and again to let me read what he had written for the school-girl's album, but he said only, "Patience, little one, patience. Take it home with you, and just before the evening prayer loose the rose knot, and perhaps you will dream of the lonely old man, so many years older than you, but who grows young again and happy at the sight of youth and happiness."

I hear the restless movements of the impatient horses on the drive: it is all over, and I must say, "*Auf wiedersehen.*"

Auf wiedersehen! I say that still to-day, after so many years, to my dear and honored friend Andersen—but when? and where? Certain it is that we will meet here no more; but in the hearts of thousands he will live forever.

Papa and I ride silently homeward through the soft evening air, and through a world all bathed in moonlight, so still, so peaceful, that gradually my heart grows peaceful too, and as we pass the old castle in the Tiefenthal, blazing with light, because the royal family have arrived, I think myself, mounted on my swift Saladin, and rich with golden recollections, more fortunate than all the kings and queens in Christendom.

No one is awake at home but my little mother; she welcomes me and bids me good-night with the same kiss. To-morrow she shall know all about our visit, but now I long to be quiet in my room; my heart is full.

"Before the evening prayer"; so now I place upon my little marble cross the spray of evergreen, and, laying the rose upon my Bible, I read the precious lines:

What are thy dreams? Grief has no part in them;
In love thou dwellest: thy soul is sweet and fair,
And thy whole life is like a poet's heart,
Who sees a Heav'n where all the rest see air.

Hans Christian Andersen.

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THE TIME O' NIGHT.

By Frank M. Bicknell.

Many years ago a king's son was shut up in a tower where it was so dark he could not tell day from night. Once, being awakened from sleep by the sound of a clock striking, he began to count the strokes.

One! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve! thirteen!—

At the thirteenth stroke he rose on his elbow.

Fourteen!

At the fourteenth stroke he sat upright.

Fifteen!

At the fifteenth stroke he was about to leap from his couch; but with that stroke the clock ceased striking, and he sank back again with a heavy sigh.

Why?

The prince had been in the dark tower a long time. At his father's death he should have succeeded to the throne, but for a good reason (or perhaps it ought to be called a bad one) he did not. He had an uncle who wanted the crown for his own head, and had not hesitated to take it. This wicked man had seized the helpless young prince and locked him up in the dark tower, where he meant to keep him.

"Here you will be out of harm's way," said he.

"And how long must I stay in this dreary place?" asked the poor youth piteously.

"Until after the clock has told a lie by repeating the truth," the uncle answered; which was the same as to say "always."

"But when will that be?" persisted the simple-minded prince.

"Oh, when it strikes sixteen at the eighth hour," replied the uncle, and then, with a mocking laugh, he went away, double-locking and bolting the door behind him.

That is why the prince rose on his elbow at the thirteenth stroke of the clock (for he never before had heard it strike more than twelve), sat upright at the fourteenth stroke, was ready to leap from his couch at the fifteenth stroke, and—sank back disappointed when the clock's voice became silent. He had hoped the hour of his deliverance was sounding; but, alas! it seemed the hope was vain.

As he lay thinking he began to wonder, "What can be the time o' night when the clock strikes fifteen?" Such a thing never had happened before in his remembrance, and he was at a loss to understand what it could mean. But the more he wondered the more puzzled did he become; for, while he was a prisoner in the dark tower, his education had been neglected, and he was not a skilled arithmetician. Finally he gave it up and went to sleep.

By and by he was aroused by a great noise without, and a few minutes later the door of his prison was burst open and a crowd of people rushed into the room, shouting with all their might: "Long live the King!"

Almost before he knew what was happening his liberators, for such they were, had taken him in their arms and borne him away in triumph to the palace. Then he learned that his uncle the usurper was dead, and that he was being acknowledged, amid universal rejoicing, as the rightful sovereign.

Though glad to be free, the new king could not understand why he should have been released before the clock struck sixteen. Still, he did not let that trouble him. There was another point of more importance that he was curious to have settled. One of his first acts after being seated on the throne was to send for four famous mathematicians and to put to them the query, "What is the time o' night when the clock strikes fifteen?"

The mathematicians asked to be allowed to withdraw and talk the matter over among themselves. The king gave his consent to this, but they stayed out in consultation so long

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that he began to grow impatient. At last, however, they reëntered the royal presence.

"Are you entirely agreed as to your answer?" asked the king.

"We are, Sire," replied one of the four.

"And to what conclusion have you come?"

"That we entirely disagree."

"'YOUR ANSWERS ALL SEEM REASONABLE ENOUGH; HOW AM I TO DECIDE WHICH IS RIGHT?'"

"How is that?" demanded the king in a tone of disappointment. "Is your knowledge of mathematics at fault?"

"No, Sire; we all have solved your problem, but in each case with a different result."

"Then let me hear them all."

The four mathematicians bowed, and the first one continued speaking thus:

"May it please your Majesty, I hold that it was the hour of midnight when the clock struck; that it struck twelve, and then, being out of order, continued to strike one and two, the sum of all of which is fifteen and proves the correctness of my calculation."

"I think," said the second mathematician, "that the clock struck at the hour of one, and went on striking two, three, four, and five, all of which added together amount to fifteen, showing the accuracy of my reckoning."

"It is my opinion," quoth the third mathematician, "that the clock began to strike at four, and after that struck five, and six, making in all fifteen; from which it is plain that I cannot be wrong."

"If your Majesty will listen to me," exclaimed the fourth mathematician, "I am sure you will agree with me that the clock must have begun by striking seven and ended by striking eight, total fifteen; could anything on earth be simpler or more convincing?"

"Your Majesty has heard our solutions," interposed the first speaker; "it is for you to judge between them."

"That is not such an easy matter," returned the king in perplexity. "Your answers all seem reasonable enough; how am I to decide which is right?"

While he was pondering the question to little purpose the Prime Minister bent down and whispered a suggestion into his ear.

"Ah, yes; that is a good idea," cried His Majesty brightening. "Send for a clock-maker!"

So a clock-maker was summoned, and came in such haste that he had no time to take off his work-apron, and forgot to remove the glass from his eye. The king informed him as to the

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subject under discussion, and as to the varying opinions of the four mathematicians.

"And now," he added, "can you tell me which one of them is in the right?"

"No, your Majesty," answered the clock-maker promptly.

"Why not?" asked the king.

"Because they are all in the wrong," was the blunt reply.

"How do you know that?" demanded His Majesty, in surprise.

"Because the clock itself was brought to me for repair."

"Then in that case you can tell me what time o' night it was when I heard the clock strike!" exclaimed the king eagerly.

"I can tell you that it was no time o' night at all, but eight o'clock in the morning," replied the clock-maker. "Your Majesty was released from the tower in the forenoon, and unless you slept twelve hours and more after hearing the clock strike (which is hardly possible) it must have been at eight in the morning that you heard it strike."

"But what reason have you for deciding that the hour was *eight*, either in the morning or the evening?"

"Because on looking at the clock I saw it had stopped with the hands pointing to eight on the dial; and on further examination I found that the striking apparatus had run down on the eighth stroke of nine, making, with the eight strokes of eight, the sixteen strokes which your Majesty heard."

"Eh?" cried the king. "But I heard only fifteen strokes, I tell you."

It is neither civil nor quite safe to contradict a king, so the clock-maker shrugged his shoulders and kept silence.

"Well, if it really did strike sixteen at the eighth hour, as my uncle promised, how do you explain my having counted but fifteen?" asked his majesty, with a puzzled air.

The clock-maker may have thought his royal master, being far from a clever arithmetician, made a mistake in his counting, but he was prudent enough not to say so.

"Sire," he replied, "you perhaps forget that the first stroke — which awakened you — probably escaped being counted."

"'IT WAS NO TIME O' NIGHT AT ALL, BUT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING,' REPLIED THE CLOCK-MAKER."

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THE STORY OF NEBRASKA ALLEN

By Kate M. Putney.

In a busy little village in central Nebraska, some years ago, there was a newly built school-house, where there were some sixty or seventy pupils, from the little ones in the primer class up to the members of an advanced high-school class.

This school was presided over by Nebraska Allen, a girl of only eighteen years of age, who, strange to say, never attended school as a scholar for a single day.

Her parents had left the Eastern States to make a home in the far West, traveling in the cars as far as St. Joseph, Missouri, and there having just enough money left to purchase an "outfit."

A homesteader's outfit consists of a wagon, two horses, a cow, and a few articles of furniture; and, if he is very fortunate, he may have a few sheep, pigs, and chickens.

Traveling in their wagon, the Allens journeyed to the central part of Nebraska. In that region the commonest kind of a dwelling was the dug-out, which is merely a cellar with a roof.

This was what they built, and here they settled permanently, with only their animals for company, for they were twenty-five miles from the nearest town, and fifteen miles from the nearest neighbor.

They lived carefully, saving what they could, and loving the free life more each day. In another year, a little girl came to lighten their lives. They thought their cup of happiness was full. When the little girl was a few weeks old, they named her Nebraska. She thrived wonderfully on the rough fare, and at the age of five years was a vigorous little maid. Her mother, who had been a Massachusetts school-teacher, attended to her little daughter's education.

Nebraska was such a go-ahead little body that she learned rapidly, for whether she worked or played she put her whole mind to it, and when she studied she studied because she longed for knowledge.

When she was six years old, her father bought her a pony. It was one of those small Indian ponies which, although they look hardly large enough to carry a child, are as strong and tough as a large horse. He had belonged to the Sioux, but had been captured from that tribe by a band of Pawnees. All Indian horses are marked, and Nebraska's, named "Pawnee" in honor of the tribe who sold him to her father, had the Sioux mark, notched ears, and also carried the Pawnee brand.

Nebraska would go galloping over the prairies after her dogs, who were in pursuit of some luckless rabbit, or would herd the cattle near the house. While herding she would pass long hours in study.

She had no need to spend what little money she had for ribbons and those other fineries girls

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so delight in, because there was no one there to admire them; so with all the money she earned she bought books, and she thoroughly mastered each one before she got another.

It would seem that she had no way of earning money; but, her father having taught her to use a gun, she shot quails and grouse and sent them to the market, and often she shot a wolf. Wolves were her greatest source of profit, for besides selling the skins she received a bounty from the Government for every one she killed. She also killed a deer occasionally, with the help of her dogs. They were those fleet-footed deer-hounds whose original home is Siberia, and they could easily run down a deer.

Nebraska was a skilled shot at small game, but her greatest ambition was still unrealized. She longed to shoot a buffalo. She was, therefore, all excitement one morning when she saw a stray herd of five or six buffaloes coming down. Running into the house, she cried, "Mother, come quick and see the buffalo! I am going to shoot one." Before her mother could stop her, she was on her pony galloping after the herd. She raced along, popping away with her little rifle, which she usually carried slung across her shoulders.

They crossed the Platte River. Though it is a mile wide, at low water a horse can cross it without swimming.

She hit several, but the bullets would not go through the tough skins, and about the middle of the afternoon she was obliged to admit that she could not bring down a buffalo, and she turned to go home.

Then, as she turned, she saw dark clouds gathering and felt the wind rising. She would have noted this before had she not been so excited. Here she was, fifteen miles from home, and she knew by the look of the sky that there was a regular northeaster coming.

She rode along as fast as her pony could go, trying to reach home before it came, but had gone only a few miles when the storm broke in all its fury. The wind nearly tore her from the saddle, and the snow blinded her. She gave the reins to her pony, and trusted to him to carry her home. The natural instinct of the horse often taught him to find the way home, but now the storm so bewildered him that he wandered about aimlessly.

Nebraska tried to distinguish something familiar, but everything was covered by the snow. She could not see a dozen yards in front of her, and had become thoroughly frightened when, just at their feet, she saw the dark waters of the Platte.

"Oh, now, Pawn, we are all right! Go on, and we will reach home before dark." She thought she knew where they were, and as the wind was not blowing so fiercely now, she became quite merry again, and considered her adventure as safely over.

Pawnee started bravely across the river and succeeded in getting more than half-way across, when Nebraska discovered that it took all his strength to step. She thought it was just because he was tired, and tried to hurry him up. "Now, pony, go on! We 're almost home. Think of your nice warm bed and your supper. Go on, that 's a good fellow!"

But the pony, although laboring very hard, was making slow progress, and when they were about a quarter of a mile from the other bank, came to a dead stop. He floundered around, but could not get farther.

All at once, like a flash, the thought came to Nebraska — the quicksands! Looking down she could see the pony's feet sinking, and knew he was in the sands. Her brave heart almost stood still as she looked around and saw nothing but the dark water in all directions, and felt her horse steadily sinking — sinking into the awful death-trap.

She coaxed and urged her pony, and the faithful animal made every effort to get out, but stuck fast. For an instant Nebraska despaired; then her natural daring and frontier training triumphed. She jumped from the pony, and bravely struck out for the shore.

Her thick clothes retarded her progress greatly, but, throwing off her cloak as she swam, she at last reached the shore, shivering and wet.

And the pony, freed from his burden, managed after a desperate struggle to scramble to firm ground, and walked to the river bank.

After Nebraska found herself safe, and began to think about Pawnee, she decided that he could not escape, and sorrowfully started to walk home. Imagine her surprise, when, as she was walking rapidly along, she heard a whinny

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and pattering hoof-beats, and the next moment felt Pawnee's cold nose on her shoulder. She was surprised, but of course delighted to know that he was safe.

She jumped upon his back, and, as the storm was nearly over and the snow not very thick, both steed and rider knew the way home, and reached the house in safety a little after dark.

Her parents would not have been worried in the least had it not been for the storm, but as it was they were greatly relieved when Nebraska burst in at the door. She was not hurt at all by her cold bath, which might have chilled a girl of less endurance, and, with the exception of the loss of her cloak, and the disappointment at not shooting a buffalo, she felt little regret over the misadventure.

Another time she had been to visit at their neighbor's, and started for home when it was nearly dark; but as it was a moonlight night she did not feel lonely and had just thought, "What a lovely evening for a ride!" when she heard pattering steps. Looking around, she saw two wolves stealthily following. She urged her pony to his greatest speed, and tried to think out what she should do, for she was by this time only half-way home, and seven miles from the nearest house.

She kept perfectly still because she knew that if she screamed before she was attacked, although it would scare the animals away for a time, they would return, and would soon get used to the noise and not be frightened by it. She felt certain so few of them would not dare attack her, for wolves are very cowardly, but she also knew that they would summon the rest of the pack almost instantly.

"SHE JUMPED FROM THE PONY, AND BRAVELY STRUCK OUT FOR THE SHORE."

The wolves were now in full pursuit, and she, glancing back, saw there were three. She was alarmed indeed now, and as they were gaining on her every minute, she knew something must be done if she was to reach home

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alive. She knew the wolves would not long hesitate to attack her, for there was quite a large pack of them gathering. Her pony, too, sniffed danger, and the next instant, before she comprehended what he was going to do, he had turned and sprung right into the midst of the snarling pack, pawing and kicking right and left!

utes, she had secured four dead wolves, worth more than fifty dollars.

She dismounted and slung them over Pawnee's back and then galloped home.

No need of saying that her father and mother were surprised to see her come up to the door and exhibit triumphantly four slain wolves!

"PAWNEE HAD SPRUNG INTO THE MIDST OF THEM, PAWING AND KICKING RIGHT AND LEFT."

He had not forgotten his wild habits, nor how he had many times saved himself from the ferocious animals. And now his bravery stood his mistress in good stead, for as his feet came down on the wolves fierce yelps showed that he was not dealing gentle taps. In a few seconds there were four stretched dead on the ground, and the others had fled.

Nebraska had thought, as soon as she knew what he was going to do, that she was safe if she could keep on his back, and this required all her strength and skill. When the pack were gone she looked down at the dead bodies, and shuddered as she thought of her narrow escape. With no injuries and only a few anxious min-

After his glorious exploit, Pawnee was more petted than before. Did he not deserve it?

The summer that Nebraska was fifteen, a party of surveyors, who were laying out the land for a railroad, boarded at her father's house. They stayed in that neighborhood for three weeks, and during this time Nebraska became much interested in their books and surveying instruments. The leader of the party kindly taught her the elements of surveying, and even something of the higher mathematics, geometry and algebra. He also gave her several books on these subjects for study by herself.

Houses had been springing up here and there, and now neighbors were not farther than five or

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six miles from one another; and one day the glad news spread that a doctor had moved into the settlement.

Here was the opportunity Nebraska had always longed for, to study physiology. And to make the matter all the easier and pleasanter, the new doctor proved to be one of Mr. Allen's schoolmates, one whom he had not seen since their school-days. Dr. Davis was more than willing to teach Nebraska, and let her have full access to his library and specimens.

And when at last the railroad did come, and the station was placed right on the corner of her father's land, and a little town sprang up, and the school came, Nebraska Allen no longer needed to be taught as a scholar, but was ready to be the principal of the new school.

This little story is founded upon facts, and this girl, who could swim, shoot, and ride so well, also prepared herself to be a successful teacher, although she never went to school a day in her life.

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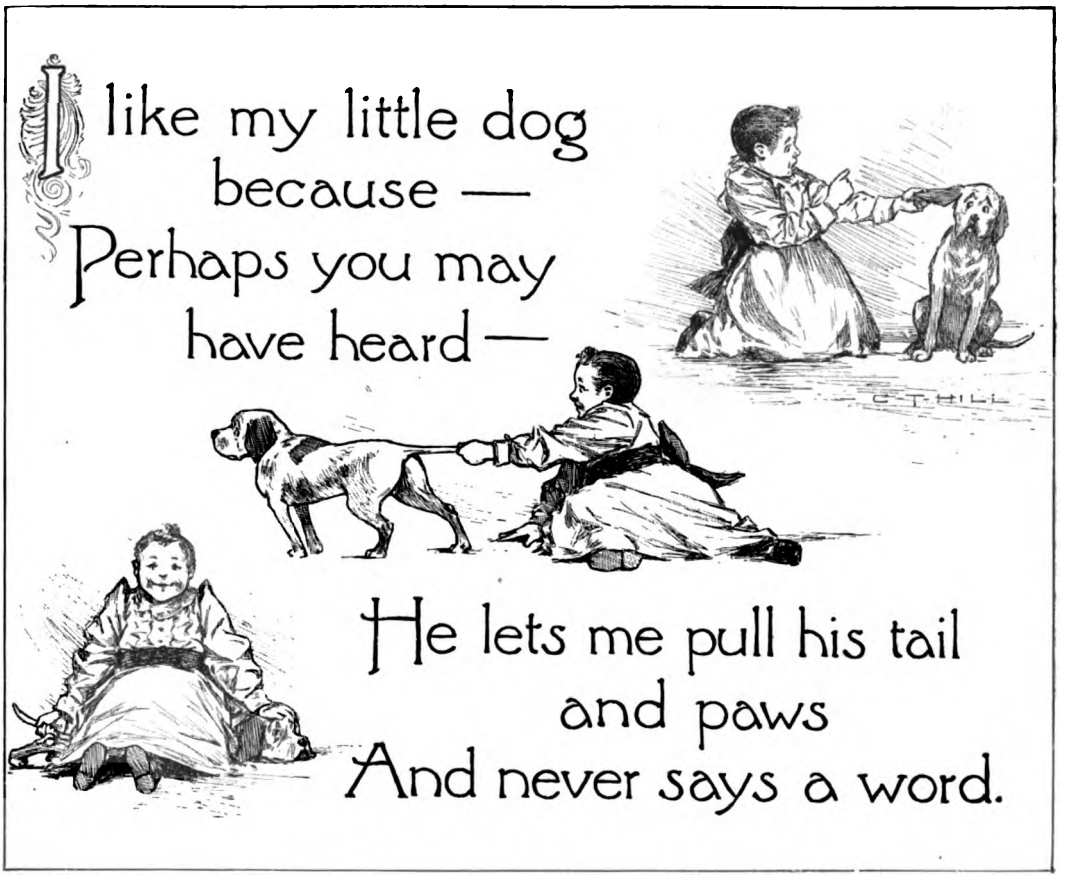

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By Jack Bennett.

It seems a pity that the silhouette, a quaint and cheap method of preserving the likenesses of your family, friends, and acquaintances, has fallen into disuse as a means of home amusement.

Though simple, convenient, accurate, and unique, available to every ingenious boy and girl, this easy means of portraiture and pleasure, which might be made a never-failing source of home entertainment, and a novelty for amusing friends, seems to have been left to the dignified and solemn past which it adorned and with which it flourished. Occasionally some humorous artist, grasping the possibilities of the silhouette, chooses it as his vehicle to convey some striking bit of graphic absurdity to the public. Occasionally a magazine writer will refer to it as a decayed art. Occasionally, on the wall of a college boy's room, a huge black portrait of the student and his room-mate, is found glaring from the middle of a group of more modest photographs, too large to be preserved and too unimportant to deserve more than passing mention.

But aside from these chance appearances, or the treasured portrait of some periwigged ancestor in this artistic mourning, the silhouette is a thing of the past.

There is hardly a family in the civilized world that has not, from time to time, spent more than a few moments puzzling out the diagrams for producing strange figures and shadowy animals upon the wall by means of interlocked fingers, or laughed to see their shadows projected by some brilliant lamp upon the sides of a room.

In many a hall, on the panels of an old door, the hangings of an unused room, or the rough walls of a basement or garret, may still be found dim outlines of the profile of some member of the home circle, the face being thus brought to remembrance by the careless work of an idle moment, which has left this faint record for the years to come.

There is not a reader of St. Nicholas who cannot preserve the likenesses of all his friends, and produce souvenirs that will long be retained by the owners as remembrances of the artist, the occasion of their production, or the days that are past. They will be looked on, sometimes with a smile at a merry recollection

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of an actual comedy thus committed to record, sometimes with a sigh of regret or a welling tear for the absent face whose shadow recalls it so faithfully.

The possibilities of the silhouette in the hands of any ingenious boy or girl are, one may say, limitless.

There is little need of special artistic skill, though the more of drawing the silhouette-maker has at his finger-tips the more opportunities of pleasure are open to him.

The first and easiest silhouettes are those made direct from life. The method is so simple that it hardly needs explanation. A candle, or a lamp with a narrow chimney, so that its flame will give a shadow not too diffuse; a sheet or two of manila paper, not the heaviest, but about the weight used in stores for wrapping lighter goods, strong and cheap, costing but a few cents for a dozen sheets; a firm crayon or a good soft lead-pencil; a table or stand; a chair; a wall or a smooth door, and a subject to draw; these are all that is necessary to make a beginning.

With pins, or the more convenient thumb-tacks, one of the sheets of manila paper is fastened upon the wall or on the smooth, unpaneled door so that it will not slip.

Upon a stool, or, preferably, for steadiness, a chair with a high back, the subject is seated close to the wall and just opposite the sheet of paper. Let him sit as near the paper as possible so that the shadow may be clear and strong and not too extravagant in proportions.

The candle or lamp may be placed on the table at the distance that is found on trial to make the plainest shadow. The light should be on a level with the head of the subject so that there will be no distortion of the features by the rays casting the shadow in a diagonal direction. By turning the head slightly and slowly a few times from side to side, the profile can be cast perfectly in shadow, as it is easy to see when the head is turned either too much to one side or the other. Have the "model" sit up erect, that the chin may not be sunk in frills or a high collar. Throw the head well back, to give an independent, striking, lively attitude, yet not so far back that it looks strained. If the head stoops, the silhouette will probably look downcast or hump-shouldered. Don't let the model "assume" an expression for preservation. Let him talk a moment or so, while you watch the shadow in profile on the paper before you. Catch the most natural set of the lips or toss of the chin, and then let the subject maintain that position and expression, easily, naturally, and recognizably, with no pursing-up of the mouth or nervous gripping of the jaws.

While he sits steadily for a moment, quickly and firmly trace the outlines of the shadow upon the paper with your pencil or crayon. Watch the sweep of the hair and indicate it easily in its waves, though that is a matter of secondary importance. See that you preserve the angles of the face, the bend of the brow to the bridge of the nose, and the squared, pendulous, rounding, snubbed, pointed, or Roman turn of the nose itself. Catch the sharp angle or curve where the nose turns into the upper lip as exactly as possible, and the exact turn of the lips, thin and firm or tenderly pouting, closely set or softly dropped apart. See that you have the turn of the chin and the lower lip above it. Indicate the neck, shoulders, and coat by strong, expressive outlines that will preserve the characteristics. And there you are! A little care taken to follow the outline of the shadow as closely as possible, especially at the points emphasized, will give a result worth aiming for, and the one you desire: a good likeness. And any boy with a firm hand can make a silhouette as well as any expert portrait artist.

This is the simple silhouette, and for it but a few moments are required. A round dozen can be drawn in a very short time in the evening when the lamps are lit. They may be filled in on a holiday, a spare evening, or a rainy Saturday. For hasty work, liquid blacking or dark ink will do to fill in the outlines, using either the sponge in the blacking bottle or a marking brush. The penciled outlines must of course be carefully followed.

Do not finish the silhouette out to the edges of the paper. Let the lower part of the shoulders and bust go unconsidered. Draw a curve downward from back to front, beginning just below the coat-collar and touching the front of the outline at about the center of the chest or a little above. This will give the effect of a medallion head and a much more finished

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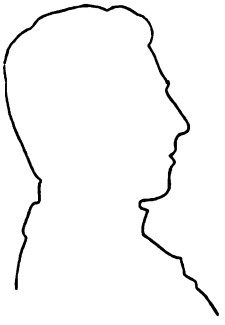
look to the work when completed. With a little drawing at command, the hair may be dressed by the artist in the most becoming manner, a ruffle added to a neck otherwise too long or bare, and, when the face portrait is particularly good, the neck and bust may be



THE OUTLINE.

THE OUTLINE FILLED.

drawn at will, not only without spoiling the likeness, but making even a much more pleasing picture.

For the walls of a "den" such as most boys delight in, for the ornamentation of a club-room, for the sides of a boarding-school room or dormitory, if permission be obtained to use them, these big, ebony-hued fellows make very effective decorations.

Any club of boys—and what boys have not a club of some sort?—can by this means cover the walls of their club hall with the likenesses of all their members at little or no cost, the work being really an amusement, the money that photographs would have cost being reserved for one of those "tuck-outs" so dear to the boyish heart.

This is silhouetting in its first and crudest form. It is the further application of these gigantic likenesses that offers the most satisfactory results. The next thing to do is to buy or make a pantagraph. If the needed carpenters' tools are available, and a lad has some mechanical genius, he can construct one good enough for the purpose even if he does not produce one that will copy to exact working scale.

For the average maker of silhouettes, however, perhaps the best plan is to buy a pantagraph, as they can be had at prices not too high for the most moderate purse. A cheap one will answer if the joints be closely adjusted so that they will not wiggle; but it may be remarked that a little larger price for a fairly good instrument will be more than repaid by the better results obtained by it.

A nicely adjusted pantagraph will cost not more than a few dollars, and can be had in any city from a dealer in art materials or mathematical instruments. And besides silhouetting, the pantagraph can be turned to all sorts of uses; enlarging patterns for scroll-sawing, wood-carving, brass-work, embroidery, and enlarging or reducing sketches, and the like.

The pantagraph procured, the work in prospect can be entered upon in earnest. Placing the pantagraph upon the large table cleared for the work, by the use of the tracing point on the long arm and the sharpened pencil point on the short, the large silhouette may be reduced to any proportion desired, and the field for all that fancy can suggest or occasion demand is open.

Take the large, ungainly silhouettes of the entire family, made on some evening when all are at home, and reduce them to, say, three

inches in length on sheets of smooth white paper or Bristol-board the size of a cabinet photograph. Fill them in with black, and a family portrait gallery is completed that will be a treasure to the possessor, and will make a most unique Christmas or birthday present for an absent brother, relative, or dear friend. A small portfolio of tinted paper simply inscribed with ink or water-colors, or ornamented by some graceful design traced on its cover by means

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of the pantagraph, makes a neat and handy packet in which to inclose the little fellows for safe preservation.

In filling in these smaller silhouettes, one large soft camel's-hair or sable brush will be needed to cover the larger spaces and the general outlines, supplemented by a smaller, finer-pointed brush with which to complete the outlines of the face, leaving the sharpest corners and most delicate touches to be put in with a fine pen. A good steel pen, or a lithographic crow-quill pen, one of Gillott's, will be just the thing for this work. A stick of India ink may be rubbed down for the filler, but it is much easier to buy a small bottle of prepared liquid India ink, drawing-ink such as artists and architectural draughtsmen use. The cheaper inks will give quite satisfactory results in most cases.

Applications of the process will suggest themselves to any ingenious youngster. One clever lad, who got out of the art as much perhaps as any one can, pantagraphed the comical design of a file of caricatured soldiers marching by in profile from Howard Pyle's silhouette in an old St. Nicholas, and by transferring the likenesses of his boy friends for the militiamen's faces, produced a military turn-out of ridiculous solemnity that long adorned the club-room. The canoe club of which he became a member soon appeared as lively frogs, each "paddling his own canoe" and carrying as his head the portrait of one of the members of the aquatic society.

The story of "Moumouth," the famous French pussy-cat, which once amused thousands of boys and girls, in the back numbers of St. Nicholas, furnished many prime suggestions and queer figures, of wicked butlers, antique countesses, juvenile "Fariboles," and angular "Mistress Michels," from Mr. Hopkins's comical silhouettes. And besides these our young friend kept a regular scrap-book of all good silhouettes or amusing and pretty fancy-dress figures that could be worked up into the "little black pictures," as the old cook called them. So that whenever one of his pretty young girl friends wished her picture, the ingenious young artist drew her silhouette, and in a day or so presented her portrait in the costume of a jaunty little French marchioness, an Italian flower-girl, or one of the beautiful but haughty court ladies of the olden time, in sweeping Empire gown, or Watteau train, feather fan, and high-heeled slippers.

One dainty little silhouette, over which he spent much time and a great deal of care, was carried for many a day in the back of his watch-case, while his own picture filled a certain little locket during the same term of glamour.

Illustrated magazines and circus bills furnished plenty of spirited sketches of horses to mount a whole riding party and to preserve a

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memory of the jolly day with the likenesses of the participants.

A charity entertainment of private theatricals

was advertised in a way that attracted universal attention by silhouettes a foot high, in character dress appropriate to the drama to be performed, each silhouette being a correct likeness of the one assuming the part in the play.

A large party of his elder brother's college friends, who spent the holidays at his home en-

joying the hunting, figured as the heroes in a hilarious hunting scene in which guns and rabbits were busy in all directions.

With the active help of his sister, he gave the crowning event of the season and the summit of his performances, by entertaining a large party of their young friends, and, amid much excitement and pleasure, turning out and presenting a silhouette of the guest, of himself, and of his sister to every one present.

His days of silhouetting are over, now that his mustache is showing signs of activity, but he still resorts to it on frequent occasions, and there are few keepsakes more carefully treasured by the owners than the results of his fancy, application, care, and skill in the exercise of this harmless "black art."

And every year that they are kept adds to their quaint value as souvenirs of old friends, and mementos of past pleasures.

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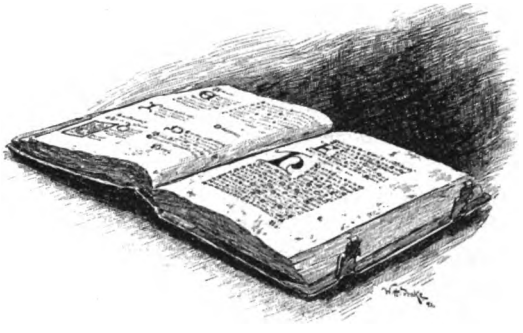
BOOKS OF OLDEN TIMES.

By C. A. Lynde.



Surrounded as we are, at the present day, by books of every description, for the young and for the old, with libraries in every town and village, it is almost beyond the power of imagination to conceive of a time, centuries ago, when books were unknown, unthought of; when the record of the events and history of the times had to be carved on rough stone in queer, rude signs and symbols; when altars were raised or cairns heaped up to tell some tale. Yet such a time there was. Looking back ages and ages, until the time seems like a dream to us, we find that people inscribed

FIG. 1. CELTIC INSCRIPTION ON STONE.

on rock, in whatever form they found it, even upon the side of some hill or cliff, such records as they wished to preserve.

Glad must they have been when clay, a softer material, was brought into use for this purpose. In Babylon, impressions were made on bricks of clay, which were baked in the sun, and afterward built into the public structures for safe keeping. Some of these Babylonian bricks, thousands of years old, are preserved in Trinity College Library, England, where there is also a curious clay pillar quite covered with queer-looking inscriptions. Each division is thought by some learned men to contain an entire subject, to be what we should call a complete book; but

FIG. 2. THE TALIPOT TREE.

no one knows much about it, the characters being almost unintelligible to us.

As centuries passed on, various materials were brought into use, and later we find the square tablets of wood, lead, or horn. Some people utilized also the leaves of trees. These were the first real books, the word "book" being by some thought to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *boc*, which is the original form of the

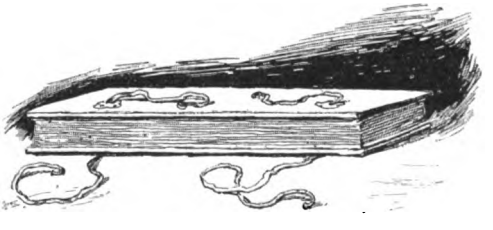


FIG. 3. CEYLONESE BOOK.

name beech. On the smooth bark of the beech the Saxons used to write with the sharp point of the thorn.

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Even now, in some countries, leaves of trees are used for books. In Ceylon, the leaves of the talipot, a tree common on that island, are used for a similar purpose. The talipot-tree belongs to the Palm family. It grows to about a hundred feet high, is straight, and has no real

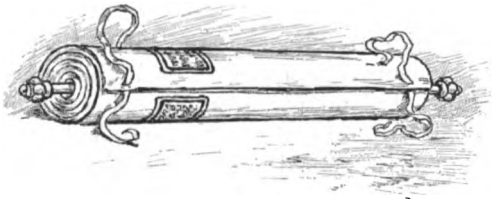

FIG. 4. PAPYRUS ROLLED.

branches. When very old, the tree blossoms, and dies after ripening its fruit. The tree never blooms but once. The leaves used for books

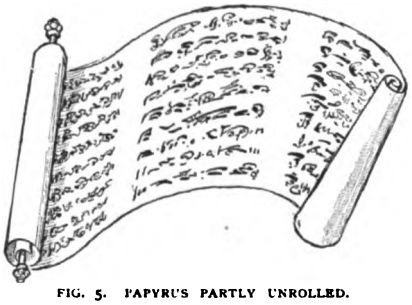

FIG. 5. PAPYRUS PARTLY UNROLLED.

are cut by the natives before they spread open, and are of a pale brownish-yellow, a color they retain for ages. The characters are impressed upon the leaf, and are rubbed over with charcoal to make them show more plainly. The leaves are then strung together between covers of board, or of some less common material. A picture of one is on the preceding page.

Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics, of skins, and even of scales of fishes, for writing. For a long period papyrus was used, the books being made in rolls, being about one and a half feet wide and sometimes fifty feet long (Fig. 4). Papyrus was a flag, or bulrush, growing eight or ten feet high, found in the marshes of Egypt; from its inner pith the form of paper called papyrus was made. A most extraordinary papyrus was discovered at Memphis, supposed to be more than 3000 years old. It measured 100 feet in length. It is a "funeral roll," and is preserved in the British Museum. Papyrus sheets were neatly joined, attached to a stick, and rolled upon it (whence we have our word "volume" from the Latin verb *volvere*, to roll). The titles were written on tags attached to the sticks, or inscribed on the outside of the rolls. The rolls were kept in round wooden boxes resembling the old-fashioned bandboxes, and could easily be carried about.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called from the place of its invention, *pergamona*, whence our word "parchment" is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Books consisting of two or three leaves of lead, thinly covered with wax, on which they wrote with an iron pen or stylus, the leaves being joined by iron rings or by ribbons, were also used by the ancients (Fig. 6).

Books remained very scarce and expensive until after the introduction of paper made from linen, and the invention of printing.

When the first libraries were established in England, books were so rare and valuable that they were usually attached to the shelves by iron chains to prevent their being stolen.

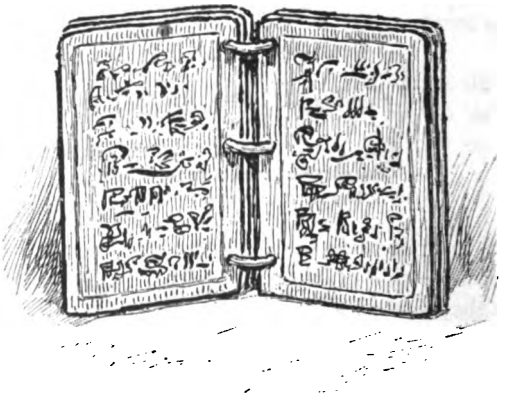

FIG. 6. LEAD BOOK.

A fashion of expensive bindings prevailed for a long time, and great skill was exhibited in bindings ornamented by embroidery and vari-

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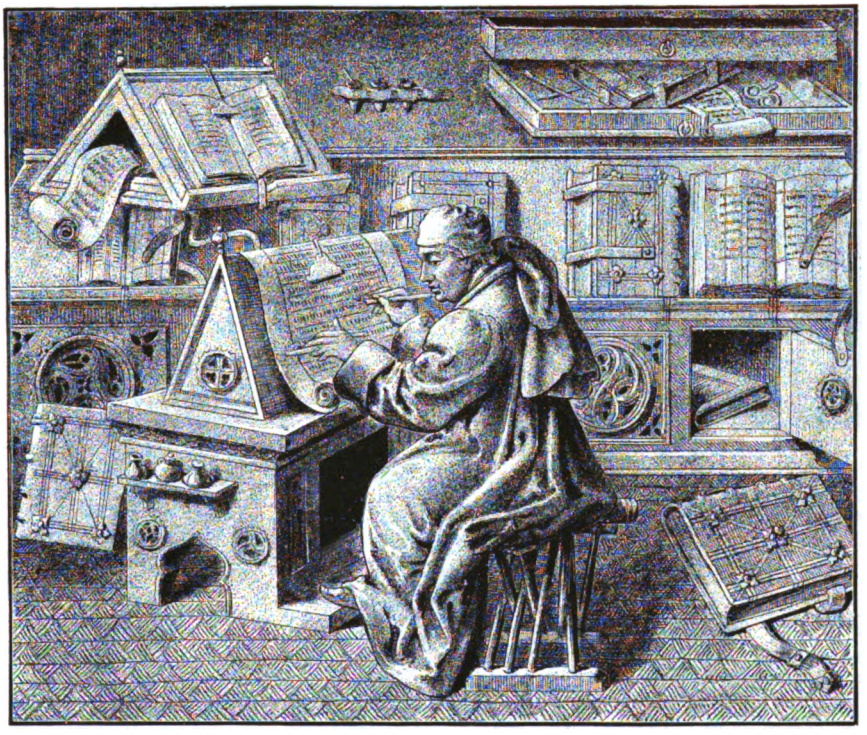

A MONK TRANSCRIBING A BOOK TO A ROLL OF PARCHMENT. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING.)

ous styles of needlework, as well as in bindings studded with precious stones. Queen Elizabeth used to carry about with her, suspended by a golden chain, a book called "The Golden Manual of Prayer," bound in solid gold. On one side was a representation of "the Judgment of Solomon"; on the other the brazen serpent with the wounded Israelites looking at it. In the Jewel House of the Tower of London is a book bound in gold and enamel, clasped with a ruby; on one side is a cross of diamonds with other diamonds around it; on the other a flower-de-luce in diamonds, and the arms of England. The book is enriched with small rubies and emeralds.

Year after year has brought its changes among books, making them more and more attainable by the poorer people, until now there is scarcely a family, in our country at least, so poor as not to be the owners of a few books; while in most homes we find well-stored shelves and rooms, filled with interesting volumes, and upon the tables are the daily papers and popular magazines. Even the children have magazines and papers of their own, nowadays, and books by the thousands are written for young readers.

Have the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS ever thought of those olden times before books, as we know them, had come into existence? Imagine yourself deciphering a lesson in history from some slab of rock, or spelling it out from a lengthy papyrus roll — or, worse still, suppose you had to grow up in utter ignorance of all book knowledge!

Who can help being grateful for the privilege of living in an age when books are within the reach of all?

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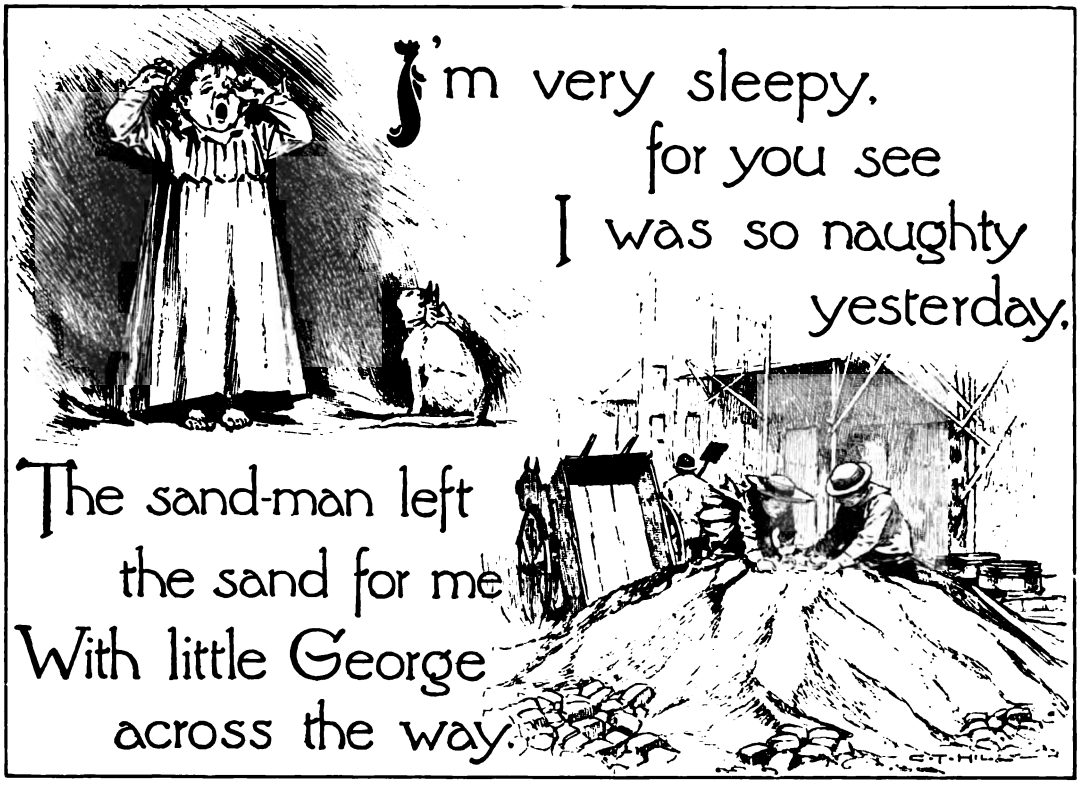

THE BABY CHICKS.

[*A Rhyme for the very youngest.*]

CHICKY, Chicky,
Soft and fluffy!
Chicky, Chicky,
Fat and puffy!
Peep, peep! Peep, peep!
This is what the Chickies say—
This is every Chicky's way—
From early morning till they sleep—
Peep! Peep!

Chicky, Chicky,
Feathers yellow!
Chicky, Chicky,
Happy fellow!
Peep, peep! Peep, peep!
This is what the Chickies say—
This is every Chicky's way—
From early morning till they sleep—
Peep! Peep!

Chicky, Chicky,
Bobbing brightly!
Chicky, Chicky,
Strutting lightly!
Peep, peep! Peep, peep!
This is what the Chickies say—
This is every Chicky's way—
From early morning till they sleep—
Peep! Peep!

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AN OLD STORY RETOLD IN PICTURES

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

IX.

X.

XI.

XII.

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Of all the changes of the year
  Complete, from birth to rest,
This rosy, russet, golden change —
  October — is the best.
Be glad, O man! for it is here;
Earnest and hopeful, children dear;
  Ripe is the year, and blest.

It is pleasant now and then to greet you with song, my friends, though the full meaning of these rhymes may not at first be clear to you. You see *I* thought them, and then the dear Little School-ma'am set the ideas to an acrostic measure, — whatever that may be, — and so it may take both you and myself a little while to get settled in our minds. But, at all events, the rhymes are trying to tell you that October is not a weary, melancholy month hinting of destruction and decay. No; it is rich, complete, content, glorious.

That, at least, is how October appears from this pulpit, whether in quiet hours when only my birds and I are taking in its glow and grandeur, or when busy human folk, little and big, are roaming hither and thither, or settling themselves in ruddy shades.

By the way, one of the finest bits of music I know of (and my squirrels quite agree with me) is the sharply soft sound of ripe nut-burrs falling through the keen air into beds of yellow leaves and crisp little spears that have long since ceased their waving. But perhaps you boys do not care for nuts and such things? Well, time is speeding. Suppose we now take up the subject of

A HERMIT TO ORDER.

Half the world knows that to make a wild, out-of-the-way bit of woods truly interesting to some folk, somebody must discover in its recesses a lone, lorn hermit-inhabitant, a dazed, unkempt, half-civilized creature with a history of his own which he has sedulously forgotten for many a year. Well, Archibald, the ninth Duke of Hamilton, I am told, actually advertised for "A Hermit," as an ornament to his pleasure-grounds, and stipulated that the said hermit should have his beard shaved but once a year, and that but partially, in order to produce the required shaggy effect. Probably he was instructed to wear ragged old clothing, to say nothing of a dazed, where-did-I-come-from cast of countenance.

A STARTLING PET.

It was this same ninth Duke of Hamilton, it appears, who had a strange pet. A friend calling on him one day asked if it was true that he kept a young, tame tiger. The duke slapped his thigh, uttered a kind of whistle, when out from under the sofa crept the long-backed animal; and out of the door retreated the visitor.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE AGAIN.

Here is one more letter about animals that seem to have a language of their own.

Andover, Mass.

Dear Jack: In the April number of the St. Nicholas you asked if animals have their own language. I should answer decidedly in the affirmative.

One day we were out in a field, shooting with bows and arrows; our dog, "Wat," was there watching us. Pretty soon another dog, "Puck," came up to him and nosed around his ears. In a minute both dogs started off together. We went on shooting and did n't notice it much, but just as we had stopped shooting, both dogs came back carrying a big woodchuck. Now don't you suppose that Puck came and told Wat (who was a larger dog than he was) that the woodchuck was there, and that he was n't strong enough to carry him alone?

This is true, as I was there and saw it, and I think it shows that dogs, at least, do have a language.

Yours truly, Eric Palmer.

AN INFANT AUDUBON.

Here is a boy's composition, my friends, which will interest you, because it was written by the eight-year-old son of a man who was one of "The Boy Emigrants" that figure in Noah Brooks's famous St. Nicholas story.

Master John evidently is a boy with his eyes open. His "piece" is so comical and so good I think I 'll have to show it to some of my birds after this meeting is over.

BIRDS.

Birds live in the north in summer time, but in winter they all fly south. They make their nests of threads, twigs, and cotton.

There are blue-birds, and robins, and blue-jays, and crows, and red-birds, and snow-birds.

The swallows take mud, and make their nests. They make their nests on sides of houses. Sometimes after the swallows' nests fall down, the bees come and make their nests in the places where the swallows have gone away.

The birds give to their young, worms, and flies, and bugs, and butterflies, and little grasshoppers. First the birds don't have anything in their nests, and then they have eggs, and then young birds.

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Kingfishers stand on a limb and watch for a fish to pass by. Then the kingfisher dives down into the water and almost always gets the fish. Then it screams, then a big eagle hears it and goes after him, and always catches the kingfisher. Then it screams again, and drops the fish. Then the eagle flies off. Eagles carry off babies and lambs. The eagle makes its nest in a big hole in a mountain.

The robin goes "pear," and the crow goes "caw." I do not know how a blue-jay goes, or a swallow, or a blue-bird.

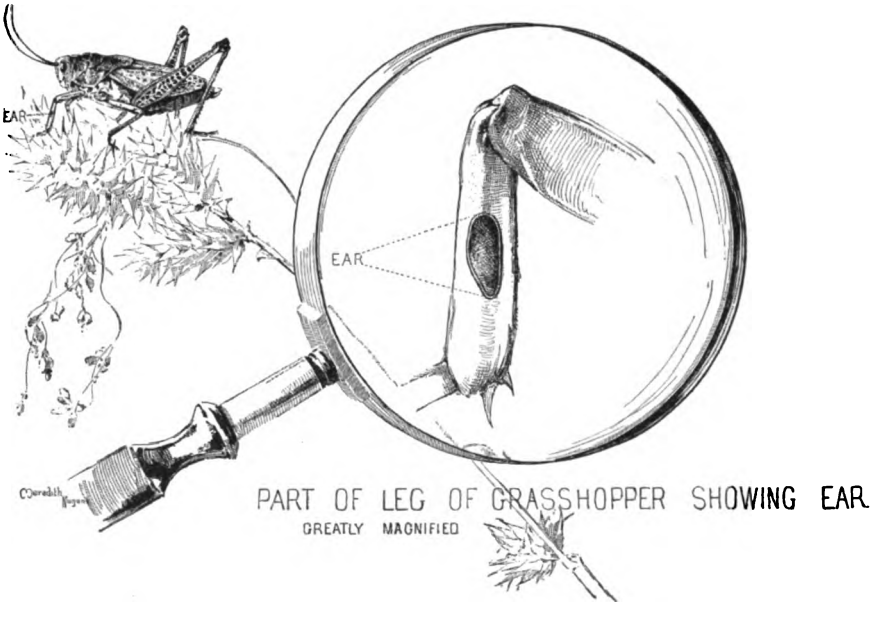
There is another kind of bird; it is a meadow-lark. I do not know how it goes. Some boys have sling-shots, and they put a stone in them, and fire at the birds. They do not always kill the birds; they hit them in the breast and knock off some feathers.

There is another bird; it is a blue heron. It makes a noise like "tob." There are some tame birds; they are canaries. They sing the loudest and the best. JOHN UPHAM.

A GRASSHOPPER'S EARS.

DEAR JACK: Here is a funny state of affairs. A grasshopper has its ears in its fore legs! Supposing one of your friends had an ear on each of his arms, between the wrist and elbow, would you not think it a very queer place? Yet this is just where ears are situated in crickets and grasshoppers. On the tibia of their fore legs may be seen a bright shiny spot, oval in form, which has been found to be a true ear. Old naturalists supposed these strange structures helped in some way to intensify the penetrating, chirping sounds of crickets. No one for a moment thought they might be ears, and I don't much wonder at it. However, Sir John Lubbock and other modern naturalists have decided that crickets, bees, ants, and other little animals shall not keep their sense-organs a secret from us any longer; and although these are often in the least suspected places, still, by careful experiments they are sure to be discovered, as was the cricket's ear. Some grasshoppers have no ears in their legs, and as a rule these cannot sing.

While on the subject of ears, I have something else to tell you. There is a certain member of the crustacean family whose two ears would give you much trouble to find; for where do you suppose they are? In one of the segments of its tail! MEREDITH NUGENT.



A PHOTOGRAPH IN ACTION.

DEAR MR. JACK: Will you please tell everybody that Mr Edison (who knows the father of a fellow I know in school) has now invented something more wonderful than anything he has yet done. He calls it a Kinetograph, and it can show upon a screen a photograph of a man or an animal in action. I mean the man or animal actually is *moving* his arms or legs. Why, he could, I suppose, show a bull tossing a man in the air — and you could see the whole performance! Is n't that a daisy invention? I hope when these Kinetographs are sold, they will be cheap, so I can buy one. The boys of the Red School-house by your meadow might all combine and buy one for their holiday exhibition. Who knows?

My friend says that Edison is going to use the phonograph in connection with the Kinetograph, so as not only to show a speaker, or an actor, or preacher in full action, but also to give the very words and voice of the man. I call that wonderful, as well as complete. He could give you two dogs really fighting in earnest, and growling at the same time. This is the longest letter I ever wrote, but I shall also hand it to my teacher to-morrow for this week's composition. He has requested us each to hand in a letter. All the same, I am,

Your faithful hearer, JAMES R. G.

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

HERE is something well worth considering from the Deacon's Scrap-book:

"I FIND," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."

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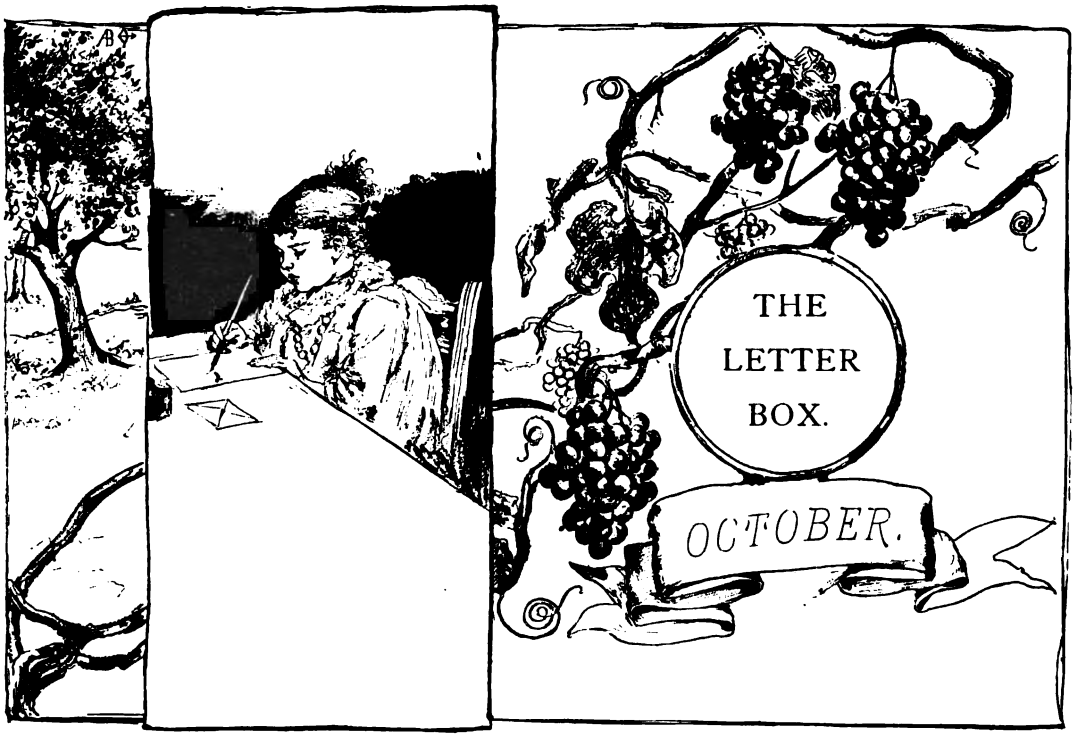

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in Mr. Fraser's description of a visit to the country studio of J. A. Dolph, the noted painter of animals, and in the illustrations from his delightful pictures of cats and dogs, will perhaps remember the excellent study of two sleeping puppies, also painted by Mr. Dolph, published in ST. NICHOLAS for March of this year.

ANADARKS, OK. TER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old, and I go to an Indian school. My mama is a teacher in the school, and my little sisters and I are the only white children in it. I have learned to speak the Wichita language, and know a little Caddo.

There are Wichita, Caddo, and Delaware Indians on this side of the Washita River, and Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches on the other side.

I get the ST. NICHOLAS from the school. I like the story of "Chan Ok, a Romance of the Eastern Seas," and I like to read the letters.

Very truly, WILLIE D——.

GREY ROCK, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a farm in Baltimore county, and we have two dogs — one great big one three feet high and six feet long. We imported him from Germany; his cousin belongs to the Prince of Wales, and his grandfather was the largest dog in the world — took first prize at London. He would have grown a good deal larger, but the climate did not suit him. When he was younger we used to drive him and another dog, "Don," together in a little cart, and we used to have plenty of fun. We have a Revolutionary ruin here; it is an old stone house, where General Howard was born, and the graveyard is near-by where his father and brother are buried; he is buried in Baltimore. There is a very interesting legend about them that may interest your readers.

In the battle of Flodden, in the time of Henry VIII., the Earl of Surrey killed the King of Scotland. The crest in the King's coat-of-arms was a lion; so the Earl of Surrey asked Henry VIII. if he could n't put it in his coat-of-arms. The King answered yes, and it was made his crest. The Howards are descendants of the Earl of Surrey, and in this old graveyard the coat-of-arms is put at the top, and the lion is the crest.

I hope this little letter, if you think it fit to publish, will be interesting to some of your readers.

I am yours truly, MARGARET G——.

LANGENSCHWALBACH, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the first convent we went to. It was just outside Paris, "Le Château de Neuilly," every one called it. It — in fact, all Neuilly — was at one time the country-house and park of the "Duc d'Orléans." The house was very old-fashioned, and full of secret doors and passages; but of course now, much to the children's disgust, all closed up. Outside, in front of the house, were two large statues that had always been there. One, "Notre Dame des Victoires," was very well preserved; the other was so mutilated that we could not discover what or whom it was designed to represent. These statues, on looking at them from the front, seem to stand on little hillocks, but in the back of each was a door and steps leading down, one to the gardens of the Tuileries, the other to Versailles; both have been all blocked up, however, and served as capital hiding-places when we played at hide-and-seek.

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Inside, the house was still more old-fashioned than the garden. The class-room for the elder girls was said to be the room in which the Duke had been born. The refectory was supposed to be haunted; and it is well known that during the Franco-Prussian war the German soldiers kept their horses there. When we were there, I wanted very much to go down and see the "ghostly visitant." So it was agreed that another girl and I would creep down at five minutes to twelve, but the other girl said I must come and wake her. In the day-time I was very brave, and agreed to do this, but when the night came I was quite content to stay in my warm bed, and thus lost forever my chance of seeing the "ghost," as we left before the twenty-eighth of the next month, the only night it was supposed to walk.

Schwalbach is a very pretty little town and a renowned place for invalids. We are here for my younger sister. Mama takes the waters; in fact we all do, but it was only for my sister that we came. When we finish the season we are going to travel in Switzerland.

Coming here we sailed up the Rhine from Cologne to Coblentz. We saw the Mount Drachenfels, and the cave in which the dragon lived before Siegfried came and killed him, and a great many castles in ruins, all with their respective legends.

I must close now, dear ST. NICHOLAS; my letter is already too long, I am afraid.

Hoping that you will continue to interest another generation of young readers as greatly as you have interested those of this generation, I am one of your many devoted admirers. MAY J——.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear from a little sick girl? I have to lie in bed, with a plaster jacket on, because my back was hurt a year ago.

I greatly enjoy you every month. And lately I have been reading all the old bound volumes I could get from the public library. I want to tell you about two queer pets of mine.

One day, early this spring, my brother brought me two brown, furry caterpillars. I put them in a box with leaves and water. After a while I grew tired, and did not look at them for several days. When I did look, I could find only one, but on the cover of the box was a little brown cocoon. Then you may be sure I watched the other — but alas, he died! I do not know why it was. I still have the cocoon, and that may be a gay butterfly some time.

Perhaps some other child during an illness may learn from my experience how much real enjoyment there is to be had in observing even a caterpillar.

From your ever faithful friend,

BESSIE M. R——.

LAS CRUCES, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Five years ago our family lived at the agency of the Mescalero Apache Indians, in this Territory, where my father had a position and my mother was matron of the Indian boarding-school. This school was only established while we were there, and it was difficult to get the parents of the little Indian children to consent to their coming and living in the building provided for them. The little boys were especially wild, spending their time in hunting small game in the woods with bows and arrows, and could not be induced to come. At last the agent devised the plan of sending out and forcibly bringing the boys in, when they were subjected to a bath, much against their will; and with their long black hair shaven off, and a suit of American clothes substituted for the Indian apparel, the transformation was in some instances so remarkable that it was hard for their own parents to recognize them. However, when brought in to see their little ones, after this change had been wrought, they were nearly always pleased, and rarely offered any further objection to their education.

They learned to read and write just as rapidly as little American boys of the same age, and some of them were particularly bright. My mother would provide them with an American name in full, such as Philip Sheridan, Miles Standish, Christopher Columbus, or any that suggested itself, and they were always known by these names afterward, dropping their Indian names.

While we were at the agency my brothers and I pursued our studies under mother's instructions in the school-room with the Indians. Mother had a class she called her "ten little Indian boys." Among the little savages who were so abruptly started upon their educational career was a boy about eight years of age, one of the La Paz tribe. La Paz, in Spanish, signifies peace; but a decade or so ago this tribe was on anything but peaceful terms with the Mexicans and Americans of this country; in fact, they were noted as being extremely warlike. This little Indian received the name James La Paz. He made rapid progress in his studies. Since we left the agency he has been sent to the Indian school at Grand Junction, Colorado, to complete his studies. We have exchanged letters quite frequently, and I send you one of his in his own handwriting, which I hope you will consider worthy of publishing, as it might interest some of your readers to see the letter of a little Indian boy.

Your friend and reader, HOPE G——.

We print the letter as it was written:

TELLER INSTITUTE, GRAND JUNCTION, COL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MISS HOPE G——: I have received you letter some time ago, and I was very glad that you still remember me. I don't think you are a lazy girl, because you wrote a very long letter. If you were lazy you would n't write a long letter. When I first wrote to you I think you were off somewhere; that is why you did n't write me soon. No, I never get mad at anybody when I don't get letter from him soon. I study arithmetic, fourth reader, and some time georapha, But not very often. When I saw the writing on the envelope I did n't think it was you writing. I thought it was from my home, Because it look like baby writing. Can you write better than that? I think you can if you just try. Our teacher is gone home about a week ago. I was very sorry when my teacher is gone, that I pretty nearly cried for her. She treat me better than the other boys. She gave me one of her picture and book. She use to give me candy every day. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours, JAMES LA PAZ.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been your devoted readers for many a year, we have never written to you before.

While traveling in Switzerland last winter we had quite an adventure, an account of which we thought might interest some of your readers. One day, we two boys went with several others and a guide to see some of the wonders of the Alps. After climbing quite a distance, we found ourselves gradually wandering away from the others, and in trying to find our way back we lost our way. It was growing darker every minute, and as we had never been there before, we naturally began to feel a little frightened. After looking around in vain to discover in which direction to go, we finally gave it up as of no use, and resigned ourselves to our fate. After wandering around hopelessly for about two hours, it became so dark that we were afraid of falling over the precipice if we went further, so we sat down and whistled to keep

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up our spirits. After another hour, which seemed like two, had gone by, we thought we heard, in the distance, the well-known bark of the St. Bernard dogs. The sound came nearer and nearer, until finally we could distinguish, between the barking of the dogs, a man's voice calling to us. We answered back joyfully, you may be sure. The man finally reached us, and after a great deal of trouble we reached home safely, resolving never again to wander from our guide in a strange place.

Your constant readers,

REGINALD AND LAWRENCE.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter. I have taken you for several years.

I have four small turtles, the size of a quarter; they were wild when I first got them, but are now quite tame. They are very intelligent; when I go to feed them, I tap on the china bowl I keep them in, and they all run over to the side of the bog to get fed. I feed them on flies. It is very interesting to watch them eat; when one of them gets a large fly, the rest are so envious that they chase him all around the bowl, and sometimes in grabbing it, they get hold of his leg, and then a great struggle goes on until he gives up the fly. They are very interesting animals when young and small.

Your friend, G. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter last year from Germany. Now I am home once more, I thought I would write you again. I saw in the August number a letter from two boys in Berlin about Von Moltke's funeral, so I decided I would tell you something I saw in Dresden. Two years ago last June, they had what they called the Wettin Fest, to celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of the House of Saxony. A great many towns and cities were represented. The town of Meissen had boys and girls dressed in fancy dresses and flowers, to look like their beautiful figures. Then there was a hunting-scene. The hunters were all in handsome costumes. They had a great many hounds, all held by one man on horseback. The procession halted in front of the house where I was, and when it started again, the strings by which the dogs were held had become tangled, and so the dogs were all mixed up, and they were jumping around and over one another, and it made everybody laugh. There were also cars with lovely tableaux. The last one was called "Peace," and one of the figures was my governess, named Elsie, a real pretty girl.

I was in Europe two years, and my papa sent you to me all the time. I like all your stories very much, particularly "Toby Trafford."

You must excuse my writing if it is not as good as it should be for a boy nine years old, for I have been writing English only a year. Your little friend,

FRED N——.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I spent last winter abroad and am going to tell you some of my adventures there. While we were in Rome a placard was pasted up on the walls of some of the houses, announcing the fact that there was to be a grand carnival the next week. We decided to stay for that.

On the Wednesday of the carnival week I went out for a walk, and nearly got my eyes put out by the lime-dust they were throwing around. It is one of the privileges granted every one during the carnival that they can throw lime-dust in anybody's face. I did not know that, so did n't protect myself with a veil, as others did. I enjoyed everything about the carnival but that. I like Europe very much, but America is the place for me — I am a Kentucky boy and am on a visit to Indianapolis. This is the home of the President of the United States. I have often passed his house on Delaware street. It formerly had a picket-fence around it, but relic-hunters have broken it all down and carried it away.

I forgot to tell you my age. I am thirteen years old.

Your true friend, CYRIL CECIL S——.

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Helen B., Holstein DeH. B., Curry Y., Harriet F. P., "Petite Châtelaine," Reginald S. B., Ethel G. G., C. B. B., Emma F., Grace A. L., Henry S.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS. Rosa Bonheur. 1. R-ounce. 2. O-read. 3. S-pence. 4. A-gouty. 5. B-angle. 6. O-rations. 7. N-arrow. 8. H-eft. 9. E-state. 10. U-niter. 11. R-addle.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. John. 2. Oboe. 3. Home. 4. Need.

ZIGZAGS. William Dorrit. 1. Wand. 2. dIet. 3. baLk. 4. culL. 5. EnId. 6. kAne. 7. Mead. 8. eDit. 9. prOd. 10. sluR. 11. giRd. 12. lIme. 13. Teal.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Chum. 2. Hope. 3. Upas. 4. Mess. II. 1. Roam. 2. Once. 3. Acme. 4. Meet. III. 1. Sale. 2. Amen. 3. Lend. 4. Ends. IV. 1. Tame. 2. Aver. 3. Mews. 4. Erst.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Toole. 2. Nails. 3. Tafia. 4. Sivan. 5. Names.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, Ich dien. 1. Ignoble. 2. aChieve. 3. OtHello. 4. canDied. 5. chilIad. 6. brothEr. 7. slackeN.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. R. 2. Rip. 3. River. 4. Pet. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Tin. 3. Rides. 4. Ned. 5. S. III. 1. R. 2. Ton. 3. Roses. 4. Net. 5. S. IV. 1. R. 2. Sun. 3. Rules. 4. New. 5. S. V. 1. S. 2. Tar. 3. Sales. 4. Red. 5. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "What is all our knowledge? We do not even know what weather it will be to-morrow."

PI. We welcomed May with all her changing skies,
And hailed with joy the queenly month of flowers,
Counting some blessing on each fleeting day,
Telling them on a rosary of hours.
Some idle tears must fall above the past
For all the sweet, dead days that we remember;
But, with the garnered treasures in our grasp,
We drink the golden wine of bright September.

ADDITIONS. Harvest Home; Harvest Moon. 1. Heat-Hen. 2. Arm-Ada. 3. Rack-Rent. 4. Visa-Vis. 5. Ens-Eel. 6. Slip-Shod. 7. Tar-Tan. 8. Heads-Man. 9. Ode-On. 10. Mist-Old. 11. Ear-Nest.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Mad. 3. Manes. 4. Candles. 5. Delta. 6. Sea. 7. S.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Have-lock. 1. HoLiday. 2. AmOunts. 3. ViCeroy. 4. ElKhorn.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Crimson. 1. ereCted. 2. fuRor. 3. fIr. 4. M. 5. aSp. 6. clOak. 7. chaNtry.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Josephine Sherwood — Edith Sewell — Paul Reese — "Wee 3" — "King Anso IV." — Clara B. Orwig — Malcolm and Jean — L. O. E. and C. E. — Stephen O. Hawkins — Uncle Mung — C. E. M. and M. L. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from P. L. S., 1 — Elaine S., 1 — Grace Shirley, 1 — "Shanghai China," 2 — "Only I," 1 — "New Haven, Vt." 1 — Bridget and Timothy, 2 — Carrie Thacher, 7 — Daisy and Dandy, 1 — "Konkle," 1 — Thomas F. Helm, 1 — H. M. C. and Co., 7 — "Puzzles," 1 — Laura M. Zinser, 3 — Ella B. Lyon, 3 — Annie B. Riveley, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — "Infantry," 11 — Hubert L. Bingay, 8 — C. E. K. W., 1 — Pearl F. Stevens, 10 — Anna Paul, 1 — Nannie J. Borden, 2 — Wilford W. Linsly, 2 — Nellie M. Archer, 6 — Elsie B., 1 — "A Third," 6 — "Snooks," 7 — Blanche and Fred, 11 — Ida and Alice, 10 — "May and '79," 11 — Chiddings True, 5 — "Charles Beaufort," 9 — E. M. G., 11 — Edith, Allis, Helen, Mac, and Essie, 2 — "Kit and Kat," 2 — "The Nutshell," 10 — Ida Carleton Thallon, 10 — Estelle and Clarendon Ions and Mama, 1 — "Hawkeye," 6 — Charlie Dignan, 8 — "Dode," 2 — "Tahoe, Cal.," 5.

THE RIDDLE BOX

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a celebrated Polish officer who was killed at the siege of Savannah in 1779; the diagonals from the upper right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter will spell the name of an English satirical painter.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Having peaks. 2. A small fresh-water fish allied to the carp. 3. A musical term meaning "quick." 4. A crustacean with ten feet or legs. 5. A small umbrella. 6. Onsets. 7. A warlike people subdued by the Romans in the year 306 B. C.

FRANK SNELLING.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters, and form a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays.

My 19–38–42–11 is to send forth. My 28–7–34 is sorrow. My 29–45–23 is a farming implement. My 2–21–39–15–5–31 is fated. My 33–37–18–47–6 is dressed. My 12–26–9–41 is healthy. My 4–24–44–43–30–22 is to deliver. My 13–36–16 is a feminine name. My 20–10–3–1–25 is to demand as due. My 35–14–8–27–46–32–40–17 is a tin-mine.

F. M. R.

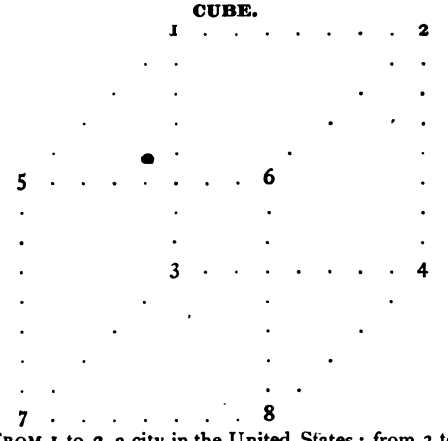
ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a barber in one of Dickens's stories.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To keep busy. 2. A little pocket for a watch. 3. The whole quantity. 4. A horned quadruped. 5. To petition. 6. A big-headed bird. 7. Epoch. 8. Cognizance. 9. A bird of the Crow family. 10. Calamity. 11. A four-winged insect. 12. A quadrumanous mammal. 13. Anger. 14. Suitable. 15. An adversary.

C. H. H.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a city in the United States; from 3 to 4, to soften; from 1 to 3, formerly a duty of two shillings on every tun of wine imported into England by foreigners; from 2 to 4, to make clear; from 5 to 6, unsafe; from 7 to 8, to amuse; from 5 to 7, to copy; from 6 to 8, retirement; from 1 to 5, a song; from 2 to 6, to ornament in relief; from 4 to 8, a flag; from 3 to 7, to glide by.

HYME.

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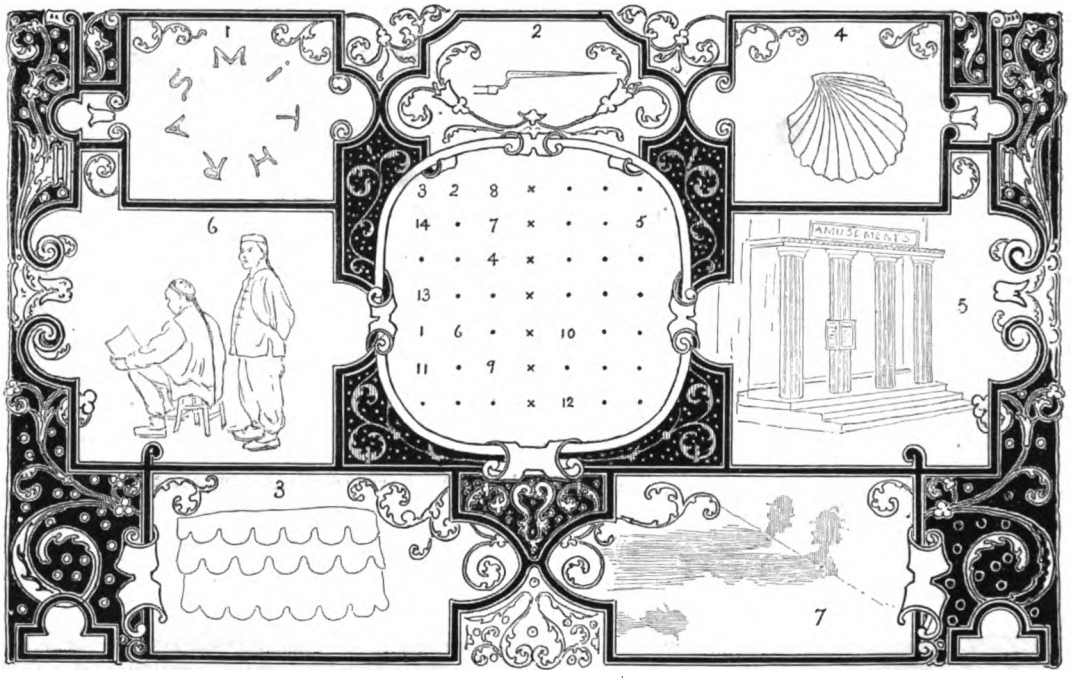

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the seven pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central letters (indicated by stars) will spell the surname of an American author, and the letters from 1 to 14 (as indicated in the diagram) will spell the name under which, for a time, he wrote.

J. K.

PI.

THREE smoce a thmon ni eht rawey eary,
A mothn fo ruelise dan thafluleh ster
Hewn eht peri slavee lafl adn eht ria si crale,—
Rebcoto, eht wrobn, teh scrip, het belts.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A SIMPLETON. 2. The European blackbird. 3. An old word meaning "one side." 4. Stone-crop. 5. A resinous substance.

II. 1. The ermine. 2. A large animal found in South America. 3. A musical drama. 4. Ventilated. 5. Commerce. "REYNARD."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Besides. 2. Not anything. 3. Relating to time or duration. 4. Pertaining to Christmas.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. Forward, in progression. 3. A kind of deer. 4. To long after vehemently. 5. The French word for "water." 6. In parallels. 7. In enigma. C. D. M. AND H. H. M.

AN ORIENTAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a celebrated religious teacher born about 570 A. D.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The birthplace of this prophet. 2. The Arabic name of the Supreme Being. 3. A nymph of paradise. 4. The founder of the Ottoman empire. 5. An official expounder of Mohammedan law, in Turkey. 6. An Arabic prince. 7. An African country most of whose inhabitants are Moslems.

"PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

ANAGRAM.

A famous artist:
CHIME ON ALL AGE. "XELIS."

OCTAGON.

1. To suffer. 2. Temples. 3. A salt. 4. One who instigates to evil. 5. An instructor. 6. To direct one's course. 7. To deviate. "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS AND FINALS.

The patroness of gloomy war,
Whose thunder shakes the heaven,
With Mars, her brother, from afar
She comes, on storm-clouds driven,
To where the army's warlike sound
Makes hills and rocks and cliffs resound.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. By Vulcan fashioned, to the world she brought
Evils, though of ill she but little thought.

2. A mountain on whose lofty summit lay
The bark which saved the chosen of that day.

3. To this proud Caledonian seaport sail
Ships, with full many a priceless Indian bale.

4. The ancients said that when a person died
Old Charon ferried him across this tide.

5. At thy command the walls of Thebes arose;
Thy lute had power to conquer all thy foes.

6. The goddess of the moon, the Grecians say,
Who, under golden diadem, holds sway.

R. F. G.

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